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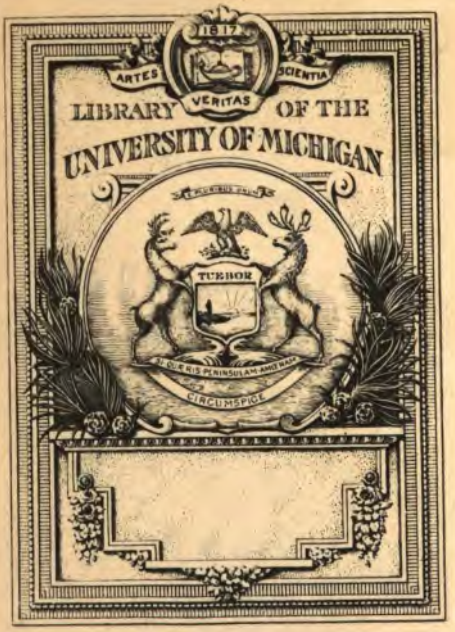
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# THE WORKS OF *Mr.* HENRY NEEDLER.

CONSISTING OF

ORIGINAL POEMS,
TRANSLATIONS,
ESSAYS, *and* LETTERS.

*Nemo parum diu vixit, qui Virtutis perfectæ perfecti functus est munere.*

Cicero de contemnenda Morte

Publish'd by Mr. DUNCOMBE.

The THIRD EDITION.

*LONDON:*

Printed for J. WATTS; and Sold by J. OSBORN, at the Golden Ball in *Pater-noster-Row.*

M DCC XXXV.

TO

HIS EXCELLENCY

John *Lord* Carteret,

Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*,

*This* COLLECTION *is*,

*With all Deference, inscrib'd by*

His Lordship's

Most Obedient, and

Most Humble Servant,

*William Duncombe.*

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Hunter
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# THE PREFACE.

MR. *Henry Needler* was born at *Horley*, in *Surrey*, in the Year 1690; and educated in a private School at *Reygate* in the ſame County. He was remov'd from thence in 1705; and, in 1708, accepted a ſmall Place in a Publick Office; where he continu'd the Remainder of his Days.

*Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obſtat*
*Res anguſta domi.* Juvenal.

About this time contracting a Friendſhip with a Gentleman of a like Taſte, who

furniſh'd him with proper Books, he apply'd himſelf, at his Intervals of Leiſure, to reading the *Claſſicks*, and to the Study of *Logick*, *Metaphyſicks*, and the *Mathematicks*, with which laſt he was peculiarly delighted: And in a few Years, by the Force of his own happy Genius and unwearied Diligence, without the Aſſiſtance of any Maſter, he acquir'd a conſiderable Knowledge in the moſt difficult Branches of thoſe uſeful and entertaining Studies.

By ſo cloſe an Application, he contracted a violent Pain in his Head, which, notwithſtanding the beſt Advice, daily increas'd. This, and other unfortunate Circumſtances concurring, ſo deeply affected him; who beſides had even in his Conſtitution a ſtrong Tincture of Melancholy; that he was at laſt brought under an almoſt total Suſpenſion of Reaſon. In this Condition he fell into a Fever: And, as there was before ſcarce any Hopes of his Recovery, it may be ſaid to have happily put an end to the deplorable

rable Bondage of ſo bright a Mind on the 21ſt of *December* 1718; and in the 29th Year of his Age. He was buried in the Church of *Frindsbury*, near *Rocheſter*.

Mr. *Needler*'s whole Life was influenc'd by Principles of ſincere unaffected Piety and Virtue: And as his Morals were unblemiſh'd, ſo he was full of the Hopes of a bleſſed Immortality. On all proper Occaſions, he was a ſtrenuous Advocate for univerſal Toleration and Forbearance in Matters of Religion; rightly ſuppoſing, that no Service can be acceptable to the Supreme Being, unleſs it proceeds from the Heart; and that Force tends only to make Hpyocrites, but adds no new Light to the Underſtanding. He was modeſt to a Fault; entertaining the moſt humble Opinion of his own Performances; and was always ready to do Juſtice to thoſe of others. His Affection for his Friends indeed ſometimes biaſs'd his Judgment, and led him to the commending their Writings beyond their

Merit. It is hop'd, the Reader will forgive the Inſtances of this kind in the following Sheets, as well as any leſſer Faults and Inaccuracies of Style; conſidering they were deſign'd by the Author for the Entertainment only of ſome ſelect Friends, and that he liv'd not to correct 'em.

I may, with the utmoſt Truth and Juſtice, apply to him theſe beautiful Lines written by Mr. *Smith*, in his Poem to the Memory of Mr. *Philips*;

*Whom ſhall I find unbiaſs'd in Diſpute,*
Still fond *to learn*, not eager *to confute?*
*To whom the Labours of my Soul diſcloſe,*
*Reveal my Pleaſure, or diſcharge my Woes?*
*Oh! in this* faithful *Youth for ever ends*
*The beſt of Sons, of Brothers, and of Friends!*

That which may be ſuppos'd to ſtand moſt in need of Apology, is the inſerting private Letters in this Collection. It is well known the *French* have publiſh'd Volumes of Epiſtles loaded with Compliments.

pliments. The *Engliſh*, in order to avoid this Error, have run perhaps too far into the other Extreme; at leaſt, I apprehend, that ſuch as contain Moral or Philoſophical Diſſertations ought not to be rejected, merely becauſe they have this Form; ſince it ſeems almoſt indifferent, whether they be publiſh'd under the Title of *Epiſtles* or *Eſſays*.

If I ſhou'd be thought, by Any, too copious in Praiſe of a Perſon, who liv'd and died obſcurely; I perſuade myſelf, that an Error of Friendſhip will be eaſily pardon'd by all thoſe, whoſe Breaſts have been ever warm'd with that Divine Paſſion.

The following Letter was written, while Mr. *Needler* was languiſhing under his laſt fatal Illneſs. If the Gentleman, to whom it was addreſs'd, wou'd have undertaken this Task, theſe Pieces wou'd have appear'd with much more Advantage. But as he is otherways engag'd, this was reſerv'd for me.

That the Letter remains in its Original Form, will not be diſagreable to any, who chuſe rather to ſee things in their natural Force and Simplicity, than merely regular.

## To Mr. *HUGHES.*

Woolwich, *February* 24, 1717.

Dear SIR,

*WAlking lately in a penſive Humour by the River-ſide, while the Billows were rowling at my Feet, and the Wind whiſtling thro' the neighbouring Trees; the Idea of our unfortunate Friend, among a Variety of melancholy Objects, offer'd itſelf to my Thoughts; whom I was always wont to think of, with extreme Pleaſure; but now, O ſad Viciſſitude! can never remember without the utmoſt Anguiſh of Heart.*

*Thou didſt in vain* (thought I,) *employ ſo many ſolitary Hours in the Purſuit of Knowledge! Thou didſt in vain riſe up early, and watch 'till Midnight, in order to enrich thy Mind with the ſublimeſt Notions! Thou didſt*

*in*

*in vain ſearch out the Secrets of Nature, and pry into the Laws, by which the mighty Maker of the World directs his Actions; ſince thou haſt no ſooner obtain'd the Object of thy Wiſhes, but the* dear Purchaſe *is raviſh'd from thee, and all thy exalted Speculations are ſcatter'd into Air!*

*Surely Man is made in vain! He reſtleſsly moves about for a few Years; and then (as it were,) vaniſhes, and is forgot: Thus a watry Bubble ſhines with Variety of gaudy Colours, but is broke by the leaſt Breath of Wind.*

*Before the* Stateſman *can put his projected Schemes in Execution; the* Naturaliſt *go through his intended Experiments; or the* Mathematician *conquer his ſtubborn Problems; they are either immaturely ſnatch'd away; or elſe their Heads perhaps are diſorder'd, and their Judgments ſhatter'd and broken; and thus the whole Frame of their glorious Deſigns is daſh'd in Pieces! How (ſaid I) can it conſiſt with infinite Wiſdom and Goodneſs, to create a Being with ſuch excellent Endowments and Faculties; and*

*then to cut him down, while he is yet green, and has not had Leiſure to improve his Powers, or to bring any thing to Perfection? Does it not look like ſporting with the Miſeries of his Creatures, to give them juſt a Glimpſe of Happineſs, and then to plunge them into Darkneſs?*

*Thus I ſhou'd have gone on complaining, had I not corrected theſe haſty Thoughts by the Conſideration; That this World is only the* Nurſery for a better; *and that if we act, during the ſhort term of this fleeting Life, agreeably to the Will of that wiſe Being who has placed us here, we ſhall ſpeedily "be tranſplantod into a more friendly Cli-"mate, where we ſhall ſpread and flouriſh "to all Eternity."*

*Though Here,*

The Ways of Heaven ſeem dark and intricate;

*There, all our Difficulties ſhall be reſolv'd; and the whole Scheme of Providence appear to be the Work of perfect Goodneſs and conſummate Wiſdom. We are apt fondly*

*to*

*to over-rate these transient Sufferings, deluded by our vain Imaginations: But that Incomprehensible Being, who beholds at once all things past, present and future, forms a very different Judgment concerning 'em. For what Proportion can there indeed be, between Time and Eternity? or what can be more just than the Reasoning of the Apostle, were it regarded merely as the Argument of a Philosopher?* For I reckon, that the Sufferings of this present Time, are not worthy to be compared with the Glory which shall be revealed in us. *Rom.* viii. 18.

*I consider'd further; That GOD must be conceiv'd acting as a Wise, as well as Merciful Being; and that therefore he proceeds by General Laws, and the most Compendious Methods; which, tho' they may sometimes seem to occasion lesser Irregularities, yet, upon the Whole, exalt the Divine Attributes the most magnificently.*

*By these Reflections I allay'd, in some measure, the Workings of my troubled Thoughts: But, if a violent Grief may ever be justified, the melancholy Condition of so valuable a*

*Man*

*Man and faithful Friend, may ſurely claim the utmoſt Tranſports! He was a diligent and unbiaſs'd Searcher after Truth; always willing to ſubmit to its Convictions, even* to the Deſtruction of his own Opinions; *as* Ariſtotle *rightly teaches, a Philoſopher ought. Indeed by an over-eager Application to the Study of the* Mathematicks, *(without Intermiſſion or any Recreation,) he increas'd at leaſt the Pain, which, I greatly fear, will prove fatal to him! Let not, however,* Philoſophy *ſuffer for the Indiſcretion of any of her Votaries. The* Tree of Knowledge *now yields Fruit both pleaſant to the Taſte, and uſeful for Life; tho' it may be unwarily converted into Poiſon, and prove our Deſtruction.*

*The Reflection on Mr.* Needler's *unhappy Fate may be a Warning to others, not to indulge themſelves with too much Eagerneſs even in the Purſuit of Knowledge itſelf; but ſometimes to unbend their Minds by innocent Amuſements; conſidering that this World is deſign'd for Action, rather than Speculation.*

*I intend*

*I intend to put his Papers into your Hands; and, as I think it no leſs becomes us to be careful of the intellectual Offspring, than it wou'd to cheriſh the Orphan of a Friend, I hope and expect from your Affection for him, that, at a proper Opportunity, you will improve upon theſe Hints, and do Juſtice to his Memory. His pious Sentiments, Humanity, and Poetical Genius will ſufficiently appear by his own Writings; but the great Improvement he made in ſo ſhort a Compaſs of Time ought not to be forgotten.*

I am with all Sincerity,

SIR,

*Your moſt affectionate, and*

*faithful humble Servant,*

W^m DUNCOMBE.

Adver-

# Advertiſement.

*IT will be proper to inform the Reader, that in* this Edition *ſeveral Paſſages from our celebrated Poets and other eminent Writers are inſerted, which may ſerve to illuſtrate or enliven the Subjects here treated of.*

The Eſſay on the Beauty of the Univerſe, *tho' very juſt and rational, is but a* Sketch, (*as Mr.* Needler *himſelf owns*) *and therefore ſeem'd to require the largeſt Number of Notes. I wiſh it may incite ſome* able Hand *to treat more amply ſo uſeful and entertaining a Subject.*

*A Tranſlation is likewiſe added of a Chapter in Monſieur* Malebranch, (*which is refer'd to in one of the following Letters,*) *containing the Sentiments of that learned Author concerning the* Eſſays *of the famous Monſieur* Montagne.

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POEMS

# POEMS

ON

# Several OCCASIONS.

## HORACE. *Book I. Ode VIII.*

### *To* LYDIA.

SAY, *Lydia*, by the Gods I beg you, Say,
Why you by Love's bewitching Arts betray
Young *Sybaris*? Why ſeek you to deſtroy
His Virtue by the ſoft Unmanly Joy?
Why does he now the duſty *Circus* ſhun,
No longer patient of the ſcorching Sun?
Why does he ceaſe, among the Martial Train,
To curb the *Gallic* Steed with foamy Rein?
To ſwim in *Tyber*'s yellow Flood forbear,
And more than Vipers Blood, the Wreſtler's Ointment fear?
Why, from the Quoit or Dart's ſucceſsful Fling,
Wins he no Praiſes from the ſhouting Ring?

Why, like *Achilles*, when the *Grecian* Hoaſt
Prepar'd to ſail for *Troy*'s unhappy Coaſt,
Skulks he at home, neglectful of his Fame,
Diſſolv'd in Sloth and Love's inglorious Flame?

# *HORACE.*

## Book I. Ode XXVI. Imitated.

THE Poet's Brow, that ſacred Laurel wears,
Shou'd always be ſerene, and free from Cares;
Jocund and chearful, each revolving Day;
Smooth as his Verſe, and as his Fancy gay!
Say, how can it affect my Muſe and Me,
Whether the *Turk* and *Muſcovite* agree;
In the laſt Fight, what num'rous Bands were ſlain;
And who the Victʼry got, the *Swede* or *Dane*;
Or why ſhou'd I, with anxious Thoughts and Cares
Perplex my Mind, for other Mens Affairs?
Give Me of gen'rous Wine a copious Bowl,
To drown my Sorrows, and exalt my Soul:
Then, by thʼ Aſſiſtance of thʼ inſpiring Juice,
My Muſe may hope her Numbers to produce,
In ſuch an eaſy unaffected Strain,
As may from skilful *Strephon* Pardon gain.

# *HORACE.*

## Book I. Ode XXXI.

### *To* APOLLO.

WHAT does the Poet of his God desire?
What Boon at great *Apollo*'s Shrine require,
Whilst with new Wine a brimming Bowl he fills,
And on the Floor the grateful Off'ring spills?
Not the large Crops of fair *Sardinia*'s Soil,
Whose bounteous Glebe scarce needs the Tiller's Toil;
Nor Herds, which warm *Calabria*'s Meadows feed;
Nor Coursers, which her fertile Pastures breed:
Not that far *India* may his Pride supply
With burnish'd Gold, and polish'd Ebony;
Nor Lands, where *Liris'* silent Waters stray,
And gliding steal insensibly away.
Let those, whom Fortune's kinder Favours bless,
From the ripe Grape the racy Liquor press;
Let the rich Merchant, (who has plow'd the Main,
And Danger in all Shapes survey'd for Gain;
Whom the propitious Gods indulgent Aid
Has safely to *Saturnia*'s Ports convey'd,)
Drink with his jovial Friends ambrosial Wine,
In Goblets that with golden Lustre shine;
Whilst Me, who these vain Luxuries despise,
Olives and Herbs, plain homely Fare, suffice:
Grant Me, O *Phœbus!* but this one Request,
(For this obtaining, I'm of all possest)
That I may, sound in Body and in Mind,
Whilst Age allows these Blessings to Mankind,
In tuneful Songs my careless Hours employ,
And my low Life contentedly enjoy,

# *H O R A C E.*

## Book IV. Ode III.

### *To* MELPOMENE.

THE Man whom at his Birth the ſmiling Muſe
Does with a true Poetic Vein infuſe,
O'er whoſe Nativity ſuch Planets burn,
As give his Soul a ſoft and tuneful Turn,
Shall never by Succeſs at th' *Iſthmian* Game
Be made the Subject of loquacious Fame;
Him no fleet Courſers with impetuous Pace
Shall ever draw Victorious in the Race;
Succeſs in War o'er *Rome*'s imperious Foes
With ſacred Laurel ne'er ſhall crown his Brows.

But lofty Shades, and *Anio*'s ſounding Stream,
In Lyrics ſung, delightful as his Theme,
Immortal Lays and Poeſy Divine,
To deathleſs Glory ſhall his Name conſign.

*Rome*'s poliſh'd Sons vouchſafe my Songs to praiſe,
And grace my Temples with applauding Bays:
Vain Envy now begins to quit the Field,
And to the common Vote is forc'd to yield.

O skilful Muſe! who tun'ſt the warbling Lyre,
And cou'dſt the ſilent Tribe of Fiſh inſpire,
With Notes as ſweet, as from the parting Breath
Of dying Swans ſalute approaching Death;
To Thee I owe this Honour, from the Throng
That all obſerve me as I paſs along,

That

That each his Friend with pointed Finger ſhows,
And crys, There *Horace* the fam'd Poet goes:
My very Life preſerv'd by Thee I own,
And whate'er Praiſe I ſhare, is Thine alone.

---

# *H O R A C E.*

## Book IV. Ode VII. Paraphras'd.

SEE! Spring's return'd; the budding Leaves appear;
And blooming Flow'rs adorn the new-born Year;
The Hills their hoary Robes of fleecy Snow
Throw off, and clad in chearful Verdure ſhow:
The Silver Floods contract their ebbing Tide,
And with abated Streams in narrower Channels glide.
Now gentle Gales invite the Nymphs and Swains,
To trip in ruſtic Dances o'er the Plains;
The joyous Birds their tuneful Ditties ſing,
And with glad Notes ſalute the ſmiling Spring.

The winged Hours, that meaſure out the Day,
Admoniſh us of mould'ring Life's Decay,
And prompt us to enjoy it while we may.

Soft *Vernal* Warmth the Winter's Cold ſucceeds;
Then *Summer's* ſcorching Heat deforms the Meads;
Next *Autumn* crowns with golden Sheaves the Fields,
'Till to fierce *Winter's* Rage his Empire yields.

Thus all things change in a ſucceſſive Round,
And nothing long in the ſame State is found.
The Seaſons paſs away, but come again;
Nor *Spring*, nor *Winter* holds Eternal Reign.

But we, when once diſpatch'd to Shades below,
For Ever no Return to Light muſt know.
The Gates of Death do freely all receive,
But no Regreſs, to thoſe that enter, give.
How ſoon our Lot may fall, there's none can ſay,
Perhaps our laſt may be this preſent Day.—

Whatever with penurious Mind you ſpare,
Will only ſerve t'enrich a greedy Heir.
When once th' inevitable Hour is come,
At which thou muſt receive thy final Doom;
Thy noble Birth, thy Eloquence Divine,
And ſhining Piety ſhall nought encline
The ſtubborn Will of unrelenting Fate,
To give thy fleeting Life a longer Date:
Thy weak Attempts will all be found in vain,
To change the fixt Decree, or a Reprieve to gain.

---

# *The* GOLDEN AGE.

## Tranſlated from the Firſt Book of *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoſes*.

THE happy Times, that firſt on Mortals ſmil'd
In the World's Infant Age, were Golden ſtyl'd;
Unaw'd by Rulers, nor by Laws reſtrain'd,
They then from Ill ſpontaneouſly refrain'd,
And Nature's ſacred Rights invi'lably maintain'd:
No threat'ning Words, on brazen Tables read,
Denounc'd juſt Vengeance on the guilty Head.
The Pine, as yet for lofty Maſts unhew'd,
Secure upon its Native Mountain ſtood,
Nor e'er had floated on the briny Flood.

Beyond

Beyond the Seas, no foreign Lands they ſought,
And their own Shores, Earth's utmoſt Limits thought.
No circling Motes th' unguarded Towns ſurround,
Nor yet was heard the Trumpet's Martial Sound.
In War not practis'd, nor with Arms prepar'd,
No hoſtile Wrongs the peaceful Nations fear'd.
The bounteous Glebe, unwounded with the Plough,
Did of its own accord its Gifts allow.
The frugal Race, content with what the Earth
Gave of her ſelf by a ſpontaneous Birth,
Wild Cherries and wild Apples of the Field,
With fragrant Strawberries the Mountains yield,
And Acrons, that the Oak's broad Branches bear,
Gather'd for Food, and thought no homely Fare.
Th' unlabour'd Land with bending Ears was crown'd;
And ſmiling Plenty grac'd the fertile Ground.
Spring Ever reign'd; and balmy Breezes fann'd
Delightful Flow'rs, thick-ſtrew'd by Nature's Hand.
Rivers of Milk and Nectar then did flow,
And yellow Honey drop'd from every Bough.

---

# *MARTIAL.*

## Book I. Epigram LVI. Paraphras'd.

### *To* FRONTO.

SINCE, Noble *Fronto*, you to know deſire,
How high the Wiſhes of your Friend aſpire,
The Sum of all his Pray'rs and Wiſhes, He
Will give you here in ſhort; for few they be.
This firſt he asks, that He, ſecure from Harm,
May own and cultivate ſome little Farm,

Where, in ſoft Quiet and inglorious Reſt,
He with an humble Fortune may be bleſt.
Can any one prefer a ſlaviſh State,
And daily tend the Levees of the Great,
Who with his Dog and Gun may freely rove
About his fertile Fields and happy Grove;
And there the little feather'd Thieves deſtroy,
That cull his Cherries, and his Corn annoy;
And, Home return'd, appeaſe with Game he brings
The wholeſome Hunger that from Labour ſprings:
Or, when the tepid Vernal Gales invite
The finny Tenants of the Brook to bite,
In noted Haunts his baited Fiſh-hooks lay,
And with his trembling Rod pull out the skipping Prey:
Or with delicious Honey Mead prepare,
The Gods to their own Nectar might prefer;
Feed on ſuch Cates, as his own Fields afford,
And with freſh unbought Dainties crown his Board?

The Man, who hates me moſt, ye Gods! I ſwear,
I wiſh no greater Curſe than this to bear,
That he may likewiſe hate this kind of Life,
And ſpend his Days, in Hurry, Noiſe and Strife.

---

# *MARTIAL.*

## Book X. Epigram XLVII. Paraphras'd.

### *To* JULIUS MARTIAL.

SINCE, Deareſt *Martial*, you of Me inquire,
What things we ought to ſeek, and what deſire,
This ſhort, yet faithful Inventory take,
Of thoſe which Life compleatly happy make:

An

An unincumber'd Income, which ſhou'd be
Not owing to our own, but Parents Induſtry:
A little Farm, yet of a fertile Soil,
And not ungrateful to the Tiller's Toil:
A cleanly Hearth; a Fire which never dies,
Recruited by a neighb'ring Wood's Supplies:
A Soul Serene, with no Contentions vex'd,
And with few buſy burd'ning Cares perplex'd:
A Body bleſt with Health, with Strength endu'd;
A Temper plain and open, but not rude:
An honeſt Heart, Unknowing to deceive,
Yet circumſpect, nor eaſie to believe:
A Friendſhip built (as if by Heav'n deſign'd)
On Likeneſs both of Fortune and of Mind:
A Table ſpread with ſuch cheap homely Fare,
As our own cultivated Gardens bear:
At Night, a mod'rate Bowl, with Nectar fraught,
T' exhilerate, not drown, the penſive Thought:
A chaſte, yet chearful Wife, in whom ſhou'd meet
Unſulli'd Virtue with a Humour ſweet:
Sound Sleep, whoſe kind Deluſion may unite
The Shades of Ev'ning to the Morning Light:
Peace and Contentment with our preſent State;
To reliſh Life, tho' not afraid of Fate.

---

# From *SENECA.*

ALL muſt ſubmit to *Time*'s deſpotic Pow'r;
All, firſt or laſt, his Glutton-Jaws devour.
Nought a ſecure and ſettled Baſis knows,
But all, at length, his mighty Hand o'erthrows.
Rivers forget to flow: the growing Shore
Now naked lies, where Ocean reign'd before:

High Mountains sink, and ancient Hills subside,
Or whelm the Vallies with their ruin'd Pride.
Why do I name these lesser things below?
Yon' Orbs, that with unnumber'd Splendors glow,
Not long shall on their steady Axes turn,
Ere, seiz'd by their own Native Fires, they burn.
No partial Wrong we undergo by Death;
'Tis Nature's Law, we shou'd resign our Breath.
Death claims a right to All; the Time will come,
When *Chaos* shall his antient Reign resume.

---

# EPITAPH.

## From *CLAUDIAN.*

TO great and beauteous things, a transient Date
And sudden Downfal is decreed by Fate:
Witness the Fair, that Here in Silence lies,
Whom *Venus* might have view'd with envious Eyes.

---

# LEARNED IGNORANCE.

## *Translated from* GROTIUS.

NAture ordains, whilst here we dwell below,
That much we should admire, and little know;
In secret Labyrinths herself she hides,
And our defeated Cares and fruitless Search derides.
The curious Man, who with Ambition vain
Would All within his narrow Mind contain;

Who,

Who, with a greedy luſt of Knowledge fraught,
Diſdains of his own Ignorance the Thought,
Beyond the Lot of Human-kind aſpires,
And fondly things Impoſſible deſires.
Where this firſt Error can Admiſſion gain,
It draws of worſe Miſtakes a fatal Train;
For He, who raſhly will of All decide,
Muſt oft' with Falſhood ſooth his learned Pride,
*Ixion*-like thin Clouds of Error chace,
And Shadows claſp in his deceiv'd Embrace.
Far more ſecure and peaceful is the Mind,
Whoſe Search, to plain and uſeful Truths confin'd,
Does dark uncertain Subtilties deſpiſe,
Nor cares to follow what the Seeker flies.
The Wilful Ignorance of trivial things
From Wiſdom oft', and well-poiz'd Judgment ſprings.

---

## To SLEEP.

PRopitious Pow'r! to wretched Mortals kind,
Who, not content to ſooth the penſive Mind
With ſoft Repoſe, doſt ſplendidly delight,
With rich Ideal Scenes, our Intellectual Sight.
Oft', while within thy downy Arms careſs'd
The lumpiſh Body takes refreſhing Reſt,
Free'd from its earthly Charge, the wakeful Soul
Viſits the Stars, and ranges o'er the Pole,
To diſtant Worlds with nimble Pinions flies,
And climbs with eaſie Steps the ſteepy Skies.

While bluſt'ring Winds around my Chamber blow,
And all the neighb'ring Fields lie hid in Snow,

While

Whilſt uncontroll'd, tempeſtuous Winter reigns,
And ſtrips of all their bloomy Pride the Plains;
Wafted by Thee, to happier Climes I ſtray,
With Purple Spring and verd'rous Beauty, gay;
Where lightly skimming thro' mild Air, I rove
O'er the green Meadows and enchanted Grove.

---

OF THE

# CAUSES *of* DREAMS.

DReams, which in Sleep their various Scenes diſplay,
And mimick the Tranſactions of the Day,
Nor from th' Omniſcient Pow'rs above deſcend,
Nor future Good preſage, nor Ill portend,
Nor the conceal'd Decrees of Fate foreſhow,
But from our waking Thoughts mechanically flow.

For Nature by fix'd Laws has wiſely join'd
The bright Ideas of the conſcious Mind
To Motions of the liquid ſpirit'ous Train,
Thro' pervious Traces of the humid Brain;
Theſe, when the Soul by drowſy Sleep oppreſs'd
Into her private Cell retires to Reſt,
Thro' beaten Paths their wand'ring Courſes take,
And Images confus'd of things awake.

# AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH *of a* TABBY-CAT.

ALAS! poor Tabby's dead! who can deny
On Tabby's Death to write an Elegy?
Whose useful Merit in such various Ways
Deserves the just Remembrance of our Lays;
Who by her watchful Care, while others slept,
Secure from thievish Mice the Pantry kept;
And by her purring Song and wanton Play,
Solac'd the Winter-Nights, and drove sad Thoughts away.
But what, alas! can Songs or Wiles avail,
When Death does with his mortal Dart assail?
What Musick can his sullen Ear delight?
What Swiftness can preserve by nimble Flight?
Now on the Hearth, methinks, I see her sit,
With Mein Majestick and with solemn State;
A Royal Robe of sable Furr she wears,
And spotted Ermin on her Bosom bears,
While in the Mint of her projecting Mind,
Against the Mice, deep Stratagems are coin'd.
Her Death let all the purring Race attend;
And mourn in Mews and Catterwauls her End;
With solemn Rites, each Night, surround her Grave,
And her lov'd Mem'ry from Oblivion save.

## On the DEATH of

# *LESBIA*'s GREEN-BIRD.

AH hapleſs Bird! has then untimely Death
Silenc'd thy Throat, and ſtopp'd thy tuneful Breath?
No more thy Plumes their faded Verdure boaſt,
Dim are thy little Eyes, and all their Luſtre loſt!
No longer muſt thy chearful Notes delight
Fair *Lesbia*'s Ear; thy beauteous Form, her Sight;
No more will ſhe each Morn, with pleaſing Care,
Freſh Food for Thee, and fragrant Greens prepare,
Whilſt flutt'ring Wings and briſker Chirps confeſs
Thy riſing Joy, and grateful Thanks expreſs.
Proud to be tended by a Hand ſo fair,
Well-pleas'd Thou loſs of Liberty cou'd'ſt bear,
Nor envy'd'ſt other Birds, that range in open Air;
Thee, chief Muſician of her feather'd Quire,
Fair *Lesbia* held, Thee moſt ſhe did admire:
Oft' wou'd ſhe praiſe thy ſweet harmonious Lay,
And liſten to thy Song the live-long Day.
Moan all ye Birds of *Lesbia*'s Conſort, moan
In doleful Notes your warbling Partner gone:
Let Wreaths of Night-ſhade and of baleful Yeugh
Each Cage adorn, or Sprigs of Cypreſs ſtrew.
This Theme let every tender Poet chuſe;
Let *Lesbia*'s Loſs employ each gentle Muſe;
Henceforth let None *Corinna*'s Parrot name,
But *Lesbia*'s Green-Bird fill the Trump of Fame.

## A

# SEA-PIECE.

*[illegible]ent in a Letter from* Portſmouth, *in* October, 1711.

WHEN ſtormy Winds in Northern Caverns ſleep,
Nor with tempeſtuous Blaſts diſturb the Deep,
A ſmooth unwrinkled Plain accoſts the Eye,
Which ſeems to meet and reach the bending Sky;
One Even, Uniform, Unvari'd Scene
On ev'ry Side extends its wat'ry Green,
A ſpacious Field, which leaves the Sight behind
By Nature to a nearer Bound confin'd.
But Here no Rocks the foaming Billows lave;
No craggy Cliffs impend the breaking Wave;
The winding Shore a level Proſpect yields
Of verdant Meadows and of fruitful Fields.

When firſt a Ship, that Monſter of the Flood,
(By ſimple *Indians* thought ſome thund'ring God)
Within the narrow Verge of Sight appears,
Her tall ſtrait Maſt above the Sea ſhe rears;
Whilſt yet her turgid Hull the Waters hide
And convex Surface of the ſwelling Tide.
The whole Machine a nearer Diſtance ſhows,
And all the Parts, which her fair Frame compoſe;
Proudly ſhe rides in Triumph o'er the Main,
Whoſe briny Waves her ſtately Load ſuſtain;
Her gaudy Streamers flow with wanton Gales,
And proſp'rous Winds diſtend her ſpreading Sails;
With gladden'd Heart the chearful Sailor ſpies
The ſmiling Aſpect of the Seas and Skies;

No

No Rocks nor Shelves the skilful Pilot fears,
But ſitting at the Helm ſecurely ſteers.

When, if a ſudden Storm the Ocean ſweep
With furious Blaſt, and laſh the frothy Deep,
By Tempeſts vext the raging Billows roar,
And daſh their foamy Heads againſt the Shore;
Night all around her ſable Wings extends,
Save where more horrid Day the Lightning lends:
Here rolling Waves in wat'ry Mountains riſe,
And there a dreadful gaping Valley lies.
The trembling Sailor now of Life deſpairs,
And flies to his laſt Refuge, Vows and Pray'rs,
On bended Knees of angry Heav'n implores
To land him ſafely on the Neighb'ring Shores;
In rattling Thunder, Heav'n his Pray'r returns,
And with red Lightning all the Welkin burns;
Each glaring Flaſh the Wretch with Horror views,
And with repeated Cries for Mercy ſues.
From Wave to Wave the bandy'd Veſſel's toſt;
Torn are her Sails, and all her Rigging loſt:
Now 'mongſt the ſtarry Heights ſhe mounting rides,
Down to the loweſt Deeps ſhe now ſubſides.
In vain the Men their Strength and Skill employ,
The boiſt'rous Winds their weak Attempts defy;
Unguided, by the driving Storm at laſt
She on ſome Rock or Bank of Sand is caſt:
Th' impetuous Shock her Hull in Pieces breaks,
And fills her hollow Womb with doleful Shrieks;
Now Dread and Horror of impending Fate
Do blackeſt Thoug'ts in ev'ry Breaſt create;
Some from the Deck forſake the bulging Ship,
And 'midſt the raging Sea for Safety leap.
A few, a very few of theſe, the Beach;
Drove by the Waves on floating Timbers, reach;

The

The reſt, by the contending Billows toſt,
At length are in the ſwelling Ocean loſt.

Bold was his Soul who made the firſt Eſſay
Upon the Main, and ſhew'd Mankind the Way
To paſs the Limits of their native Shore,
To viſit diſtant Lands, and unknown Worlds explore:
By Him we our domeſtic Poverty
Were taught by Foreign Traffick to ſupply;
To ev'ry Part of the whole Globe we roam,
And bring the Riches of each Climate home;
With Northern Furrs we're clad and Eaſtern Gold,
Yet know nor *India*'s Heat, nor *Ruſſia*'s Cold;
We taſte the Wines, that ſultry Soils produce,
Free from the ſcorching Beams, which raiſe the noble Juice;
Knowledge and Plenty fetch from ev'ry Shore,
With Arts our Minds, with Wealth our Coffers ſtore.

The *Britiſh* Race, 'till by the *Romans* led
They firſt the flutt'ring Canvas learn'd to ſpread,
Savage and wild, by Commerce unrefin'd,
Differ'd but little from the brutal Kind;
Uncultivated, ignorant and rude,
A painted Herd, they rang'd the Plains and Wood,
And prey'd upon their Fellow Brutes for Food:
With Terror often from the neighb'ring Shore
They view'd the ſtormy Waves, and heard them roar,
But never durſt a Thought to entertain,
Of vent'ring on the Surface of the Main:
Beyond the Sea they ſought no Lands unknown,
Nor dreamt of other Climes beſides their own.

## A

# PASTORAL.

## *CORYDON* and *THYRSIS.*

*CORYDON.*

HEard'ſt thou the Song which youthful *Damon* play'd
On Yeſter-Morn, beneath yon' Poplar Shade?

*THYRSIS.*

I did,——and ſtill methinks his Voice I hear
With pleaſing Accent ſounding in mine Ear;
In what ſoft Notes, in what a moving Strain,
Sung he *Phileſia*'s Charms, and coy Diſdain!
O cruel Nymph! O hard obdurate Breaſt!
That cou'd the Youth's enchanting Lays reſiſt.
Thou'rt Fair, indeed, as the pure *Scythian* Snow,
But then as cold and unrelenting too.

*CORYDON.*

The ſympathizing Swains ſtood liſt'ning round,
And catch'd with greedy Ears each falling Sound:
All, but the beauteous Maid, his Verſe attend,
Pity his Paſſion, and his Song commend.
Thus, when the Nightingale with warbling Throat
Trills in the ſhady Bow'rs her mournful Note,
Each meaner Voice thro' the whole Grove is ſtill,
And owns ſweet *Philomel*'s ſuperior Skill.

*THYRSIS.*

Leſs pleas'd I hear the ruſtling Vernal Breeze
Fly whiſp'ring thro' the Branches of the Trees;
Leſs pleas'd I hear yon' murm'ring chryſtal Spring,
Than to his Vocal Pipe young *Damon* ſing,

*Collin,*

*Collin*, for Song renown'd o'er all the Plain,
Sung not in softer Notes his am'rous Pain;
Sure he, when Death untun'd his artful Breath,
To *Damon* did his Pipe and Skill bequeath.

CORYDON.

O that th' indulgent God of Verse wou'd grant
This Boon to Me, his earnest Supplicant,
That my low Soul he wou'd vouchsafe t'inspire
With *Damon*'s Portion of celestial Fire;
Then shou'd my bolder Muse no longer brook
The flow'ry Meads, and humble Shepherd's Crook;
A loftier Flight her daring Wing shou'd try,
And with the Eagle mount the vaulted Sky;
Then, *Orpheus*-like, so sweetly wou'd I mourn
By cruel Fate *Favonia* from us torn,
(*Favonia!* lov'd by all, by all deplor'd,
With ev'ry Grace adorn'd, and Virtue stor'd,)
That ev'n th' infernal sullen Pow'rs, who wield
Death's rigid Scepter, to my Plaints shou'd yield;
Tho' hard as Adamant their Bosoms are,
Unmov'd, and deaf to ev'ry Vulgar Prayr,
The melting Force of my persuasive Lays
Such Pity in their flinty Breasts shou'd raise,
That they their Captive shou'd again restore,
And waft her back to the forsaken Shore;
My lasting Numbers shou'd from Death retrieve
The Nymph; in them she shou'd for ever live.

# PROLOGUE
## TO
## *JULIUS CÆSAR.*

*Spoken at St.* Paul's School, *Jan.* 27, 1712.

SHou'd *Shakespear*'s Ghost return again to Light,
And see us play his *Cæsar* here To-night,
How wou'd He smile to view our mimick Rage,
And little Heroes strut along the Stage?
To see in Miniature his lofty Scenes
Acted by beardless Statesmen in their Teens?

Yet our green Age may justly plead our Cause,
Procure our Pardon, if not gain Applause.
In Great and Worthy Things, th' Attempt alone
May claim some Portion of deserv'd Renown.
The Thirst of Fame, the very Love of Praise,
A Noble Generous Turn of Soul betrays:
'Tis this the panting Hero's Mind excites
To Tasks of Glory, and his Toil requites.
'Twas Love of Fame, that *Cæsar*'s Bosom fir'd
With active Valour, and his Breast inspir'd
O'er the whole Globe t'extend the *Roman* Sway,
And make the distant Poles their Laws obey.

Impell'd by This, what dauntless Souls can dare,
Let matchless *Marlb'rough*'s mighty Deeds declare;
Great *Marlborough!* in whose accomplish'd Mind
All *Cæsar*, but his Vices, we may find;
Who, in a juster Cause, and not his Own,
Has *Cæsar*'s Conduct and his Courage shown.

Yet

Yet not to Thirſt of Fame alone we owe
Heroic Actions, but to Beauty too:
Oft' your Reſiſtleſs Charms, ye ſhining Fair,
In worthy Deeds may juſtly claim a Share;
Love oft' the noble Martial Flame inſpires,
And at *your* Eyes the Hero's Boſom fires,
Who for *your* Smiles does Honour's Paths purſue,
And conquers Nations, but to conquer you.

## EPIGRAM.

DEliver'd in a dull and lifeleſs Strain,
The beſt Diſcourſes no Attention gain;
For if the Orator ſeems half aſleep,
He'll ſcarce his Auditors from Snoring keep.

## *To a* LADY, *offering to tell the Author his Fortune.*

CLOE, You well my future Fate may ſhow,
Which, whether good or bad, from you muſt flow.
With needleſs Care you ſearch the Stars and Skies;
No Stars can influence Me, but thoſe bright Eyes.
The Gods, that govern by Supreme Decree,
In their own Minds may all Events foreſee.

## *On Arithmetic and Geometry.*

HAIL heav'nly Pair! by whoſe conſpiring Aid
The beauteous Fabrick of the World was made!
Led on by You, audacious Men forget
The narrow Bounds by envious Nature ſet;
To yon' bright Manſions ſoar with happy Flight,
Survey the Starry Realms, and range thro' Worlds of Light!

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## EPIGRAM.

*Occaſion'd by reading an inſipid Satyr againſt Sir* Richard Steele, *Intitled,* Inſtructions to a Painter. *Written* ex tempore, *in the Year* 1713.

PAinter, one Figure more, at My Requeſt,
Let on the living Canvas be expreſt;
There let an Aſs a Satyr's Viſard wear,
Conſpicuous by uncommon Length of Ear,
Whilſt on the Ground a feeble Lion feels
The Coward Fury of his ſpurning Heels.

---

## *Written under an* OAK.

HAIL, friendly Plant! beneath the Shade
By whoſe wide-ſpreading Branches made,
Extended on the Graſs along,
I meditate my careleſs Song,

Provok'd

Provok'd by Birds that tune their Lays,
And Winds that whisper in thy Sprays.
When I survey thy stately Head,
And aged Trunk with Moss o'erspread,
Diviner Thoughts enrich my Brain,
And lift me to a loftier Strain;
Thus * *Mona*'s Bards receiv'd of old
The Secrets they the People told,
Whilst whisp'ring Genii of the Air
Inspir'd the Truths, they did declare.
Cou'd I compose a deathless Song,
Like Thee Majestick, Lofty, Strong;
To Thee my grateful Muse shou'd raise
Some Trophy worthy of thy Praise;
With fadeless Leaves thy Head shou'd crown,
And make thee Equal in Renown,
To Royal † *Charles's* Starry Tree,
That twinkles o'er the Southern Sea.
I'd tell how *Jove*'s Imperial Mind
Was pleas'd with thy Majestic Kind;
(Who from the Thunder's blasting Stroke
Does still exempt his favour'd Oak;)
And Oaken Wreaths the Brows did grace
Of Victors in the dusty Race:
But this my Verse in vain wou'd strive;
My Verse, which cannot Thee survive.

* *The Isle of* Anglesey, *frequented by the* Druids.
† *Dr.* Halley *has distinguish'd one of the Southern Constellations by the Name of the* Robur Carolinum, *or* Charles's Oak.

TO

# TO THE
# EARL *of* ROSCOMMON;
## *Occaſion'd by his* Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe.
### *From the* Latin *of Mr.* Charles Dryden.

THAT happy *Britain* boaſts her tuneful Race,
And Laurel Wreaths her peaceful Temples grace,
The Honour and the Praiſe is juſtly due,
To You alone, Illuſtrious Earl! to You.
For ſoon as *Horace* with his artful Page,
By Thee explain'd, had taught the liſt'ning Age;
Of brighteſt Bards aroſe a skilful Train,
Who ſweetly ſung in their Immortal Strain.
No more content great *Maro's* Steps to trace,
New Paths we ſearch, and tread unbeaten Ways.
Ye *Britons* then triumphantly rejoice;
And with loud Peals and one conſenting Voice,
Applaud the Man, who does unrivall'd ſit,
*The Sov'reign-Judge and Arbiter of Wit!*

For, led by Thee, an endleſs Train ſhall riſe
Of Poets who ſhall climb Superior Skies;
Heroes and Gods in Worthy Verſe ſhall ſing,
And tune to *Homer's* Lay the lofty String.

Thy Works too, * Sov'reign Bard! if right I ſee,
They ſhall tranſlate with Equal Majeſty;
While with new Joy, thy happy Shade ſhall rove
Thro' the bleſt Mazes of th' *Elyſian* Grove.

* *Virgil.*

And

And wond'ring, in *Britannia*'s rougher Tongue
To find thy Heroes and thy Shepherds sung,
Shall break forth in these Words: " Thy favour'd Name,
" Great Heir and Guardian of the *Mantuan* Fame!
" How shall my willing Gratitude pursue
" With Praises large as to thy Worth are due?
" Tho' tasteless Bards, by Nature never taught,
" In wretched Rhymes disguise my genuine Thought;
" Tho' *Homer* now the Wars of Godlike Kings,
" In *Ovid*'s soft enervate Numbers sings;
" Tuneful *Silenus*, and the Matchless Verse
" That does the Birth of Infant Worlds rehearse,
" Atones for All: By that, my rescu'd Fame
" Shall vie in Age with Nature's deathless Frame;
" By Thee the learned Song shall nobly live,
" And Praise from ev'ry *British* Tongue receive.

" Give to thy daring Genius then the Rein,
" And freely launch into a bolder Strain,
" Nor with these Words my happy Spirit grieve;
" * *The last good Office of thy Friend receive.*

" On the firm Base of thine Immortal Lays,
" A nobler Pile to thy lov'd *Maro* raise;
" My Glory by thy Skill shall brighter shine,
" With Native Charms and Energy Divine!
" *Britain* with just Applause the Work shall read,
" And crown with fadeless Bays thy Sacred Head.
" Nor shall thy Muse the Graver's Pencil need,
" To draw the Heroe on his prancing Steed;
" Thy living Verse shall paint th' imbattled Hoast,
" In bolder Figures than his Art can boast.

* Cape dona extrema tuorum; *The Motto to the Lord* Roscommon's *Essay*.

" While the low Tribe of Vulgar Writers ſtrive,
" By mean falſe Arts to make their Verſions live,
" Forſake the Text, and blend each Sterling Line,
" With Comments foreign to my true Deſign;
" My latent Senſe thy happier Thought explores,
" And injur'd *Maro* to himſelf reſtores.

---

# OF THE

# SEASONS *proper for* ANGLING.

THE Months, o'er which the nearer Sun diſplays
His warmer Influence and directer Rays,
Are moſt Propitious to the Angler's Toil,
And crown his Labours with the largeſt Spoil.

When Birds begin in briſker Notes to ſing,
And hail with chearful Voice returning Spring;
When Weſtern Winds in tepid Breezes fly,
And bruſh with downy Wing the brighten'd Sky;
When teeming Buds their verd'rous Iſſue yield,
And with their tender Offspring grace the Field;
Then let the Angler, with induſtrious Care,
His guileful Arms and Implements prepare,
Break Winter's Truce, and wage the watry War.

But, when Autumnal Blaſts have ſtrip'd the Wood,
And o'er the Ground its yellow Honours ſtrew'd;
When ſtormy *Boreas* reaſſumes his Reign,
And with malignant Breath deforms the Plain,
Let him a while his Snary Wiles forbear;
'Till, by the Courſe of the revolving Year,

The

The fairer Order of the Months returns,
And Nature with fresh Bloom her Face adorns.
Then, soon as Morn has chas'd the Shades of Night,
And streak'd the purple East with rosie Light;
Soon as the Lark displays her early Wings,
And to the fragrant Air her Matins sings,
The Angler, chearful with the Hopes of Prey,
Takes to the reeking Brook his dewy Way.

---

## PSALM XCII. *Paraphras'd.*

GReat Sov'reign of the World, thy glorious Name
And boundless Praise, I ever will proclaim.
Whether the *Morn* with rising Light invest,
Or *Night* with sable Shades o'erspread the East;
The smiling *Morn* thy bounteous Love shall hear,
And list'ning *Night* thy constant Truth revere:
The Lute and Harp shall join my willing Voice,
And the loud Cymbal add its tuneful Noise.
Whilst in my Mind thy matchless Deeds I weigh,
And all thy Works in silent Thought survey,
The pleasing Theme my ravish'd Bosom fires,
And sacred Hymns spontaneously inspires!
Thy Greatness who can tell! or who can trace
The Wisdom of thy providential Ways!
Yet will audacious Man presume to blame
Thy Conduct, and asperse thine awful Name.
Like some green Herb, which on the springing Mead,
By Genial Show'rs refresh'd, upreare its Head,
The Wicked seem awhile; but Vengeance due
Soon quells their Pride, and blasts the guilty Crew;
But Thou art still the same; Thou ne'er canst know
The Changes that affect this World below.

Thine Enemies, O God! an Impious Band,
Shall perish soon by thy destroying Hand.
Mean-while the Righteous, like the goodly Height
Of the fair Palm, shall flourish to the Sight,
Or like a Cedar, that Majestic grows
On *Lebanon*, and wide extends its Boughs.
The Tree, that in thy Temple's Courts shall shoot
Deep in the hallow'd Ground its spreading Root,
Loaded with Fruits, with fadeless Blossoms gay,
Shall flourish still, nor ever know Decay.
With such abundant Favour Thou wilt bless
Those who thy venerable Name confess,
That all the Nations shall be forc'd to own
Thy perfect Laws, and worship at thy Throne.

---

## PSALM CXLVI. *Paraphras'd.*

I.

IN pious Hymns and consecrated Lays,
Whilst vital Streams my beating Veins shall swell,
Great Author of the World! thy deathless Praise,
And glorious Deeds, my joyful Tongue shall tell.

II.

Let not thy Heart a fond Assurance place
In any Earthly Monarch's fav'ring Smile;
Nor from the Mortal Aid of Human Race
With Hopes of Lasting Bliss thy Soul beguile.

III.

Soon to their Native Dust return again
The Sons of Men, at Death's Impartial Call;
Then vanish into Air their Counsels vain,
And to the Ground their Empty Projects fall.

Thrice

IV.

Thrice happy He, that on th' Eternal King
For Succour and Defence alone relies,
And Safe beneath the Shadow of his Wing
Serenely ſits, and threatning Ills defies.

V.

Him all Things both in Heav'n and Earth obey,
Their Great Creator and Almighty Lord;
Sooner the Sun from his fixt Courſe may ſtray,
Than *Iſrael*'s God forget his Sacred Word.

VI.

The Lord aſſerts the poor Man's rightful Cauſe,
And frees from tort'ring Bonds the Pris'ner's Feet,
Reſcues the Helpleſs from th' Oppreſſor's Jaws,
And ſatisfies the hungry Soul with Meat.

VII.

The Blind, in Mercy He reſtores to Sight,
New Health and Vigour on the Sick beſtows;
But in the Righteous is his Chief Delight;
On them his ever-ſtreaming Favour flows.

VIII.

He to the Stranger, Widow, Orphan, proves
A faithful Friend, a Husband, Father kind;
And far from each the Miſchiefs He removes,
And guileful Wrongs by Impious Men deſign'd.

IX.

Thy King, O *Sion!* ſhall for Ever reign;
No End ſhall his Eternal Empire know,
Long as their Place the Stars of Heav'n maintain,
And Rivers to the thirſty Ocean flow.

## *A Deſcription of a* Summer-Night *in the* COUNTRY.

STretch'd on his homely Bed, the weary'd Hind
Now ſleeps ſecure; no Cares diſturb his Mind:
No Uſe of Down or Opiate Drugs he knows;
His wholeſom Labour gives a ſweet Repoſe.
The Beaſts and Birds are now retir'd to Reſt,
Thoſe to their graſſy Couch, Theſe to their Neſt.
The Winds too are aſleep, and ſcarcely move
Thro' the ſtill Horrour of the gloomy Grove.
Now pearly Dews refreſh the gelid Air,
And kindly Nature's vital Juice repair.
All's huſh'd; and univerſal Silence reigns,
Save where the mournful Nightingale complains,
Or where the wakeful Dog affrighted howls
At the ſhrill Screeking of foreboding Owls.
Deckt with unrivall'd Beams, the ſilver Moon
Has wheel'd her rolling Orb to Night's pale Noon,
Temp'ring the Darkneſs with ſo bright a Ray,
As might almoſt compare with that of Day;
Whilſt thouſand leſſer Lights with Her combine,
And All in one united Splendour ſhine.
Nor Heav'n alone thoſe radiant Beauties knows;
Each Buſh with num'rous living Spangles glows,
Diffuſing all around a Luſtre far,
Such as might guide the wand'ring Traveller.
As if a Show'r of Stars from yonder Sky
Had fall'n, and Earth deſign'd with Heav'n to vie.

*A Para-*

## *A Paraphrase on* PROV. VIII. *Beginning at* Ver. 10.

WHate'er of Good or Excellent is found
Within the Compass of this spacious Round,
Compar'd with *Wisdom*, no Regard can claim;
With Her compar'd, can scarce deserve a Name.
Not half so Beauteous is the dawning Light;
Not half so Fair the Stars that gild the Night.
In vain the Gems of *Ophir*'s favour'd Coast
Their dazled Lustre in her Presence boast:
Gay Orient Pearls and Gold in vain display
Their vanquish'd Glories in her brighter Day.
Before Her, brilliant Di'monds dimly shine,
And blushing Rubies own her Worth divine.
Richer and Happier He, whose hallow'd Breast
Of *Wisdom*'s sacred Treasures is possess'd,
Than if he Monarch reign'd, of all the wealthy East.
The Just, by *Wisdom*'s righteous Precepts led,
The peaceful Paths of Life securely tread,
The dang'rous Rocks of Vice with Safety shun,
And Virtue's pleasant Course serenely run.

Artists by Her their subtle Works devise:
'Tis She, with Counsel Sage instructs the Wise:
'Tis She, who teaches Princes to command
By wholesome Laws, and guides the Scepter'd Hand.

Before th' Eternal Mind, who dwells on high,
Hung up the spangled Curtains of the Sky,
With wond'rous Skill Earth's firm Foundations laid,
Or scoop'd the watry Deep's capacious Bed;
Before their tow'ring Heads the Mountains rear'd,
Or shady Woods and open Lawns appear'd;

Ere bubling Springs and Fountains had begun
Thro' painted Meads in Chryſtal Streams to run;
Ere chearful Verdure cloath'd the Naked Field,
Or barren Vales did blooming Odors yield,
*Wiſdom* with uncreated Splendor ſhone,
And ſpread her Beams around th' Almighty's Throne,
Joyous before the Sov'reign Preſence play'd,
Who with Delight Immenſe her heav'nly Form ſurvey'd.

And when this Univerſe with perfect Art
He rais'd, and caſt in Order ev'ry Part;
The Spheres, that roll their ſteady Courſe above,
Prepar'd, and taught the Planets where to move;
When Laws He to the ſwelling Ocean gave,
And bound in Ropes of Sand the raging Wave;
To wand'ring Clouds their airy Flight aſſign'd,
And, whence to blow, inform'd the ſweepy Wind,
*Wiſdom* Supreme did o'er the Whole preſide,
And in his awful Work the ſacred Founder guide.

TO

# Sir *Richard Blackmore*,

ON HIS

# Poem, entitled, *CREATION.*

Hic *canit errantem Lunam Soliſque labores,*
*Unde hominum genus, & pecudes, unde imber, & ignes,*
*Arcturum, pluviaſque Hyadas, geminoſque Triones:*
*Quid tantum Oceano properent ſe tingere Soles*
*Hyberni, vel qua tardis Mora Noctibus obſtet.* Virg.

DReſs'd in the Charms of Wit and Fancy, long
The Muſe has pleas'd us with her *Syren* Song;
But weak of Reaſon, and deprav'd of Mind,
Too oft on vile, ignoble Themes we find
The wanton Muſe her Sacred Art debaſe,
Forgetful of her Birth and heav'nly Race;
Too oft her flatt'ring Songs to Sin entice,
And in falſe Colours deck deluſive Vice;
Too oft She condeſcends, in Servile Lays,
The undeſerving Rich and Great to praiſe.
Theſe beaten Paths thy Loftier Strains refuſe
With juſt Diſdain, and Nobler Subjects chuſe:
Fir'd with Sublimer Thoughts, thy daring Soul
Wings her aſpiring Flight from Pole to Pole,
Obſerves the Footſteps of a Pow'r Divine,
Which in each Part of Nature's Syſtem ſhine,

Surveys the Wonders of this Beauteous Frame,
And ſings the Sacred Source, whence all Things came.

But O! what Numbers ſhall I find, to tell
The mighty Tranſports which my Boſom ſwell,
Whilſt, guided by thy tuneful Voice, I ſtray
Thro' Radiant Worlds, and Fields of Native Day,
Wafted from Orb to Orb, unweary'd fly
Thro' the blue Regions of the yielding Sky,
See how the Spheres in Stated Courſes roll,
And view the juſt Compoſure of the Whole!

Such were the Strains by ancient *Orpheus* ſung,
To ſuch, *Muſæus'* heav'nly Lyre was ſtrung;
Exalted Truths in Learned Verſe they told,
And Nature's deepeſt Secrets did unfold:
How at th' Eternal Mind's Omnific Call,
Yon' Starry Arch, and this Terreſtrial Ball,
The briny Wave, the blazing Source of Light,
And the wan Empreſs of the ſilent Night,
Each in its Order roſe, and took its Place,
And fill'd with recent Forms the vacant Space;
How rolling Planets trace their deſtin'd Way,
Nor in the Waſtes of pathleſs *Æther* ſtray;
How the Pale Moon with Silver Beams adorns
Her changeful Orb, and gilds her ſharpen'd Horns;
How the Vaſt Ocean's ſwelling Tides obey
Her diſtant Reign, and own her watry Sway;
How erring Floods their circling Courſe maintain,
Supply'd by conſtant Succours from the Main;
Whilſt to the Sea the refluent Streams reſtore
The Liquid Treaſures, which She lent before;
What dreadful Veil obſcures the Solar Light,
And *Phœbe*'s darken'd Face conceals from mortal Sight.

Thy

Thy Learned Muſe I with like Pleaſure hear
The Wonders of the Leſſer World declare,
Point out the various Marks of Skill Divine,
Which thro' its complicated Structure ſhine.
In tuneful Verſe the Vital Current trace
Thro' all the Windings of its mazy Race,
And tell how the rich purple Tide beſtows
Vigour and kindly Warmth, where-e'er it flows;
By what Contrivance of Mechanic Art
The Muſcles Motion to the Limbs impart;
How, at th' Imperial Mind's impulſive Nod,
Th' obedient Spirits thro' the Nervous Road
Find to their Fibrous Cells the ready way,
And the high Dictates of the Will obey;
From how Exact and Delicate a Frame
The channell'd Bones their nimble Action claim;
With how much Depth and Subtilty of Thought
The curious Organ of the Eye is wrought;
How from the Brain their Root the Nerves derive,
And Senſe to ev'ry diſtant Member give.

Th' extenſive Knowledge You of Man enjoy,
You to a double Uſe of Man employ;
Nor to the Body is your Skill confin'd,
Of Error's worſe Diſeaſe You heal the Mind.

No longer ſhall the hardy Atheiſt praiſe
*Lucretius'* piercing Wit and Philoſophic Lays;
But, by Your Lines convinc'd and charm'd at once,
His impious Tenets ſhall at length renounce,
At length to Truth and Eloquence ſhall yield,
Confeſs himſelf ſubdu'd, and wiſely quit the Field.

# *The* FIFTH ODE *of the* FOURTH BOOK *of* HORACE.

Imitated, and Humbly Inscrib'd

## *To the* K I N G.

Printed in the Year 1714.

*Aspice venturo lætentur ut omnia Sæclo.* Virgil.

*TOO long, Illustrious *PRINCE*, does *Britain* moan
Her absent Monarch and her Widow'd Throne;
From our expecting Shores no longer stay,
But to thy People come with promis'd Speed away.
† On *Albion* rise with thine auspicious Light,
And with Thy Presence bless our longing Sight:
Thy Presence, like the sweet Approach of Spring,
New Life and Joy will to thy Subjects bring.
When Thou art here the jocund Hours will run
On smoother Feet, and brighter shine the Sun.
With such Impatience, and such strong Desires,
*Britain* her Royal *Hanover* requires,

As

* Divis orte bonis, optime Romulæ
Custos gentis, abes jam nimium diu:
Maturum reditum pollicitus Patrum
Sancto Concilio, redi.
† Lucem redde tuæ, Dux bone, patriæ
Instar veris enim vultus ubi tuus
Affulsit populo, gratior it dies,
Et Soles melius nitent.

As the fond Mother on the winding Shores
Th' Arrival of her Darling Son explores,
Whom adverse Winds, in some far distant Clime,
Detain from her Embrace beyond th' appointed Time,
Protected by Thy Tutelary Care,
Virtue and Plenty shall their Heads uprear:
Each useful Art beneath Thy Guardian Hand
Shall flourish, and adorn our happy Land.
† The chearful Swain shall till his fertile Farm,
And tend his Flocks, secure from Martial Harm.
‡ The Merchant o'er the peaceful Seas shall roam,
And bring the Wealth of distant *India* home.
|| Returning *Faith* and *Truth* again shall smile,
(Virtues late banish'd from our wretched *Isle*,)
Whilst *Civil Discord*, *Strife* and *Party-Hate*,
No longer shall distract the jarring State;
But, urg'd by Thee, shall wing their hasty Flight,
And seek the Shelter of their Native Night.
§ *GEORGE* on the Throne Establish'd, who will fear
Th' *Iberian* Sword, or dread the *Gallic* Spear?
Th' *Iberian*, and the suppliant *Gaul* unite
To court his Friendship, and confess his Right.

Where

Ut Mater juvenem, quem Notus invido
Flatu Carpathii trans maris æquora
Cunctantem spatio longius annuo
Dulci distinet à Domo,
Votis ominibusque & precibus vocat;
Curvo nec faciem littore dimovet:
Sic, desideriis icta fidelibus,
Quærit patria Cæsarem.
† Tutus bos etenim rura perambulat:
Nutrit rura Ceres, almaque Faustitas:
‡ Pacatum volitant per mare navitæ.
||Culpari metuit Fides.
§ Quis Parthum paveat? Quis gelidum Scythen,
Quisve Cæsare? Quis ferat
Bellum curet Iberiæ?

• Where fragrant Jeſmin, or the ſpreading Vine,
Their tender Boughs in verdant Arches twine;
Each faithful *Briton* ſhall ſecurely ſit,
And *GEORGE*'s Praiſe with grateful Tongue repeat,
Whilſt Bowls of flowing Wine move nimbly round,
With fervent Vows for *GEORGE*'s Welfare crown'd.
Each o'er the chearful Glaſs his Name ſhall blend
With his Lov'd Miſtreſs, or his Boſom Friend,
Whilſt thus he prays, †" Long, Long, may *Britain* know
" The Bleſſings which from *GEORGE*'s Sceptre flow:
" Her vain Attempts may buſie *Faction* ceaſe,
" Nor offer to moleſt our Sov'reign's Sacred Peace.

• Condit quiſque diem collibus in ſuis,——
Te multa prece, te proſequitur mero
Defuſo pateris; & Lasibus tuum
Miſcet nomen——
†Longas ô utinam, Dux bone, Ferias
Præſtes Heſperiæ, dicimus, &c.

---

## *On the Prodigies, which attended our* Bleſſed Saviour's *Crucifixion.*

---

*Aſpice convexo nutantem pondere mundum,*
*Terraſque. tractuſque maris, cœlumque profundum.* Virg.

---

SEE! how the Globe heaves with convulſive Throes,
Whilſt gaping Sepulchres their Wombs diſcloſe.
From their ſound Sleep the Riſing Dead awake,
And the dark Manſions of the Grave forſake,
Gaz'd at, in Publick Streets they walk along,
And mix promiſcuous with th' aſtoniſh'd Throng.

Well

Well may'ſt Thou quake, O Earth! and Agonize,
And with thy Dying Maker Sympathize;
For Never, ſince his firſt Omnific Call
Produce'd from Nothing thy Capacious Ball;
Since Rolling Time began his Infant Age,
So dire a Scene was acted on thy Stage!
Well may'ſt Thou tremble, and thy Ruin fear,
When Him, whoſe Pow'r upholds thy pond'rous Sphere,
(Horrid, Amazing View!) Thou ſee'ſt expire,
Beneath the Weightier Load of his Great Father's Ire!

The ſickly Sun, grown Dim with pale Affright,
Refuſes to diſpenſe his wonted Light,
And threatens to the World an Everlaſting Night!
No Beam of Glory now his Head adorns,
In ſable Shades his Maker's Death he mourns;
To ſuch a Deed, he dares not lend a Ray,
But turns, Aghaſt, his lucid Eye away.
This ſtrange Eclipſe, againſt Heav'n's ſacred Laws,
Aſtronomers admire, but little dream the Cauſe.

Nature in gloomy Weeds her ſelf arrays,
And Homage due, to her Great Author pays.
His Fall, ſhe fears, portends her Obſequies;
And ſhudders with Chill Horror, when he dies.
O Nature! Lay thy Cauſeleſs Fears aſide;
To Save, and not Deſtroy the World, He di'd!

And when the Hour, prefix'd by Fate, ſhall come,
At which Thou muſt receive thy Final Doom;
When waſteful Flames thy Maſſy Spheres ſhall burn,
And to rude *Chaos* All again return;
As Chymiſts purge by Fire the Bullion Oar,
He'll raiſe thy ruin'd Frame, more Beauteous than before.

## *An* EJACULATION.

O God! What Eloquence of Mortal Sound
Can paint the Glories, that in Thee are found?
Who can in Worthy Strains proclaim Thy Praise,
Or sing of Thee in Undegrading Lays?
Whilst I behold the Splendors of thy Face,
And the Perfections of thy Nature trace,
Fir'd with Delight, my panting Bosom glows,
My bounding Blood with brisker Motion flows,
Dissolv'd in Raptures of Immortal Love,
I seem to antedate the Joys above!

---

## To Mr. *Jabez Hughes*,

On his Translation of *Claudian*'s Rape of *Proserpine*, and the Episode of *Sextus* and *Erictho* from *Lucan*'s *Pharsalia*.

*Written in the Year* 1714.

LONG did the finish'd Works of *Rome* and *Greece*
The Learned with their hidden Treasure please,
Ere any Writer, of a later Date,
The Matchless Pieces ventur'd to Translate.
The drudging Pedants, that at first arose,
Construe'd the Ancients into chiming Prose;
Guiltless of Genius and Poetick Heat,
Founder'd in Verse and crept with hobbling Feet;
A faint Resemblance heavily design'd,
But all the Life and Beauty left behind.

He,

He, that an Author can interpret well,
Muſt in his Breaſt th' infectious Rapture feel;
His Fancy warm'd with the ſame heav'nly Fire,
That did his great Original inſpire.

Theſe needful Talents were in *Dryden* found,
*Dryden!* with ever-living Laurels crown'd;
In his Tranſlation, like Himſelf appears
The *Mantuan* Bard, unhurt by rowling Years;
Still in their native Charms his Numbers ſhine,
Harmonious ſtill, Majeſtick and Divine!
When *Dryden*'s Strains employ our raviſh'd Ear,
We ſeem the Language of the Gods to hear!
Such Muſick warbles in his tuneful Song,
So ſweet his Verſe, ſo delicate and ſtrong!

With rival Art, my Much-lov'd Friend, You tread
In the bright Footſteps of th' illuſtrious Dead.
If *Claudian* in the *Britiſh* Tongue had wrote,
He cou'd not better have expreſs'd his Thought,
Nor in more happy Diction have diſplay'd
Th' Infernal Rape of the Celeſtial Maid.
Thus finely told, the well-wrought Fable charms
Each liſt'ning Ear, and ev'ry Fancy warms.
A thouſand Beauteous Images ariſe,
And fill the Soul with ever-new Surprize.

Now rais'd aloft to *Ætna*'s flaming Crown,
We look on the contiguous Valleys down;
The pleaſing Scene a lovely Proſpect yields.
Of blooming Meadows and enamell'd Fields.
Here *Proſerpine*, amid the Nymphly Train,
Moves with ſuperior Grace upon the Plain;
Thoughtleſs of *Venus* and her crafty Wiles,
Gaily She trips along, and Innocently ſmiles.

Now

Now to the Regions of the ſilent Dead,
And grizly *Pluto*'s darkſom Realms convey'd,
Aſtoniſh'd we ſurvey the dreary Coaſts
Of empty Shadows and of gliding Ghoſts;
Where *Phlegethon* his fi'ry Torrent rowls,
And with a tripple Yell fierce *Cerb'rus* howls.

*Eriſicho*'s helliſh Charms and Magick Skill
Our Fancies next with trembling Horror fill.
The juſt Deſcription of a Form ſo foul
Startles our Thoughts, and ſhocks our inmoſt Soul.
Amaz'd we liſten, while the Poet tells
The mighty Force of Herbs and mutter'd Spells;
How from her Orb they make the Moon deſcend,
And in Mid-Heav'n th' enchanted Sun ſuſpend;
Cauſe ſudden Storms and Whirlwinds to ariſe,
And bid the Thunder roar, along the cloudleſs Skies.

We Here behold how well the *Britiſh* Tongue
Suits with the lofty Style of *Epick* Song:
Perhaps no living Language can be found,
Where ſo much Force and Harmony abound.
In vain the *French* their feeble Voice would raiſe
To Nervous Numbers and Majeſtick Lays:
From *France* we have a double Laurel won,
By Us in Writing, as in Arms outdone:
From *Britain*'s Iſle the greateſt Heroes ſpring;
Heroick Acts the *Britons* beſt can ſing:
None but an *Addiſon*'s Immortal Strain
Can worthily record a *Marlborough*'s *Campaign*.

# A VERNAL HYMN, In PRAISE of the CREATOR.

ARiſe, my Muſe: Awake thy Sleeping Lyre,
And fan with tuneful Airs thy languid Fire.
On daring Pinions rais'd, low Themes deſpiſe;
But ſtretch thy Wings in yon' bright azure Skies.
Let not this chearful Prime, theſe Genial Days,
In Silence paſs, ſo friendly to thy Lays.

Hark! how the Birds, on ev'ry blooming Spray,
With ſpritely Notes accuſe thy dull Delay:
See how the Spring, adorn'd with gaudy Pride
And youthful Beauty, ſmiles on ev'ry Side!
Here painted Flow'rs in gay Confuſion grow;
There chryſtal Streams in wild *Meanders* flow:
The ſprouting Trees their leafy Honours wear,
And *Zephyrs* whiſper thro' the balmy Air.
All things to Verſe invite. But, O! my Muſe,
What lofty Theme, what Subject wilt thou chuſe?
The Praiſe of Wine let Vulgar Bards indite,
And Love's ſoft Joys in wanton Strains recite;
With Nobler Thoughts do Thou my Soul inſpire,
And with Diviner Warmth my Boſom fire.

[Lays.

Thee, *BEST* and *GREATEST!* let my grateful
Parent of Univerſal Nature, praiſe!

All

All things are full of Thee! Where-e'er mine Eye
Is turn'd, I ſtill thy preſent Godhead ſpy!
Each Herb the Footſteps of thy Wiſdom bears,
And ev'ry Blade of Graſs thy Pow'r declares!
As your clear Lake the pendent Image ſhows
Of ev'ry Flow'r that on its Border grows;
So, in the fair Creation's Glaſs, we find
A faint Reflection of th' Eternal Mind.

Whate'er of Goodneſs and of Excellence
In Nature's various Scene accoſt the Senſe,
To Thee alone their whole Perfection owe,
From Thee, as from their proper Fountain, flow.

Fair are the Stars, that grace the ſable Night,
And Beauteous is the Dawn of Roſie Light;
Lovely the Proſpect, that each flow'ry Field,
Theſe limpid Streams and ſhady Foreſts yield:
To Thee compar'd, nor Fair the Stars of Night,
Nor Beauteous is the Dawn of Roſie Light;
Nor Lovely is the Scene, each flow'ry Field,
The limpid Streams and ſhady Foreſts yield.

Incapable of Bounds, above all Height,
Thou art inviſible to Mortal Sight;
Thy-ſelf thy Palace! And, ſuſtain'd by Thee,
All live and move in thy Immenſity.
Thy Voice Omnipotent did Infant-Day
Thro' the dark Realms of empty Space diſplay,
This glorious Arch of heav'nly *Sapphire* rear,
And ſpread this Canopy of liquid Air.

At Thy Command, the Starry Hoſt, the Sun,
And Moon, unerringly their Courſes run;
Ceaſeleſs they move, Obſequious to fulfil
The Task aſſign'd by Thy Almighty Will.

Thy

Thy Vital Pow'r, diffus'd from Pole to Pole,
Inſpires and animates this ample Whole.

If Thou wert Abſent, the Material Maſs
Wou'd without Motion lie in boundleſs Space.
The Sun, arreſted in his Spiral Way,
No longer wou'd diſpenſe alternate Day;
A breathleſs Calm wou'd huſh the ſtormy Wind,
And a new Froſt the flowing Rivers bind.

Whate'er, thro' falſe Philoſophy, is thought
To be by *Chance* or *Parent-Nature* wrought,
From Thee alone proceeds. With timely Rain
Thou ſate'ſt the thirſty Field and ſpringing Grain.
Inſpir'd by Thee, the *Northern* Tempeſts ſweep
The bending Corn, and toſs the foamy Deep:
Inſpir'd by Thee, the ſofter *Southern* Breeze
Wafts fragrant Odours thro' the trembling Trees.
By Thee conducted thro' the darkſom Caves
And Veins of hollow Earth, the briny Waves
In bubling Springs and fruitful Fountains riſe,
And ſpout their ſweeten'd Streams againſt the Skies.

By Thee, the Brutal Kind are taught to chuſe
Their proper Good, and Noxious things refuſe;
Hence each conforms his Actions to his Place,
Knows to preſerve his Life, and propagate his Race.
Hence the wiſe Conduct of the painful Bee;
Who future Want does conſtantly foreſee,
Contrive her waxen Cells with curious Skill,
And with rich Stores of gather'd Honey fill.
Hence the gay Birds, that ſport in fluid Air,
Soft Neſts, to lodge their callow Young, prepare,
Rear with unwearied Toil the tender Brood,
From Harm protect, and furniſh 'em with Food.

But Man, whom thy peculiar Grace deſign'd
The Image of thine own Eternal Mind,
Man, thy chief Favourite, Thou did'ſt inſpire
With a bright Spark of thy Celeſtial Fire.
Rich with a Thinking Soul, with piercing Eye
He views the ſpacious Earth and diſtant Sky;
And ſees the various Marks of Skill Divine,
That in each Part of Nature's Syſtem ſhine.
Him therefore it becomes, in grateful Lays,
To ſing his bounteous Maker's ſolemn Praiſe.

ESSAYS

# ESSAYS

ON

## Several SUBJECTS.

# ON THE
# EXCELLENCY
# OF
# *Divine Contemplation.*

THE Mind of Man is naturally delighted with the Contemplation of whatever is Beautiful and Excellent; and the greater and more ſublime thoſe Perfections are, wherewith any Object is endued, the more exalted and refined is the Pleaſure, which the Soul conceives from the Contemplation of it. Now GOD is a Being of Infinite Perfection and Excellence, in whom all the Rays of Goodneſs and Beauty which are ſcattered and diſperſed among the Creatures, concenter and are united. It cannot therefore be imagin'd, but that the Contemplation of ſo lovely and excellent an Object muſt be highly grateful and pleaſing to the Soul. That Infinity of the Divine Attributes and Perfections,

which by puzzling and embarrassing the Understanding, might be thought to lessen this Pleasure, does really increase it. For the Mind is naturally pleased with the Speculation of what is Infinite, and loves to lose it self, as it were, in an unfathomable Depth.

The Grandeur and Magnificence of an Infinite Object affect it with an ineffable Complacency; Somewhat like that we take in beholding the vast Expanse of the Firmament, or the spacious Surface of the Ocean. Thus we find that those Theorems in Geometry, which have a relation to Infinite, afford the greatest Delight and Satisfaction to curious Minds: Such, for Example, as that of *Torricellius*, that a Solid of Infinite Length, may be equal to a Finite Quantity: Or those wonderful Theorems about the Proportions of Infinite Quantities, which Dr. *Halley* has publish'd in the *Philosophical Transactions*. But now, as the most Excellent Creatures with all their Attributes and Perfections are but Finite, so 'tis impossible that the Mind should find this sort of Pleasure in the Contemplation of them. 'Tis only in the All-glorious Essence of the Creator, that it can entertain it self with these unbounded Prospects, and be ravish'd with the Speculation of these Infinite Grandeurs.

But farther; As the Contemplation of the Divine Attributes in themselves, cannot but be very grateful and entertaining; so That Delight must needs be exceedingly encreas'd, when we consider them with the Relation they bear to us, and how they all, as it were, conspire to render Us happy, as well as that Adorable Being to whose Essence they belong. The Goodness of God makes all his Attributes in some Sense our own; in as much as

as it moves him to communicate such a Share of them to Us, as the Narrowness of our created Capacities can receive, and engages him to employ them all for our Advantage.

What Joy must it give a Man, to consider that he is the Creature of a Being of infinite Wisdom, Power, Goodness, and all other Perfections; who made him with no other View, than that he might make him happy in the Enjoyment of Himself; and will certainly one Day deliver him for Ever from all the Miseries and Imperfections, under which he now labours, and admit him to a Participation of his own infinite Wisdom and Happiness!

What Wound of Affliction can be so deep, as that this Sovereign Balsam will not heal it? What Weight of Sorrow so heavy, as this strong Consolation will not enable a Man to bear? What tho' at present we live in a State of Ignorance and Misery, banish'd from our Native Country above, the Region of beatified Spirits, into this barren and uncomfortable World; when in a few Days we shall return thither again; and live there in Bliss and Security for Ever.

The Soul thirsts after an Infinite Good, nor can any thing Less fully satisfy its Desires. Were there nothing for us to enjoy beyond what this World can afford, we might justly deplore the unhappy Frame of our Natures, which would subject us to a fatal Necessity of being miserable, merely thro' the Disproportion of our Desires to our Enjoyments. Our own unsatisfy'd Longings after farther Good would become our Torment; and To be Immortal, would be To be condemn'd to pine away Eternity in the Anguish of a Hopeless, yet Fervent and Unextinguish'd Love. 'Tis

GOD only, who can give perfect Repoſe and Contentment to the Soul; who can fill all its Capacities, and ſatisfy all its moſt enlarged Deſires! In Him is an immenſe Ocean of Good! an infinite Treaſure of Beauty and Perfection! a never-failing Spring of Bliſs, which the Soul will never be able to exhauſt throughout all the Ages of Eternity! Since therefore the Soul is conſcious to her ſelf, that ſhe deſires an Infinite Good, and that ſhe cannot be happy but in the Fruition of it; how is it poſſible that ſhe ſhould duly contemplate the glorious Attributes and Perfections of the Deity, without feeling her ſelf tranſported with the moſt raviſhing Joy! In Him ſhe finds ſomething really exiſting, ſufficient to ſatisfy all her moſt craving Appetites, and commenſurate to her largeſt Wiſhes; and is pleaſingly convinced, that That unquenchable Thirſt which ſhe feels in her ſelf after Good, was not given her to make her Miſerable, but to render her capable of the Sublimeſt Happineſs. She looks upon God as her natural Portion and Inheritance; and upon every Perfection and Excellence ſhe diſcovers in him, as a Treaſure, in the Poſſeſſion and Enjoyment of which, by Contemplation and Love, ſhe ſhall one Day become Happy.

But, beſides the Delight and Conſolation, which the Mind receives from a due Contemplation of GOD, and the Divine Attributes, there is ſtill a farther Advantage to be reap'd from this Angelical Exerciſe; and That is the moralizing our Souls, and regulating our Wills and Affections. Nothing has a more direct Tendency to this, than Divine Contemplation. This refines and elevates our Affections; and inſpires us with a certain Dignity of Mind and Virtuous Pride, which makes

makes us deſpiſe the low Pleaſures of Senſe, and raiſes us above this tranſitory Scene of things. This teaches us, that thoſe Divine Faculties of our Souls, Reaſon and Underſtanding, were not given us merely to purvey for the Pleaſures and Neceſſities of the Body, and to contrive the Means of ſupporting for a while a wretched periſhing Being; but to render us capable of contemplating and enjoying Him, whom to know is Eternal Life!

'Tis the Opinion of many Divines, that the clear Viſion of God, which beatified Souls ſhall enjoy, will have ſo powerful an Influence upon them, as to conſtrain them, by a certain happy Neceſſity, to Goodneſs. If this be true, we ought in Reaſon to conclude, that an aſſiduous Contemplation of God muſt have a proportionable Effect upon the Soul, and at leaſt very ſtrongly incline, tho' not abſolutely neceſſitate it, to be Virtuous. And indeed, it cannot well be otherwiſe; for, as he that keeps continually in View both his Duty it ſelf, and the Reaſons and Motives of it, can ſcarcely do otherwiſe than perform it; ſo it is impoſſible that a Man ſhould attentively contemplate the Divine Nature and Attributes, and yet be ignorant either of his Duty, or the Motives to it. How ſhould He, who keeps up in his Mind a lively Senſe of his living and acting under the Eye, and in the continual Preſence of a juſt and powerful God, who will not ſuffer the Tranſgreſſors of his righteous Laws to go unpuniſh'd, nor let the Obſervers of them paſs unrewarded, find in his Heart to ſin againſt Him? 'Tis only becauſe we do not attend to theſe weighty Truths as we ought, that they have ſo little Influence on our Hearts and Lives. If we never reflect on

these things, they will have no more Effect upon us, than if they were not at all; and the only way to make them of real Use to the purifying our Hearts, and reforming our Lives, is to fix and rivet them in our Minds, by frequent and serious Contemplation.

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A

# DEMONSTRATION

Of the BEING of

# *One Eternal* GOD.

## *PROPOSITION* I.

THERE is some Independent Being, or Being that exists of himself without any External Cause. The contrary to this is a Contradiction. For if all things that exist are Caused, then all things must needs be Caused by Nothing; that is, Not be Caused.

II.

This Independent Being must be Absolutely-necessary. For, Nothing can cease to Be, but by the Sublation of That, on which it depends. The Denial of this, is a formal Contradiction. Therefore a Being which depends on Nothing, cannot possibly not Be, or is Absolutely-necessary.

III. It

III.

It muſt imply a Contradiction, to ſuppoſe the Non-exiſtence of this Abſolutely-neceſſary Being. This is plain. For to ſuppoſe, That an Abſolutely-neceſſary Being is not; is to ſuppoſe, That a Being which cannot but Be, is not.

IV.

There can be but One Abſolutely-neceſſary Being. For if there were two or more Abſolutely-neceſſary Beings, it would be no Contradiction, to ſuppoſe Either of them to exiſt without the other: Becauſe, by that Suppoſition, they would have no Dependence upon one another; and conſequently Both of them might Succeſſively be ſuppoſed not to Be, without any Contradiction. The Contrary to which, was before ſhewn to be the Property of an Abſolutely-neceſſary Being.

V.

Since there can be but One Independent Neceſſary Being, it follows; That all Beings which exiſt, but One, are Cauſed and Dependent.

VI.

Therefore all other Beings muſt have been Cauſed, Originally, by the One Uncauſed and Independent Being.

VII.

Since it appears, by Mathematical Demonſtration, That no Particle of Matter, how ſmall ſoever, can poſſibly be One Simple Being, this Original Independent Being cannot be Matter.

VIII.

And ſince Matter, and many diſtinct Cogitative Beings do exiſt, it follows; That all Matter, and

all Minds, but One, were Caused or Created by this One Independent Being; Which therefore (by that Metaphysical Axiom, That the Cause must contain in it self all the Reality or Entity, which is in its Effect,) must include in himself all the real Properties both of Mind and Matter, together with a Power of producing those Beings; and consequently be a most Wise and Powerful Being.

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ON THE

# Continual Improvement

OF THE

## Understandings of Beatified Spirits.

*Occasion'd by reading the Spectator, N° 111.*

WHEN it is affirm'd, That the Understandings of the Blessed, in a future State, will be improving and enlarging themselves for Ever, we are not to understand This, as if their natural Capacity or Power of Understanding would continually expand it self, and grow more extensive to all Eternity. For tho' the actual View of the Mind may be more or less clear, lively, and extensive, as more or less of her natural Power of Perception is drawn out into Act, or lies dormant and unexerted; or as more or less of that Preception,

tion, which She actually has at any time, is diverted and drawn off, from the Object She contemplates, by sensible Impressions; tho', I say, the actual Perception of the Mind is found by Experience capable of these Ebbs and Flows, these various Degrees of Intension and Remission; yet, I think, it is not conceivable, that her natural Power or Capacity of Perception shou'd be either increased or diminished. For every finite Intelligence must be capable of a certain limited degree of Perception, and no more; and consequently when its Perception is raised to this Degree of Intenseness, its Capacity is entirely filled. But in all Probability the whole Intellectual Power of a beatified Spirit will be drawn out into Act at once, upon its first Entrance into Heaven; the Understandings of the Blessed will be perpetually exercised with the utmost Degree of Intenseness, on the beatific Objects they shall have before 'em: They shall always be at their full Stretch, and consequently incapable of being raised higher. For, as it is naturally impossible to improve the Original Essential Capacity of any Intelligent Being, so is it no less impossible to add any thing to the actual Perception of such a Being, when that Perception is supposed fully commensurate to its Original Capacity. The Mind, in these Respects, may be fitly compar'd to a Vessel; and Thought or Perception to Liquor; for as it is not necessary that the whole Capacity of the Vessel shou'd be fill'd with Liquor, or indeed that it shou'd have any in it, so neither does it seem necessary to the Mind, to have all her Power of Perception or Intellectual Capacity fill'd and employ'd by actual Thought, nor indeed any of it; which Experience seems to witness, inasmuch as we often pass

whole Nights, without being Conscious to our selves, of our having thought of any thing. But as, tho' the actual Content of the Vessel may very well fall short of its whole Capacity, yet it can never exceed it; So likewise, it is no less impossible for the actual Perception of the Mind, to exceed the Measure of its natural Capacity, (by which it is necessarily bounded,) tho' it may very well fall short of it. And from the Inequality of this Original Capacity, arises an Intrinsick Difference in the several Orders of Intelligent Beings, as to Intellectual Endowments. The Minds of some are naturally more capacious and enlarged than those of others; that is, they are naturally capable of being raised to higher and more intense Degrees of Perception. And, after this manner, we may conceive Intelligences more and more Capacious, 'till we arrive at the Supreme Mind, whose Understanding is not only Infinitely-extensive, (as comprehending all things in One View) but likewise Infinitely-intensive, as perceiving every particular thing with the utmost Clearness and Penetration of Thought. But to return:

Tho' the Perfection of the Understanding of a beatified Spirit cannot be enlarged by a continual Addition of new Degrees of Perception, yet there remains another way, whereby it must be perpetually improved, and that is by the Encrease of its habitual Knowledge. In order to demonstrate This, there will be need of no more than these two reasonable *Postulata*; *First*, That the Memory of such a Spirit will be very perfect, so as to afford him a compleat Representation of all his former Thoughts and Views. *2dly*, That his Understanding will be perpetually exercised in new Enquiries and Speculations, and enrich'd and brighten'd

brighten'd by the Acquisition of new Truths. For from these Premises it unavoidably follows, That the Understanding of such a Spirit must be continually improved, or that the Stock of his habitual Knowledge must daily increase. For where a perpetual Addition is supposed on one hand, without any Loss or Substraction on the other, there must necessarily arise a continual Growth and Progress. And while the Memory, like a Faithful Treasurer, preserves that Revenue of Knowledge Undiminished, to which the Industry of the Understanding is incessantly making fresh Additions, the Mind must unavoidably be enrich'd.

As to the Premises, on which this Conclusion is founded; The first, I think, cannot be reasonably question'd; for, as it must be allow'd possible for the Memory to be raised to such a Degree of Perfection, as to yield the Mind a compleat View of all her past Thoughts and Reasonings, so we have Reason to believe, that all the Faculties of a beatified Spirit will be advanced in the highest Manner. We may well imagine the Memory of such a Spirit capable of this Exaltation, since History informs us of some, even among us frail Mortals, who have almost attain'd to that pitch of Perfection. Witness Monsieur *Paschal*, who, we are told, 'till Sickness had impair'd his Memory, was endow'd with so prodigious an Excellence in that Faculty, that he never forgot any thing he had done, read, or heard in his Rational Age. Now as such a Memory as this, will afford a Spirit a sure Repository for his actual Knowledge; so the Review and Consideration of his former Discoveries and Reasonings thus represented to him, will wonderfully assist

and

and further him in the Pursuit and Attainment of new Knowledge. The Truths he already knows will serve as standing Rules and Principles, whereby to decide many other Questions, which may occur to his Thoughts. Some Principles have a surprising Fertility, and draw after them a numerous Train of Consequential Truths. Such is the Connexion and Dependence of one Truth upon another, that the Discovery of one, never fails to open the way to the Discovery of many more. As he, that ascends a Ladder, not only raises himself every Step he takes, but likewise gains thereby the means to advance still higher; so the Mind, in its Intellectual Ascent to Truth, proceeds, Step by Step, in a continu'd Gradation of Discoveries, 'till it arrives at length to such Heights, as it thought at first Impossible to be attain'd; and such as indeed it cou'd never have reach'd but by such a gradual Progress; for, in order to the Discovery of some Truths, there is necessarily required the previous Knowledge of a great many more. This is experienced in every Science, but in none so clearly and fully as in Geometry. This whole Science is one continu'd Chain of Reasoning, deduced with admirable Art and Sagacity from a few clear Axioms and Postulates. Here we often meet with Propositions, whose Demonstration is so compounded, and depends upon such a long Train of Consequences, that to resolve them into their first Principles, it wou'd be necessary to run thro' a multitude of Antecedent Propositions.

The second Proposition I assum'd, in order to demonstrate the still-growing Perfection of a beatified Intelligence, *viz.* That his Understanding ought to be conceived as incessantly exercised and employ'd in the Search and Discovery of new Truths,

Truths, is no less reasonable than the former. Revelation teaches us, that our future Happiness will consist in the Contemplation and Vision of God, who includes in himself all Truth. Therefore the longer we shall have enjoy'd this Happiness, that is, the longer we shall have contemplated the Divine Essence, and those eternal Truths, which consist in the Relations of the Divine Ideas, the more we must be advanced in the Knowledge of God, and those Eternal Truths. So that the Understandings of the Blessed will be continually improved in a twofold manner;

*First*, In Respect of the Stock of their habitual Knowledge, which will be perpetually enlarged; like a Lake, which, tho' replenish'd by the Incessant Influx of many Streams, should be supposed to have no Outlet.

And *Secondly*, In Respect of their Disposition for the Acquirement of new Knowledge, which must likewise necessarily increase with their actual Knowledge. The Mind, in its Pursuit of Learning, may be compared to a Conqueror, who not only enlarges the Bounds of his Dominions by every new Victory, but also receives thereby a fresh Accession of Strength and Power, to enable him to proceed still farther; or to a Bird, who, the higher she soars, finds her Ascent still more and more easie.

But, tho' the Mind will thus continually enlarge its Views, and add to the Stock of its Knowledge, yet will it never want new Matter to employ its Thoughts and entertain its Meditations. The Ocean of Truth is Boundless, and can never be exhausted. Nay, not only the whole Intellectual System, but even every particular Branch, or Science, is infinite. This is what the Masters of every

every Science confeſs, who, after they have apply'd themſelves with the utmoſt Aſſiduity to the Study of it, and made the greateſt Proficiency, are forced at laſt to acknowledge, That what they know is Nothing, in compariſon with what remains to be known: And of this they are by ſo much the more convinced, as they apply themſelves to it with greater Diligence.

So that the Contemplation of Truth, in which the Minds of the Bleſſed will be eternally employ'd, will never be able to cloy or ſatiate thoſe happy Spirits; but the infinite Variety of their Entertainment ſtill preſenting them with ſomething new, will at once maintain, and ſatisfy their Curioſity for ever. Nay, ſo far will the Mind be from finding any Satiety in Knowledge, that ſtill the more it knows, it will be the more deſirous, as well as able, to make a farther Progreſs. The more it ſhall have experienced the Delicious Sweetneſs of Truth, the more eagerly will it thirſt and long after it. * What an exquiſite Pleaſure then muſt the beatified Spirits enjoy, from the clear Contemplation and open Viſion of the beautiful and infinitely-various Scenes of the intellectual World! Were Truth indeed limited and finite, how delightful ſoever the Contemplation of it might be, it could not ſuffice for an Eternal Entertain-

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* Enough for Us we know, that this dark State,
In wayward Paſſions loſt and vain Purſuits,
This Infancy of Being! cannot prove,
The final Iſſue of the Works of God,
By *Love* and *Wiſdom* inexpreſſive form'd,
And ever riſing with the riſing Mind.

*Summer, a Poem.*

tertainment; Becauſe, on that Suppoſition, how great ſoever the Extent of it is, it muſt in time he exhauſted: And the Mind, after having conquer'd all its Theories, and poſſeſs'd it ſelf of all its Syſtems, would, like another *Alexander*, ſit down and lament for new Worlds of Truth to ſubdue, new Provinces of Science to vanquiſh. But ſince Truth is infinitely-various and diffuſed, as well as beautiful and charming, 'tis every way qualified to render thoſe happy, who enjoy it.

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# ON THE BEAUTY OF THE UNIVERSE.

THERE is nothing that affords a more ſenſible Proof both of the Exiſtence and Goodneſs of God, than the Beauty of the Univerſe, thoſe innumerable gay Appearances and delightful Spectacles, which are ſcatter'd thro' all the Scenes of the viſible Creation. Thunder, Lightning, Earthquakes and ſuch like aſtoniſhing Phænomena of Nature, may perhaps terrifie us into an Apprehenſion of a Superior Power; but This is a Proof which works upon us in the moſt ſweet and agreeable, tho' at the ſame time forcible and convincing

cing Manner. This gives us the moſt lovely and amiable View of our Maker, and whilſt it perſuades our Underſtandings of his Being, engages our Affections to rejoyce in, adore and love him.

The Superſtitious among the *Romans* imagin'd, that the Places in the Country, which were more than commonly pleaſant, ſuch as the Openings of Woods and the Flowery Margins of Fountains, were haunted by certain Rural Deities. This Fancy of theirs has often given me Occaſion to reflect, at the Sight of ſuch Places, that tho' there are indeed no Marks to be ſeen in them of the Preſence of their Chimerical Divinities, yet that an attentive and conſidering Mind may find there many Tokens and Signatures of the real Preſence and Operation of the true God.

The Beauty of the Univerſe plainly ſhews, that it is neither the Work of Fate nor Chance, but of a Powerful and Munificent Intelligence, who conſider'd, in the framing of it, not only what was needful for the Preſervation, but likewiſe the Ornament of Nature; and provided not only for the Neceſſity, but even for the innocent Delight and Entertainment of all his ſenſible Creatures. * With how

* *La máchina del mondo, che noi veggiamo, con l'amplo cielo di chiare ſtelle tanto ſpléndido; &, nel mezo, la terra da i mari cinta; di monti, valli, & fiumi variata; & di sì diverſi álberi, & vaghi fiori, & di herbe ornata; dir ſi può che una nóbile, & gran pittura ſia, per man della natura, & di Dio compoſta.*

The Fabrick of the World, which we behold, with the wide-extended Sky ſo bright with glorious Stars; and, in the midſt of it, the Earth encompaſs'd with Seas, diverſified

how many Charms and Graces has he adorn'd every Part of the Universe? as if he design'd that Nature shou'd represent to us the Beauty and Loveliness, as well as the Wisdom and Beneficence, of its Author.

The ample Arch of Heaven, which hangs over our Heads, is tinctur'd with a sprightly Azure. In a clear Night it appears like a vast Roof of Saphire, studded with innumerable glowing Spangles, or illumin'd with ten thousand shining Lamps. * The Sun is so glorious and splendid a Body, that he has attracted the Devotion, as well as the Admiration of many Nations. With what Variety of

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versified with Mountains, Valleys and Rivers, and adorn'd with so many various Trees, and beauteous Flowers and Herbs, may be consider'd as a noble and grand Picture, composed by the hand of Nature, and by God.

*The Courtier of* Count Castiglione.

* Prodigious Orb! Bright Source of vital heat, and Spring of Day!—— Soft Flame; yet how intense, how active! How diffusive, and how vast a Substance; yet how collected thus within itself, and in a glowing Mass confin'd to the Center of this *Planetary* World!—— *Mighty* Being! Brightest Image, and Representative of the *Almighty!* Supreme of the Corporeal World! Unperishing in Grace, and of undecaying Youth! Fair, Beautiful, and hardly Mortal Creature! By what secret ways dost Thou receive the Supplies which maintain Thee still in such unweary'd Vigour, and unexhausted Glory; notwithstanding those eternally emitted Streams, and that continual Expence of vital Treasures which enlighten and invigorate the surrounding Worlds?

*Earl of* Shaftesbury.

of Colours do his Beams adorn the wandering Clouds? He dies some with Scarlet or Purple, and paints the Skirts of others with Silver or tinctures them with Gold. † How many beautiful and entertaining Scenes do we behold in the Heavens? What wild and rude, yet pleasing and agreeable Prospects of craggy Rocks and steep Mountains, do they often present to our View? * How beauteous as well as useful is that nightly Substitute of the Sun, the Moon, who chears us in his Absence with her borrow'd Beams? In how many several Forms, in how many various Dresses of Light does she appear to our Eyes? Sometimes she shines over us in a perfect Silver Orb, or, approaching to the Horizon, extends her Bulk into a large bloody beamless Globe; at other times (when newly return'd from her dark Retirement) she appears horn'd, or, like a Sickle, edg'd only on one side with a narrow Border of Light.

From

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† The Meteor World is his, Heav'n's Wintry Store,
The *moulded Hail*, the *feather'd Snow*;
The Summer Breeze, the soft refreshing Show'r,
The *loose divided Cloud*, and *many-colour'd Bow*.

*Ode to the Creator of the World: Occasion'd by the Fragments of* Orpheus. *By Mr.* Hughes.

* ——Now glow'd the Firmament
With living Saphirs: *Hesperus* that led
The Starry Host rode brightest; 'till the *Moon*
Rising in clouded Majesty at length,
Apparent Queen, unveil'd her peerless Light,
And o'er the dark her Silver Mantle threw.

*Milton.*

From contemplating the Beauties of the Heavens, let us now deſcend to thoſe of the Earth. Here we have a new Scene of delightful Objects open'd to our View. Tho' that Paradiſe within, which conſiſted in a conſtant Joy and inward Tranquility of Mind, be now loſt, yet much of outward Paradiſe ſeems ſtill to remain. Witneſs, Ye ſhady Groves and flowery Meads! Ye verdant Lawns and chryſtal Streams! whoſe Beauties have ſo often charm'd the Hearts of your Beholders, and afforded a Theme for the Songs of the Poets. Who can behold the Spring, array'd in all her youthful Pride and Gaiety, adorn'd with blooming Bloſſoms, ſprouting Leaves, and an infinite Variety of Flowers, without Admiration and Delight?

As the Face of Heaven is tinctur'd with a gay Azure, ſo that of the Earth is ſpread with Green, a Colour which of all others is the moſt apt to revive the Imagination, and excite Alacrity in the Soul. The Surface of the Earth is not all Plain and Flat, which wou'd have taken away all Variety of Proſpect, but agreeably diverſify'd with Hills and Mountains, Valleys and Plains;

*- - - - - - - - - - - - - - Sweet interchange*
*Of Hill, and Valley, Rivers, Woods and Plains,*
*Now Land, now Sea, and Shores with Foreſt crown'd.* Milton.

* How various are the Species of Trees, all entertaining to the Sight, as well as ſerviceable to the

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* *-----juvat undantem buxo ſpectare* Cytorum,
Narycinæque *picis lucos: juvat arva videre*
*Non raſtris hominum, non ulli obnoxia curæ.*
*Ipſa* Caucaſio *ſteriles in vertice ſylvæ,* Quas

the Conveniency of Mankind? Among those of larger Size and taller Stature, we may reckon the Oak,

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*Quas animosi Euri assidue franguntque, feruntque,*
*Dant alios alia fetus; dant, utile lignum*
*Navigiis, pinos, domibus cedrumque cupressosque.*
*Hinc radios trivere rotis, hinc tympana plaustris*
*Agricolæ, & pandas ratibus posuere carinas.*
*Viminibus salices fœcundæ, frondibus ulmi:*
*At myrtus validis hastilibus, & bona bello*
*Cornus*: Ityræos *taxi torquentur in arcus.*
*Nec tilia leves, aut torno rasile buxum,*
*Non formam accipiunt, ferroque cavantur acuto.*
*Necnon & torrentem undam levis innatat alnus,*
*Missa* Pado: *necnon & apes examina condunt*
*Corticibusque cavis, vitioseque ilicis alveo.*

Virgil. Georg.

How pleasing to the Sight *Cytorus* looks,
Flowing in gentle Waves of livid Box!
How soft! how solemn is *Narycia*'s Shade!
Where pitchy Groves the gloomy Skies invade.
What lovely Scenes in desert Lawns appear!
New to the Harrow's Toil, or Peasant's Care.
Ev'n naked Forests on *Caucasian* Rocks,
Worn with the raging East's eternal Shocks,
(Here shiver'd Limbs lie scatter'd all around,
And there huge Trunks extended on the Ground)
Yet *these*, ev'n *these*, convenient Stores produce,
A various Timber for a various Use:
Tall *Pines* for Vessels: For the stately Room
*Cypress*, and *Cedar* with its strong Perfume.
From hence the thrifty Peasant orbs his Wheels,
And hence the Sailor seeks his bending Keels.
The binding *Osier* shoots a num'rous Brood;
And *Elms* for Cattle yield a leafy Food.

For

Oak, the Pine, the Elm and the Beach. Theſe pleaſe our Imagination by their ſtately Bulk and towering Height, as well as by the various uniform Figures and different Verdures of their Leaves. Among thoſe of the lower Claſs, we may take Notice of the Lime, the Citron, the Orange, the Bay and the Laurel. Theſe are ſo remarkable for their Beauty and Pleaſantneſs, that we commonly plant them in our Court-yards and Gardens, as Ornaments to our Houſes. 'Twou'd be endleſs to deſcribe all the Beauties of the Vegetable World. There is not one of all the Race, but what has ſome Beauty to boaſt of; either the regular and ſymmetrical Figure of its Leaves, the Gaiety of its Colours, or ſome other Ornament.

* What Rhetoric can deſcribe the Beauty, or Arithmetic the Variety, of the ſeveral Species of Flowers? In each Month of the Spring and Summer a new Sett appears. The Primroſe and Violet

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For War the *Myrtle*, and the *Corneil* grows,
And *Parthians* bend the *Yew-tree* into Bows.
Nor will the ſmooth-grain'd *Lime*, or *Box* diſdain
The rounding Chiſſel, or the hollowing Plane:
Or feeble *Alders* dread th'impetuous Tide,
But lightly ſkim the *Po*, and on his Surges ride:
Nor will not Bees repair to mould'ring *Oaks*;
There raiſe their Cells, and hide their Darling-Stocks.

* While thus the Garden ſhines with various Dyes,
Lift up from Earth to Heav'n your grov'ling Eyes:
Survey the Luſtre of thoſe bliſsful Bow'rs,
Crown'd with as many Stars, as Earth with Flow'rs;
Then grateful your tranſported Fancy raiſe,
And, theſe admiring, their Creator praiſe.

Rapin *of Gardens.*

let lead the Van of the blooming Train, and discloſe their Beauties at the firſt Opening of the Spring. Theſe are ſucceeded by the Tulip, Piony, Flower-de-Lis, and many others. Then appear the Roſe, the Lilly, the Pink, the Julyflower, *&c.* With what bright Colours has Nature painted many of theſe Flowers? What Regularity and Geometric Exactneſs has ſhe obſerv'd in the Figure and Situation of their Leaves? She has ſo curiouſly embelliſh'd the very Fruits of the Earth, that it ſeems plain ſhe deſign'd them, not only to pleaſe the Taſte and ſatisfy the Hunger, but even to gratify the Sight of Man and other Animals. With how lovely a Yellow has ſhe burniſh'd the Orange? * With how beautiful a Bluſh ſhe has died the downy Cheek of the Peach? With what lively ſtrokes of natural Paint ſhe has adorn'd many Sorts of Pears and Apples? How fine a Blue has ſhe ſpread over the Grape and Plumb; and with how deep and full a Red has ſhe colour'd the Cherry?

If we examine the ſeveral Kinds of Animals, we ſhall find the Bodies of them adorn'd with equal, if not ſuperior Beauty, to what is found in Vegetables. † To begin with Man, the Prince of Animals,

* With Joy the Gard'ner ſees his Labour bleſt,
His Landſcape Wall in Light and Shadows dreſt:
The purple *Fig* with bluſhing *Peaches* joins,
And the gay Scene with various Beauty ſhines.
Rapin *of Gardens.*

† Two of far nobler Shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect! with native honour clad
In naked Majeſty, ſeem'd Lords of all;
And worthy ſeem'd: For in their Looks Divine

Animals, and Lord of this lower World. As he is endued with a rational and immortal Mind, so the fair and majestic Structure of his Body, renders it a suitable Habitation for such a Guest. As he is the most excellent of all Animals, he is likewise the most stately and beautiful. This appears more eminently in the Female Sex. The Charms of these are the perpetual Theme of Poets and Lovers. They celebrate them as Divinely Fair, as adorn'd with Angelic Graces, and shining with Celestial Beauty. Tho' these Encomiums must be allow'd to be too Hyperbolical and Extravagant, yet the most rigid *Stoick*, if he will but use his Eyes, will be forced to acknowledge, that the Form of many Women is indeed very Lovely and Beautiful. A wonderful Symmetry and Proportion of Features, a fair Complexion, a sparkling Eye, a pleasing Gaiety and Sweetness of Aspect, and a certain ineffable Grace and Comeliness, resulting from the Combination of all these, may be seen in many of that Sex.

The inferior Terrestrial Animals are not without their proper Ornaments. Witness the * Horse, the

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The Image of their glorious Maker shon,
Truth, Wisdom, Sanctitude severe and pure;
Severe; but in true filial Freedom plac'd,
Whence true Authority in Men: Tho' both
Not equal, as their Sex not equal seem'd;
For Contemplation he, and Valour form'd,
For Softness she, and sweet attractive Grace;
He for GOD only, she for GOD in him. *Milton.*

* Survey the warlike *Horse!*----------
No Sense of Fear his dauntless Soul allays;
'Tis dreadful to behold his Nostrils blaze,

To

the Stag, the Greyhound, and many others. The gay Plumes and beautiful Forms of Birds are no leſs entertaining to the Eye, than the Harmony of their Notes is to the Ear. Who does not admire the Beauty of the * Peacock, the Dove, the † Pheaſant,

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To paw the Vale he proudly takes Delight,
And triumphs in the Fullneſs of his Might;
High rais'd he ſnuffs the Battel from afar,
And burns to plunge amid the raging War,
And mocks at Death, and throws his Foam around,
And in a Storm of Fury ſhakes the Ground:
How does his firm, his riſing Heart advance
Full on the brandiſh'd Sword, and ſhaken Launce;
Whilſt his fix'd Eye-balls meet the dazling Shield,
Gaze, and return the Lightning of the Field?
He ſinks the Senſe of Pain in generous Pride,
Nor feels the Shaft that trembles in his Side,
But neighs to the ſhrill Trumpet's dreadful Blaſt
'Till Death; and when he groans, he groans his laſt.
*Paraphraſe on Part of the Book of* Job. *By Dr.* Young.

* How rich the *Peacock*! What bright Glories run
From Plume to Plume, and vary in the Sun?
He proudly ſpreads them to the Golden Ray,
Gives all his Colours, and adorns the Day,
With conſcious State the ſpacious Round diſplays,
And ſlowly moves amid the waving Blaze.
*Ibid.*

† See! from the Brake the whirring *Pheaſant* ſprings,
And mounts exulting on triumphant Wings;
Short is his Joy! he feels the fiery Wound,
Flutters in Blood, and panting beats the Ground.
Ah! what avail his gloſſie, varying Dyes,
His Purple Creſt, and Scarlet-circled Eyes,

The

ſant, the Parrot, the * Swan, and innumerable others of the feather'd Kind? Some are all over Scarlet or Azure, Green or White: Others are adorn'd with a Mixture of ſeveral bright and gaudy Colours, diſpos'd in the moſt agreeable manner imaginable.

The ‡ Fiſh likewiſe of the Sea and Rivers partake of this univerſal Beauty, which Nature has ſcatter'd over all her Works, in the juſt Proportion and Symmetry of their Parts, and the ſilver Luſtre of their Scales. The Trout in the Spring has his Body ſprinkled with lively Spots of Purple; and the Dolphin is celebrated for his Beauty.

† The very Inſects, tho' ſo much inferior to other Animals in Bulk, do not at all fall ſhort of them

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The vivid Green his ſhining Plumes unfold;
His painted Wings, and Breaſt that flames with Gold?
Windſor-Foreſt. *By Mr.* Pope.

* ——The *Swan*, with Arched Neck
Between her white Wings mantling proudly, rows
Her State with Oary Feet. Milton.

‡ Our plenteous Streams a various Race ſupply;
The bright ey'd *Perch* with Fins of *Tyrian* Dye,
The ſilver *Eel*, in ſhining Volumes roll'd,
The yellow *Carp*, in Scales bedropt with Gold,
Swift *Trouts*, diverſify'd with Crimſon Stains,
And *Pykes*, the Tyrants of the watry Plains.
*Mr.* Pope.

† Let us turn our Eyes towards theſe ſmaller, and more curious Objects; the numerous and devouring *Inſects* on the Trees in theſe wide Plains. How ſhining, ſtrong, and laſting are the ſubtile Threads ſpun from their artful Mouths! Who beſide *The All-wiſe* has taught 'em to compoſe the beautiful ſoft Shells, in which, recluſe and bury'd, yet ſtill

 alive,

them in respect of Form and Ornament. With how exact a Proportion and Harmony of Parts has Nature fram'd their little Bodies? What a shining Gloss and Polish has she cast over their Limbs, and with what gay and lively Colours has she painted them? I might instance in the Butterfly, the Spanish-fly, the Adderspear, and many others.

This is a faint and imperfect Sketch of the Beauty of the Universe. He that would have a just and adequate Idea of it, must consult the Original. The Beauties of Nature are too various and too exquisite, to be painted to the Life by any Pencil, or describ'd by any Eloquence. A thousand secret Charms and inexpressible Graces will be wanting, in the most compleat and lively Representation we can possibly give of her.

Now we may observe that Abundance of these things, which contribute to the Beauty and Ornament of the Universe, seem scarcely of any other Use. Of this sort are many Herbs and Flowers, and precious Stones; of which we know no other Use, or Design in Nature, but to garnish the World, and entertain the Senses and refresh the Imagination of Man and other Animals. And even in the things, that are of necessary Use for preserving the Frame of Nature, or the several Species of Animals,

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alive, they undergo such a surprizing Change; when not destroy'd by Men, who clothe and adorn themselves with the Labours and Lives of these weak Creatures, and are proud of wearing such inglorious Spoils. How sumptuously apparel'd, gay, and splendid, are all the various *Insects* which feed on the other Plants of this warm Region! How beautiful the *Plants* themselves in all their various Growths, from the triumphant *Palm* down to the humble *Moss!* *Earl of* Shaftesbury.

mals, we find Ornament and Conveniency join'd together. Thus, for Instance, the Fruits of the Earth afford us a pleasant and wholsom Nourishment, but this they would have done as well, tho' they had not been so curiously painted with Colours, as many of them are. And as to Animals themselves: It was necessary indeed, for the Preservation of their Lives, that they should be furnish'd with Limbs and Organs of Sensation; but it was by no means necessary to this End, that their Limbs shou'd be formed with all that exact Proportion and Symmetry, and adorn'd with such a Variety of gay Colours, as we find in many of them. The Pheasant might have procured his Food and propagated his Kind, without his gaudy Plumes, and the Peacock without his Starry Train.

* Now can any Man think, that all this Beauty and Ornament, which appears in every part of Nature, and accosts his Eye on which side soever he turns it, can have any other Author than a wise



* How comes it that Nature acts nothing in vain? And whence proceeds that *admirable Beauty* of the Universe?---- How comes it that the Bodies of Animals are framed with such exquisite Art and Wisdom? How comes it that the Motions of the Body obey the Command of the Will? And whence is *that Instinct*, as it is call'd, in Animals? From a right Solution of those Questions does it not appear that there is a Being Incorporeal, Living, Intelligent, Omnipresent, who in infinite Space, as it were in his Sensory, sees accurately and intimately, and discerns thoroughly the Things themselves, and being present to them, comprehends them all as living, moving, and being within himself? *Sir* Isaac Newton's *Opticks*.

and good God? Would Fate or Chance, those thoughtless and undesigning Principles, have not only so plentifully provided what was necessary for the Preservation of the System of the World, and the several Species of Plants and Animals contain'd in it, but have consulted likewise for the Ornament of the one, and the Delight and Entertainment of the other? It must (if I may be allow'd so to speak) be a very wise and munificent Chance, that, not content to make a plain habitable World, has observed all this Order and Decency in its Work, and garnish'd it out with all these curious Embellishments and Decorations. Why should the Colour of the Sky be a beautiful Azure, and that of the Grass and Trees a lively Green, rather than a Brown, or Grey, or any other less pleasing to the Sight, if a wise Providence had not the Disposal of things? Or why should the Eyes of Animals be both of an equal Size, and of the same Make and Colour, and placed at an equal Distance on either side the Nose? And the like Questions may be ask'd, in respect of all the Order and Harmony in Nature. It would be a difficult Matter to convince a reasonable Man, that even a common Cottage, which only serves to shelter its Inhabitants from the Winds and Weather, was the mere Effect of Chance; But he wou'd certainly think any one distracted who shou'd seriously endeavour to persuade him, that a fair and magnificent Palace, exactly regular and symmetrical in its Design, adorn'd with elegant Painting and Sculpture, and furnish'd with every thing which Pleasure and Ornament as well as Necessity and Use require, had no other Original than the lucky Concourse of Atoms.

FAMI-

# FAMILIAR LETTERS.

# To Mr. *N.*

London, *July* 22, 1709.

*SIR*,

I Am glad to hear of your ſafe Arrival at *H.* and that you are ſo well contented with your preſent Situation. I do not indeed wonder, to find you expreſs ſo much Satisfaction in it. For to reſide at a pleaſant Country-Seat, at a time of the Year when Nature feaſts Mankind with all the Variety of her moſt delicious Productions; to enjoy agreeable Converſation; and to have free Acceſs to a good Library, are ſuch advantageous Circumſtances, that one would think it almoſt impoſſible to be unhappy under them. I frankly confeſs, I ſhou'd be tempted to envy Your Happineſs, if my Affection for You did not make me ſhare in all Your Satisfactions, and conſider Your Felicity as my own. What Man, (who enjoys the Uſe of Reaſon and his Senſes,) wou'd not gladly exchange the hateful Din and Clamour of a noiſy Town, for the warbling Melody of tuneful Birds, and lulling Murmurs of the limpid Streams? Who wou'd not prefer the charming O-

dors of Roſes and Jeſſamin, before the unwholeſom Vapours of a populous City; and the pleaſant Proſpects of ſhady Groves and flowery Meads, and all the beauteous Scenes of Nature, to the narrow Spectacle of ſmutty Walls and dirty Pavement? What Compariſon, to any contemplative and philoſophical Mind, between the bliſsful Obſcurity, Leiſure and Serenity of a quiet Rural Retreat, and a buſy turbulent City-Life? The very Idea of the Country tranſports my Soul with a Mixture of agreeable Paſſions! How much more then would the Enjoyment? I had always a natural Inclination for the Country, and Averſion to the Town. 'Twas there, I firſt drew Vital Breath and beheld the Light! We are wont to have a peculiar Fondneſs for the Place of our Birth; and, like Trees, thrive and proſper beſt in our Native Soil; but, if tranſplanted, are apt to pine and languiſh. I am,

*SIR*,

*Moſt Affectionately Yours*,

H. NEEDLER.

The Author's Age 19.

TO

# To Mr. *D.*

London, *September* 30, 1709.

*SIR*,

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * The † Epigram You mention, ſeems to me as excellent a Pattern of Poetry, in its Kind, as the Action, which it celebrates, is of Courage and Magnanimity. Mr. *Bickerſtaff*'s elegant Verſion of it convinces me of the Falſeneſs of that Vulgar Maxim, That a Copy always falls ſhort of the Original. For the Tranſlation has not only deſcribed the Action in as full and lively a Manner as the Original, in the two firſt Lines, but has likewiſe very much improved the Turn, and heightened the Paſſion, in which the Poet makes *Arria* addreſs herſelf to her Conſort, in the two laſt Lines. The Original runs thus.

*Si qua fides, vulnus, quod feci, non dolet, inquit:*
*Sed quod tu facies, hoc mihi, Pæte, dolet.*

Whereas in the Tranſlation, She even attributes her Death to the Wound which *Pætus* was to receive.

*The Wound I gave my ſelf I do not grieve,*
*I die by that which* Pætus *muſt receive.*

If You ſtay any conſiderable time in the Country, I hope You will ſupply the Loſs of Your Perſonal,

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† *See the* Tatler, N° 72.

tional, by an Epistolary Conversation: Tho', I must confess, in such a Correspondence You will lie under the same Disadvantage as those *Americans*, who barter'd Gold and Jewels for worthless Trash and Bawbles; Since my Returns will be in no wise answerable to Yours, except in the Sincerity, wherewith they testifie that I am,

*SIR,*

*Your most Obliged*

*Humble Servant,*

H. NEEDLER.

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# To Mr. *H.*

London, *September* 1709.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * They who are united in true Friendship, by a certain reciprocal Communication, like the Soul and Body, mutually partake in all the Good and Evil that happens to each Individual. One cannot be affected with any Misfortune, but the other presently sympathizes with him, and endeavours to mitigate his Grief by taking Part of it upon himself. I do not dissemble in telling you, that this is my Case with respect to you; and consequently, that in offering Consolation to you, I ease the Anguish of my own Breast.

Do but consider, my dear Friend, the many comfortable Arguments, which both Religion and Philosophy suggest to you, on this Occasion; and you will be forced to acknowledge, that (though the Passions may not be so readily still'd,) You have more Reason, on many Accounts, to rejoice than lament.

You either grieve for your self, or for your Mother; either upon the Consideration of your having lost so kind and dear a Relative, or else because you imagine, that she has sustain'd some Evil by Death.

If the last be the Ground of your Grief, I appeal to your own Conscience, if it be not altogether unreasonable? For what Evil can we imagine Death to be to the Virtuous? And such she certainly was, in a very eminent degree.

If we consult either Reason or Revelation, we shall find, that Death is so far from being a real Evil; that, on the contrary, 'tis the very End of all Evil, and the Beginning of, and Inlet into all true Good. This Life is so far from being a Good, that we shall quickly find, if we will but lay aside a little the delusive Prospects of our flattering Hopes, that as Experience has taught us, that the past Hours of our Lives contain'd a far greater Portion of Bitter than Sweet in their Composition; So Reason will tell us, that we ought not to expect any better from the future. Therefore if we look no farther than the Grave, we have no Reason to think Death an Evil; but, on the contrary, since it is a Privation of Evil, we ought rather to esteem it a Good.

But if Death be good even to Sense, that can look no farther than the Grave, how much more will it be so in the Eye of Faith, which can penetrate beyond the dark Shades of Mortality, and view

view the Glories of the other World? If Death be good, consider'd simply as a Release from Evil; how much more will it appear so, when consider'd as an Inlet into the Possession of the greatest Good, that human Nature is capable of enjoying? I profess, I am so far from thinking the State of the Dead deplorable, that I always envy them; and when I hear of the Death of any Persons, I almost wish my self in their Place, and long to bear them Company in their happy Escape out of these Regions of Darkness and Misery.

Nothing is certainly more preposterous and fantastical than that universal Custom, of rejoicing at the Birth of our Fellow-Mortals, and lamenting their Deaths; which, if we would act according to Reason, ought to be quite revers'd. For, to be born, is really to begin to die; and to die is to begin to live, to be born into the World of Spirits, and to begin to live the Life of Angels, and taste the ineffable Pleasures of Eternity! To have a clear and intimate Vision of that Eternal Infinite Truth and Beauty, which this thick Veil of Flesh conceals from Mortal Eyes! To enjoy infinite Good, without Measure or Interruption, or the least Mixture of Evil!

Consider only the innumerable Evils, from which Death has releas'd your Parent; and the innumerable Benefits, to the Possession of which it has brought her; and you cannot think it an Evil, nor consequently any reasonable Occasion of Sorrow. She is not, indeed, properly and absolutely Dead. She is Dead only in a relative Sense. She is Dead to all the Sins, the Vanities and Miseries of this wretched World. And who would not be glad so to die? But she is alive to the Enjoyment of the solid Happiness and eternal Joys of the other World.

World. She is Dead to Men, but Alive to God, and thoſe noble Orders of Beings which inhabit the inviſible Regions. With them ſhe lives and converſes, with infinite Delight and Complacency. Thoſe glorious Beings ſaluted her, at her Arrival at their happy Manſions, with a triumphal Song; and tranſported her new-born Soul with the raviſhing Harmony of Paradiſe!

*There now ſhe lives, and ſwims in boundleſs Joy,*
*Which neither knows to have an End, nor cloy!*

'Tis plain therefore, that you can have no Reaſon to indulge an immoderate Sorrow, on Account of your Parent, but that you ought rather, if you wou'd act like a Man and a Chriſtian, to rejoice.*

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# To Mr. *D.*

London, *October* 14, 1709.

*SIR,*

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I proceed now to the Queſtion you propoſe to me, *viz. Whether a Man (ſuppoſe him, if you pleaſe, a Deiſt or Socinian) can be reaſonably puniſh'd for refuſing to join with any Congregation in this Kingdom in the publick Worſhip and Service of God?* The Queſtion I take to be in effect the ſame as thoſe uſual Ones, Whether the Magiſtrate ought not to allow all his Subjects an intire Liberty of Conſcience,

ence, in all those Religious Matters which in no wise disturb or prejudice the Publick? Or, Whether he ought not to tolerate all Opinions and Forms of Worship, which have no direct Tendency to destroy the Welfare of the Society? If this is all the Meaning of the Question, since you have read Mr. *Lock*'s Writings, wherein (you know) he has admirably prov'd the Affirmative side of the Question, I must refer you to them, since it would be vain for Me to repeat what He has said on that Point; and the Subject is so much exhausted by him already, that new Arguments would be as difficult to be found, as they are needless.

But if you mean, (as the Words seem capable of being construed,) not whether a Man ought to be punish'd for refusing to join with *any particular Congregation*, in the publick Worship and Service of God; but whether the Magistrate ought to punish his Subject for absenting himself from, and refusing to join with *All or any of the Religious Assemblies in his Dominions*, or (which is all one) for refusing to pay the Creator *any publick Worship*: 'Tis my Opinion, That if there be but a small Number of such Persons, the Magistrate ought not to compel them, provided they obey the Laws in all other Respects; but if their Number be considerable, I think he ought to force them to express their Sense of a Deity by some sort of publick Worship: Because he is *the Guardian of the publick Welfare*, and obliged by his Office to preserve and protect it, and consequently to oppose and suppress all such Practices, as manifestly tend to the Destruction or Danger of it; which the Neglect of all open Worship of God apparently does; (since the Sense of a Deity, and the practical Principles and Duties of Religion depending thereon, are chiefly maintain'd

in

in Mens Minds by the publick Homage which is constantly paid him;) And therefore ought to enforce the publick Profession of some Religion or other upon all his Subjects. In short, since Government and Religion mutually support and depend upon each other, it concerns them to defend one another's Interests, so far as they are united with their own. And therefore, tho' the Magistrate ought to allow his Subjects the entire Liberty of chusing their own Religion, (provided it be not inconsistent with the Good and Safety of the Society,) yet he ought not to suffer them to live like Atheists, without professing any Religion at all; because the Sense of a Deity and the Principles of Religion are the *main Support* of Government and Civil Society. Nor will this Power in the Magistrate interfere in the least with Liberty of Conscience: For suppose there should be in some Country, where the Christian Religion is generally profess'd, a considerable Number of *Deists*, (I mean, such as believe the Existence and Perfections of God, his Providential Government of the World, the Immortality of the Soul, future Rewards and Punishments, and generally all the Principles of Natural Religion;) who shou'd think they could not, without Sin, join themselves to any Christian Congregation: What shou'd hinder, (supposing the Magistrate to allow an universal Toleration,) but that these *Religious Deists* might appoint a Place, Time and Persons, and all other Circumstances, publickly to pray to, praise and worship God according to the Principles of Natural Religion, and, if they pleas'd, to hear Lectures of Morality; since these are all Duties of Natural Religion, and therefore cou'd not be offensive to the Conscience of a *Real Deist*. As for *downright Atheists*,

*theists*, they cannot pretend Conscience for absenting themselves from the publick Worship of God or any Thing else.

Or if we suppose only One, or a few *Deists*, or of any other Sect, in a Kingdom, it is impossible indeed they shou'd worship God publickly, except they join themselves to other Congregations; but then the Reason of their so doing ceases, because it cannot be supposed, that so inconsiderable a Number can have any ill Influence on the Minds of the People.

Thus, Sir, I hope, I have given you Satisfaction, as to both Senses, in which I thought Your Question might be taken. I the rather suspected it might be the Latter, because I cou'd hardly think, You wou'd propose it in the First, after the full and satisfactory Answer, which the Incomparable Author of the *Letters concerning Toleration* has given to it. In your next, I desire your Thoughts concerning my Answer to it in the second Sense, and whether You do not agree with me, that the Magistrate ought to oblige all his Subjects, publickly to Profess and Exercise some Religion or other. I am,

*SIR*,

*Your most obliged*

*humble Servant*,

H. NEEDLER.

To

# To Mr. *H.*

London, *June* 1710.

IN Compliance with Your Desire, and to acquit my self of my Promise, I have undertaken to write to You; but not having a Faculty, with my Lord *Rochester*, of expatiating upon Nothing, I confess, I do not well know with what or how to entertain You. Methinks I am like an aukward young Lover, who not having been used to Female Conversation, and to discourse upon those Trifles which are commonly the Subjects of it, is extreamly at a loss how to behave himself at his first Approaches to his Mistress. However, since to a thinking Man nothing of a rational or philosophical Nature can be ungrateful; I must have a very barren Invention, not to be able to furnish out some little Entertainment for one whose Taste so many things can please; and, I believe, I cannot chuse at present a properer Subject to write on, than the Pleasures of Solitude and Retirement, that so I may recommend to you that Condition, which will shortly be your Lot, and make you relish it the better.

*Plato* was of Opinion, that the Souls of good Men, when separated from the Body, ascend into the pure Regions of *Æther*, freed from the Clog of cumbrous Matter, and there apply themselves with extreme Delight to the Contemplation and Vision of Truth; for which they are fitted by the Purity and Refinedness of their Inclinations, as well as by their Emancipation from the Body: whilst the Souls of bad

bad Men, retaining the ſame ſenſual and impure Inclinations they had in the Body, are uncapable of taſting thoſe ſpiritual and intellectual Pleaſures which the others enjoy; and ſo hover about their Graves, deſiring a Reunion with their Bodies, that they may return again to the Pleaſures of the Animal Life. Juſt ſo it is in a State of Solitude and Retirement; which, I am apt to think, bears the neareſt Reſemblance to the State of Separation; for then the Man is, as it were, all Thought, the Mind being but little occupy'd or interrupted by the Senſes: It affects a Perſon either with Happineſs or Miſery according as he is diſpos'd; and tho' there be indeed ſome Few, who delight in Solitude and prefer it before the beſt Society, yet the far greater Part of Mankind are of a very different Temper, and fly from it as they wou'd from a Fiend or Evil Spirit, chuſing rather to be in the worſt Company, than alone. We may compare Theſe, who cannot taſte the ſerene and refined Pleaſures of that State, to thoſe viciated Souls of *Plato*. They can reliſh nothing, but what affects the Imagination. Giddy Vanities, noiſy Mirth, and ſenſual Delights are with them the only true and ſubſtantial Pleaſures. As for Contemplation, that is too dull and melancholy an Entertainment for Perſons of their gay and ſprightly Inclinations. But what a Bugbear ſoever they may think Solitude, who are unacquainted with it, I make no Queſtion but thoſe who have try'd it, have very different Sentiments; and when they have once learn'd how to employ it, find ſuch refined Delights as are hardly to be equal'd. For as there is a great deal of Pleaſure in Contemplation; and the clear Viſion of Truth affects the Mind with the moſt divine and pleaſing Senſation; ſo 'tis in the State of Solitude and

and Silence only, that the Mind is capable of thinking to any Purpose, and obtaining any full and clear Vision of Truth; for there all is calm and still; and the Mind, retiring inwards, withdraws herself from all outward Objects into the secret Recesses of Thought, whilst the Doors and Avenues of the Senses are lock'd up. So that in Solitude, and in Solitude only, the greatest Pleasure in the World, the Pleasure of Contemplation is to be enjoy'd; which State therefore every contemplative and philosophical Mind must needs delight in.

I make no Question but you will confirm the Truth of these Conjectures by your own Experience. However, fail not to give me a particular Account how you employ your Time, and relish your Retirement; for after all, no Theory is to be compar'd to Practice.

*I am,*

*Yours,* &c.

H. NEEDLER.

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London, *June* 29, 1710.

*SIR,*

THOUGH I have a great Esteem for Mr. *Locke*, and think his Notions in Philosophy, for the most part, very just, yet I cannot but disagree with him in one Point.

In his Discourse on Father *Malbranche*'s Notion, *Of seeing all things in God*, he urges, (against his

his Opinion that *Imagination is only a more obſcure and languid Senſation*,) That when we recall into our Minds by Imagination the moſt pleaſing or painful Senſations we have ever been affected with, we feel no manner of Pleaſure or Pain.

Now this I can by no means allow; for Your Letter has furniſh'd me with a plain Inſtance to the contrary; for whilſt I read over your lively and elegant Deſcription of the Country, which revived in me thoſe Ideas I had formerly received from it, I found my ſelf affected with a Pleaſure, which nothing but that ariſing from the actual Enjoyment of the thing deſcrib'd cou'd exceed. And if the Deſign of it was, as You are pleaſed to intimate, to expreſs your Friendſhip to me, it was ſo far from being *wide of the Mark*, that You cou'd ſcarce have obliged me more, than by giving me ſo charming a Picture of the Face I admire, and whoſe Original You have the Happineſs to enjoy.

Doubtleſs, as the Picture of a Beautiful Object gives the Spectator Delight as well as the Original, ſo there is a ſort of Painting to the Imagination as well as to the Eye. What is Poetry but the Painting an Object to the Mind in natural and lively Colours? And an elegant Picture which my Father brought from *Italy*, is but a Copy of *Virgil*'s Deſcription of a Storm.

Whilſt I peruſe Your Letter I almoſt fancy my ſelf in the Country, and ſeem to partake in the Pleaſures which You there ſo eloquently deſcribe, whilſt You lead my wandering Mind thro' obſcure retired Walks;

*——Where thick-entwining Shades*
*High-over-arch'd embow'r; the feather'd Choir*
*Their various Notes in tuneful Conſort join;*

*And*

*And murm'ring Winds their hoarſer Voice apply,*
*To lull the eaſie Mind to pleaſing Dreams!*

Or preſent my delighted Fancy with the beauteous Proſpects of *aſpiring Hills and verdant Valleys!*

Mr. *Norris* gives us, in one of his Books, an Account of what affected him with the moſt ſenſible Delight, and wherein he placed his chief worldly Happineſs. It was (to quote his own excellent Words,) in " the Beauty of the Spring, the " Magnificence of the Heavens, Solitary Walks " and Gardens, the Reading of cloſe and fine- " wrought Diſcourſes, Converſation with Men of " tuneable and harmonious Diſpoſitions, and in " Majeſtick and well-compoſed Muſick."

I muſt needs own myſelf very much of his Mind, and believe there cannot be a Catalogue of more refined and ſolid Satisfactions cull'd out of the whole Creation. And yet they are all contain'd under theſe two general Heads: *The Pleaſures of the Country, and agreeable Converſation:* (for Muſick it ſelf may be reckon'd a Rural Delight, ſince the airy Choir entertain the Ear with melodious Notes.) And therefore I cannot but think that Man who enjoys them, as to outward Circumſtances, very happy.

You ſit perhaps in a pleaſant Meadow, beneath the ſpreading Branches of a venerable Oak, which form a ſhady Canopy over your Head; and regale your Serene Mind with ſome favourite Author, ſome delicious Poet or cloſe-reaſoning Philoſopher; whilſt the cooling *Zephyrs* fan you all around with their odoriferous Breezes, inſpiring a thouſand ſoft Paſſions and charming ineffable Ideas: Or it may be, a chryſtal Stream glides gently at your Feet, painted here and there with various beautiful Reflections of Light,

Light, and repreſenting to the Eye, in its lucid Mirrour, the gay Image of its ſmiling Banks. When wearied with Delights you ſeek Repoſe, the Verdant Graſs, adorn'd with Native Flowers, affords you as delicate a Couch as any of the Primitive Race cou'd boaſt, ere Human Life was debauch'd with the needleſs Arts of Luxury.

How compleatly happy ſhou'd I think myſelf, if to the Advantages of agreeable Converſation and good Books, (One of which I enjoy in You, and the Other by Your Means,) Providence wou'd add the Bleſſing of a Rural Retreat, and give me Leiſure to enjoy the Favours it has beſtow'd upon me? But I am content to wait; thinking it ſufficient at preſent, that I can in a double Senſe ſubſcribe my ſelf,

*SIR,*

*Your Friend*

*and humble Servant,*

H. NEEDLER.

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# To Mr. G. †

London, *May* 24, 1711.

*SIR,*

IF you had known how welcome a Letter from a Friend always is to me, You wou'd have been under no Apprehenſions of giving me any Diſguſt by Yours, which, on the contrary, was, I aſſure you,

you, very grateful to me. It wou'd indeed have been ſtill much more ſo, if it had ſavour'd more of Sincerity, and leſs of Compliment. There was no need of uſing any Arts to entice me into a Correſpondence, that I was before ſo well inclin'd to; but if there had, this would have been the moſt unlikely of any to prevail with me. I only wish, my Letter may be worth the Care you ſeem to expreſs about it. However, to make it as entertaining as I can, I'll give you an Account (ſo far as my Memory will ſerve me) of Dr. *Woodward*'s *Foſſils*, which I am perſuaded will be acceptable to you, becauſe it is what you deſired of Mr. *D.* If that Gentleman had been willing to perform this Task, I ſhou'd not have been ſo vain as to have taken it out of his Hands. But ſince he has declin'd it, I thought an Imperfect Account wou'd be better than none.

After having waited a convenient Time in the Anti-chamber, we were conducted by the Servant into an inner Room, where we found the Dr. and two or three Foreigners: Proper Ceremonies being perform'd, we were deſir'd to walk into another Room, in which was the Doctor's Library. He then withdrew, and left us a little while with the Strangers. They were *Griſons*, and cou'd ſpeak *Engliſh* pretty well; And one of them entertain'd us with an Account of the Irruptions of Mount *Veſuvius*; and particularly told us, that ſome Years ſince a Fountain of liquid Metal guſh'd out of the Top of the Mountain, running in a burning Torrent, with great Violence, for ſeveral Days into the Sea: The Metal, when it was cold, was hard and weighty and of a yellowiſh Hue, but ſomewhat different in its Species from any that had ever been ſeen before.

By

By this Time the Dr. being returned, order'd a Servant to ſet a Table before us; by which I perceiv'd that our Philoſophic Banquet was going to be ſerv'd up. And accordingly he brought from a Cabinet the ſeveral Drawers, in which this Treaſure of *Foſſils* was contain'd.

The firſt Courſe conſiſted of a fine Collection of *Engliſh* Agates, painted by Nature with a great Variety of beautiful Colours, and poliſh'd by Art to an exquiſite Smoothneſs and Brightneſs; among theſe were ſeveral very fine Rubies, Amethyſts, Saphires, and other precious Stones, all of *Engliſh* Growth. I took particular Notice of a couple of Stones cut out of Flints and ſet in Rings, which for Brightneſs and Luſtre ſeem'd ſcarce inferior to Diamonds. In the next Place, ſeveral Pieces of the * Original Oar of all ſorts of Metals

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* *Merlin*, a Bard of the Inſpired Train,
With myſtick Numbers charm'd the *Britiſh* Plain;
Belov'd by *Phœbus*, and the tuneful Nine,
His Song was Sacred, and his Art Divine:
As on *Sabrina*'s fruitful Banks he ſtood,
His wond'rous Verſe reſtrain'd the liſt'ning Flood;
The Stream's Bright Goddeſs rais'd her awful Head,
And to her Cave the artful Shepherd led.
Her ſwift-deſcending Steps the Youth purſues,
And Rich in Oar the ſpacious Mountain views.
In Beds diſtinct the well-rang'd Metals lay,
Diſperſing Rays, and counterfeiting Day.
The *Silver*, ſhedding Beams of Orient Light,
Struck with too fierce a Glare his aking Sight;
Like riſing Flames the ruddy *Copper* ſhow'd,
And ſpread its Bluſhes o'er the dark Abode:

Profuſe

tals were produced, as Lead, Tin, Iron, Braſs and Copper. Theſe were all accompanied with Pieces of Chryſtal, which every one had ting'd with a different Dye. The Chryſtal found incorporated with the Lead Oar is yellow, and the ſame as Amber; that which belongs to the Iron Oar is red; out of it the Ruby is cut; ſometimes the Iron gives the Chryſtal a blue Tincture, and converts it into Saphire. The Amethyſt owes its Beauty to Tin, and the Emerald to Copper. So that all precious Stones are only Chryſtal, tinged with various Colours, according to the ſeveral Oars it is mingled with. We ſaw alſo a Piece of pure tranſparent Chryſtal; it was in the Form of a Pillar of ſix Sides, which is the natural Shape that Chryſtal always grows in. The Dr. inform'd us, that the ſame Metal always dyes the Chryſtal with the ſame Colour, which by lying much nearer the Surface of the Earth than its proper Oar, ſerves to Miners as a certain Index of the Metal that lyes beneath. He told us likewiſe of a certain uſeful Diſcovery he had made relating to Metals: Among the Oars of Lead he ſhew'd us a yellow Subſtance, which look'd almoſt like Bee's-wax, being light and hard and of a very rough irregular Form. This he ſaid was neglected by the Miners as of no Uſe, till he ſhew'd them, that the beſt and pureſt Lead might be drawn from it; ſince which Diſcovery, many thouſand Pounds Worth has been made.

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Profuſe of Rays, and with unrivall'd Beams,
The *liquid Silver* flow'd in reſtleſs Streams:
Not *India*'s ſparkling Gems are half ſo bright,
Nor Waves above, that ſhine with Heav'nly Light.
*Dr.* Yalden.

After we had ſufficiently feaſted our Curioſity with Metals and Minerals, we were preſented, for a ſecond Courſe, with a Collection of *Antediluvian* Relicks; which certainly, if any thing, may juſtly be valued for their Antiquity, (being of no leſs than four thouſand Years ſtanding,) as well as for the many other remarkable things which may be obſerv'd in them. Among theſe were ſeveral Pieces of Stone, Iron, Braſs and other hard Bodies, impreſs'd with the Forms of ſeveral Fiſhes Shells as exactly, as if they had been caſt in ſo many Moulds. There were ſeveral Shells of Fiſhes full of Flint, and of Iron and other hard Subſtances; and ſeveral Pieces of Stone and Iron, which having been broke were found ſtamp'd with the Prints of Leaves inclos'd in them. He ſhew'd us likewiſe a great Number of Shells of Fiſhes, which had been found enclos'd in Sandſtone and other hard ſubterraneous Bodies; moſt of which were not at all impair'd by Time, but look'd as fair and entire as if they had been juſt taken out of the Sea. Theſe Shells are found in all Parts of the Earth in prodigious Plenty, in all Subſtances which were hard enough to preſerve them from the Injuries of Time. The Horns of Beaſts and the Trunks of Trees are alſo often found in the Bowels of the Earth. 'Tis remarkable that the Horns of *American* Beaſts, the Shells of *American* Fiſh, and *American* Trees are frequently dug up in this Iſland, but never any of thoſe peculiar to the *Eaſt-Indies*. He ſuppoſes, that theſe Shells were brought out by the Flood upon the Earth; which, at that Time, was to a good Depth diſſolv'd into one fluid Maſs; and that when the Flood ſubſided, they ſunk down to that Depth we now find them in; the Terreſtrial Subſtances, in which they were

were buried, recovering in time their original hardneſs: And becauſe the Tide or Current of the Flood was from the Weſt towards the Eaſt, it bore along with it hither only the Spoils of thoſe Countries which lye weſterly of us.

He builds abundance of fine Speculations on theſe *Foſſils*, which he ſeems to eſteem as highly as Gold. And indeed I muſt needs ſay, that the wonderful and well-grounded Conſequences he draws from them, in his *Eſſay towards a Natural Hiſtory of the Earth*, (whatever the incurious Part of the World may think,) fully prove them worthy of the Value he ſets on them. But 'tis the Way of the unthinking Part of Mankind, to condemn all thoſe things as impertinent Trifles, whoſe Uſes they are too ſhort-ſighted to be able to diſcover.

But to return; I muſt not forget to acquaint you, that he ſhew'd us half a dozen Octavo Manuſcripts, upon theſe *Foſſils* and other Heads of Natural Philoſophy, which he promiſes to publiſh if he can get Time to finiſh them. He ſhew'd us likewiſe a little Book written by Mr. *Scheuchzer*, Profeſſor of the Mathematicks at *Zurich*, entitled † *Herbarium Diluvianum*, wherein the Author gives an Account of ſeveral Plants and Herbs of the *Antediluvian* World, which have been found inclos'd in Metals and Minerals; every one of which is there repreſented by a Copper Plate. It was compos'd with the Aſſiſtance and at the Deſire of the Dr. who holds a Correſpondence with this ingenious Foreigner.



† *See an Account of this Book in Monſieur* Le Clerc's Bibliotheque Choiſie, Tome xx. p. 430.

When we had ſeen all theſe Curioſities, (which he told us were not above a ſixth Part of his whole Collection,) we took our Leaves, highly ſatisfied with our courteous Entertainment. I am,

*SIR*,

*Your Faithful*

*Humble Servant*,

H. NEEDLER.

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# To Mr. *H.*

Portſmouth, *July* 5, 1711.

I Shou'd not ſo long have deny'd my ſelf the Satisfaction of writing to You, and retarded thereby the much greater one of receiving your Anſwer, if my Affairs would have permitted me to write ſooner. For I can truly ſay, I think no Inconvenience which I ſuffer by my preſent Circumſtances ſo great, as that of being baniſh'd from my Friends: And nothing ſo much alleviates that Misfortune, as the receiving Letters from them; which is an imperfect way of converſing with them. I ſo little regard the other Inconveniences of Travelling, and think them ſo unworthy to be compar'd with the manifold Profit and Delight which may be reap'd from it, that I cou'd be very glad to range over the World in the Company of a ſelect Friend.

Methinks

Methinks it was finely anſwer'd by *Plato*, when he was ask'd what Countryman he was, *That he was a Citizen of the World.* That noble Philoſopher ſcorn'd to acknowledge any leſs Place than the whole World for his Country. 'Twas by travelling over it, he acquir'd that Wiſdom, which has juſtly made him renown'd to all Poſterity. It was from *India* and *Egypt*, that he fetch'd the deepeſt Secrets of his Philoſophy.

It muſt doubtleſs yield abundance of Delight as well as Inſtruction to a curious and inquiſitive Mind, to obſerve the different Opinions, Religions, Manners and Cuſtoms of the ſeveral Nations of the Earth. What an inexpreſſible Pleaſure muſt it afford a philoſophical Mind, to ſurvey the wonderful Works of God, in the various Parts of this terreſtrial Globe! If God is known by his Works, it muſt needs follow, that they who have ſeen moſt of them, will have the compleateſt Knowledge of Him; and it is a ſufficient Recommendation of the Knowledge of Nature, to ſay that it leads us to the Knowledge of God. If God made the World to diſplay his own Attributes and Glory, his Deſign ſeems to be in Part defeated by thoſe, who have not Curioſity enough to examine and conſider it.

'Tis affirm'd by the Writers of the Natural Hiſtory of *America*, that there are in that Country as many Species of Plants and Animals, wholly diſtinct from thoſe in the reſt of the World; as the other three Parts contain together. How great a Pleaſure then muſt it give any one, who has any Taſte for Natural Philoſophy, to feaſt his Curioſity with the Sight of all theſe Novelties? What an agreeable Amuſement muſt it afford him, to be ſurpriſed with a new Race of Beings, which he had

never ſeen before? And how many pleaſing Speculations muſt it raiſe in his Mind? If the bare Reading the Deſcriptions of Travellers be ſo entertaining, with what an exquiſite Delight wou'd the actual Sight of thoſe things affect us?

For my part, I ſhou'd not only admire ſtately Buildings, ſhining in their full Luſtre; but a certain ineffable melancholy Pleaſure wou'd fill my Soul, at the Sight of the very Ruins of renown'd Piles, and celebrated Cities; when I took Occaſion from thence to conſider the Mutability of all human Things, and the Precarioufneſs of all worldly Grandeur! In viewing the Remains of Ancient *Rome*, I ſhou'd be apt to break out into ſuch Exclamations as theſe; "O *Rome!* Thou that once "ſtiledſt thy ſelf *The Miſtreſs of the World*, *The* "*Glory of all the Earth*, what is now become of "all thy boaſted Grandeur and Magnificence? "Where are now thy Capitols, thy Amphitheatres, "thy Triumphal Arches, and the reſt of thoſe no- "ble Pieces of Architecture which ſo long ſtrug- "gled with Time? Behold! they all have ſub- "mitted to the univerſal Law of Fate, as well as "their Founders; and thoſe very Monuments, by "which they hoped to preſerve their Names to E- "ternity, are themſelves demoliſh'd and deſtroy'd; "and nothing of them now remains, but theſe "wretched Fragments, to declare to the World, "that they ever had a Being."

On viſiting the Pyramids of *Egypt*, thoſe ſtately Dormitories of ancient Kings, I ſhou'd be forced to acknowledge, that human Induſtry ſeems to have conquer'd the force of *Time*, in raiſing thoſe ſtupendious Piles, which it does not yet appear to be in *his* Power to deſtroy. *He* has in vain attempted it for ſeveral thouſand Years; and whether they

they may not be able to withſtand *his* Aſſaults, as long as the World ſhall endure, is what no one can determine! How ſhou'd I admire the prodigious Labour of the Workmen and Skill of the Architects, conſpicuous in thoſe mighty Fabricks!

* But on conſidering the End they were built for, which in all Appearance was to immortalize the Founders in the Memory of Poſterity; how vain and ridiculous wou'd they appear? For, alas! tho' the Pyramids themſelves remain after ſo many thouſand Years, the Founders of them are altogether unknown and forgotten. But if they had attain'd their End, and actually preſerv'd themſelves from Oblivion, of what Advantage wou'd it have been to them? What Good can it do any one, to be talk'd of, when he himſelf is not; or at leaſt not ſenſible of it? But Man is ſo fond of Exiſtence, that he catches at the very Shadow of it;



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* O *Cyrus! Alexander! Julius!* all
Ye mighty Lords that ever rul'd this Ball!
Once Gods of Earth, the living Deſtinies
That made a hundred Nations bow!
Where's your Extent of Empire now?
Say where preſerv'd your Phantom Glory lies?
Can Braſs the fleeting Thing ſecure?
Enſhrin'd in Temples does it ſtay?
Or in huge Amphitheatres endure
The Rage of rowling Time, and ſcorn Decay?
Ah no! the mouldring Monuments of Fame
Your vain deluded Hopes betray,
Nor ſhew th' ambitious Founder's Name,
Mix'd with your ſelves in the ſame Maſs of Clay.

*Mr.* Hughes.

and becauſe he cannot enjoy a Real, he comforts himſelf with an Imaginary Immortality.

Thus I ſhou'd entertain and amuſe my Thoughts, if I were to travel to thoſe Places. But, methinks, I ſhou'd be particularly deſirous to viſit the moſt remote Parts of the Earth. I ſhou'd not be ſatisfied with taking a View of the neighbouring Countries of *France*, *Germany*, *Spain* and *Italy*, which are the Places Gentlemen commonly travel to; they are too well known, and too little different from my own Country. I wou'd fain ſee *Turkey*, *Africa*, and the *Eaſt* and *Weſt Indies*. I ſhou'd hope to be entertain'd with Abundance of Curioſities in thoſe far-diſtant Countries.

I know, you agree with me in my Inclinations for Travelling, as well as in moſt other things. Who knows but that, one time or other, Providence may give us an Opportunity of fulfilling our Deſires. Be that as it will, of this you may be aſſur'd, That where-ever I go, while I depart not from my ſelf, I ſhall continue to be

*Yours Sincerely,*

H. NEEDLER.

To

# To Mr. *D.*

Portſmouth, *July* 5, 1711.

*Dear S I R,*

IT was with much Impatience I expected your Letter, and no leſs Joy that I at length receiv'd it. A Letter from You wou'd at any time have been welcome to me, but was particularly ſo at this Juncture, when I am baniſh'd from all my Friends, and doom'd to converſe with Perſons of a Diſpoſition altogether foreign from my own; ſo that if it were not for honeſt *Horace*, and Sir † *Iſaac*, I ſhou'd be wholly ſeparated from all Commerce with the Learned World. And when I retire into my Chamber to enjoy an Hour's Converſation with Them, my Ears are ſo violently aſſaulted from all Quarters with the Cries of Children, (with which the Street, where I lodge, abounds,) that I might ſtudy with almoſt as much Attention in a Belfry, when the Bells are Ringing. Sometimes I am ſo vex'd with the inceſſant Din, that I almoſt envy the Deaf, who have the Happineſs of perpetually enjoying that Quiet and Silence, which I ſeek for in vain. I am then very ſenſibly convinced of the Truth of Mr. *Lock*'s Obſervation, That Nature has acted very wiſely in making the Senſe of Hearing no more acute; for ſince, at preſent, it ſo much interrupts the Attention of the Mind, if it were acuter, it wou'd do ſo proportionably more.



† *Sir* Iſaac Newton's *Philoſophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica.*

I readily ſubſcribe to all you have ſaid about *Love* and *Friendſhip*. You have exactly expreſs'd my own Sentiments concerning thoſe Paſſions. The Vanity of the former, (as commonly purſued) You clearly ſhew by Reaſon; the latter, both Reaſon and Experience teach me to eſteem the choiceſt Bleſſing of Human Life; the ſweeteſt, nobleſt, and moſt rational of all Delights!

In order to make you ſome Return, I intend, in this Letter, to give you my Thoughts on a Subject, which you know I have long deſign'd to conſider, I mean the Vanity and Folly of a Man's being proud of his own Parts and Learning, and deſpiſing others for falling ſhort of himſelf in theſe Reſpects. I need not, I hope, aſſure you, that I do not addreſs theſe Reflections to you, as a Perſon whom I ſuppoſe to ſtand in need of any ſuch Admonitions. No; I am very ſenſible that your natural Diffidence and Modeſty diſpoſe you to think rather more lowly, than more highly of your ſelf, than you ought. I only communicate them to you as a Friend, in hopes they may afford ſome Entertainment to Your Thoughts in reading, as they did to Mine in writing them.

IT muſt be allow'd, that true Knowledge and Learning, that is, the clear Perception of neceſſary and demonſtrable Truth, (for it is in this, that true Knowledge conſiſts,) are very noble and divine Perfections. All the World is ſatisfied that the more a Man truly knows, the more perfect and accompliſh'd he is: but, alas! how little true Knowledge is there in the World! The far greater Part of the Pretenders to Learning and Intellectual Perfection, ground their Claims upon Nothing leſs than true Knowledge; tho' that alone can add any

Real Improvement to the Mind. How many are there, that puff themſelves up with Wind and Vapour, valuing themſelves for poſſeſſing, and deſpiſing others for wanting thoſe Acquirements, which give no Real Perfection to the rational Faculties, ſuch as Languages, Hiſtory, Criticiſm, and whatever is not included in the preceding Definition of true Knowledge? There is no neceſſity of conſidering the Imperfection of true Knowledge, as circumſtanciated in Man, to ſhew the Vanity of that high Opinion, which theſe Men often conceive of themſelves. It is ſufficient to ſhew, that the Knowledge of theſe things cannot give any real Improvement to the Mind; which will appear Evident, if we conſider that God, whoſe Underſtanding is eſſentially perfect, might yet not have known them; and that becauſe he need not have created the World; and ſo they wou'd never have exiſted.

But let us ſuppoſe, that the Knowledge of Hiſtorical Facts, of Contingent Truths, cou'd add ſome Real Improvement to the Mind. Let us ſuppoſe a Man the wiſer, that is, the more intellectually improv'd, for knowing that *Brutus* ſtabb'd *Julius Cæſar* in the Senate Houſe, or that the ſame *Julius Cæſar* made a Voyage to *Britain*; yet, after all, do we truly and properly *know* theſe things? Do we ſee evidently, that it is abſolutely neceſſary, they ſhou'd be ſo? Can we demonſtrate that *Julius Cæſar* came into *Britain*, or that *Alexander the Great* extended his Conqueſts as far as the *Indian* Ocean? It may perhaps be anſwer'd, that tho' we have indeed neither Intuitive nor Demonſtrative Evidence of the Truth of theſe things, yet we have as good Proof of them as the Nature of the thing is capable of; and ſuch as cannot fail to convince a reaſonable Man. I grant it: But from that very Conceſſion,

Conceſſion, I contend, that they are not the true Objects of Science; ſince, to ſay the Truth, we do not really *know*, but only *believe* them, tho' upon the higheſt ground of Probability. If this Reaſoning be juſt, as, I think, he that duly conſiders it, muſt acknowledge it is; how little will many have left to boaſt of, who make the greateſt Figure both in their own and other Peoples Eyes for Learning? When the Stock of ſuch Mens Knowledge is refin'd from the Droſs of Probabilities, Conjectures, Hiſtorical Facts, *&c.* how ſmall a Share of genuine Science will remain? How poor will many be found at laſt, who, like the rich Man in the Goſpel, bleſs themſelves in their mighty Stores of falſe Learning? For none have commonly their Reaſon leſs improv'd than Theſe. They ſeem to Me as ridiculous as a Man wou'd be, who having taken a great deal of Pains to amaſs Counterfeit Gold, and preſumptuouſly boaſting of his Riches, ſhou'd be found to be really poſſeſs'd of little or none of the true Oar.

But ſuppoſing that the Knowledge upon which we value our ſelves and contemn others, be genuine, and ſuch as is indeed perfective of the Human Intellect. Alas! how ſmall a Portion of it can the moſt inlighten'd lay claim to? And upon what precarious and uncertain Terms does he hold that little? There is no Proportion at all between our Ignorance and our Knowledge; for the things we know not, are ſtrictly Infinite; but thoſe we know, are not only Finite, but very few in Number. Our Knowledge does not only infinitely fall ſhort of comprehending all that is knowable abſolutely, but even all that is knowable to Man in his preſent State. It is certain, that the actual Knowledge of all Men that ever liv'd, put together, falls infinitely

infinitely short of that which Man is, absolutely speaking, capable of knowing. How much more then must the Knowledge of any particular Man, (which is so much inferior to the actual Knowledge of all Men summ'd together,) fall short of comprehending all that Human Nature is capable of knowing? * They that have a little consider'd the Mathematick Sciences are sensible, that they are infinitely fertile, and that by ten thousand Years Study a Man cou'd not exhaust the Treasure of demonstrable Truths, which they contain. Nay farther, it is certain, That the Propositions, which may be demonstrated of any single Geometrick Figure, as suppose a Triangle, are strictly Infinite. If we compare our Knowledge with that of superior Intelligences, it will indeed bear *some* Proportion to it, because *finite* too. But in all Probability a very *little* one: Nay it is probable that some of them may know a vast number of Truths, which we

* Fir'd, at first Sight, with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless Youth, we tempt the Heights of Arts,
While from the bounded Level of our Mind,
Short Views we take, nor see the Lengths behind;
But more advanc'd, behold, with strange surprize,
New distant Scenes of endless Science rise!
So pleas'd, at first, the tow'ring *Alps* we try,
Mount o'er the Vales, and seem to tread the Sky,
Th' eternal Snows appear already past,
And the first Clouds and Mountains seem the last:
But those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing Labours of the lengthen'd Way,
Th' encreasing Prospect tires our wand'ring Eyes,
Hills peep o'er Hills, and *Alps* on *Alps* arise!

*Mr.* Pope.

we are not only actually ignorant of, but, by reason of the Narrowness of our Faculties, naturally *incapable* of comprehending. Among the many Orders of superior Intelligences, which probably subsist in the Universe, there are perhaps some, whose Knowledge as far exceeds ours, as the whole Ocean does a drop of Water, or the whole Globe of Earth a Grain of Sand: And yet their Knowledge, how extensive soever it be suppos'd, is swallow'd up and lost in the boundless Immensity of the divine Wisdom; of which, all created Wisdom is but a Participation; and to which it bears no manner of Proportion: For nothing *Finite* bears any Proportion to that which is *Infinite*.

And yet by what an uncertain and precarious Tenure do we hold even this small Pittance of Knowledge? A thousand Accidents may rob us of it. A Blow or a Fever may deprive us, not only of that Stock of Learning which with much Pains and Industry we had perhaps been many Years acquiring, but likewise of the very *Capacity* to retrieve it: And commonly old Age reduces us again to Childhood, erasing out of the Memory those Ideas, wherewith it was stored.

But it is time to proceed to the second thing proposed, namely, To shew the Vanity and Folly of despising others, for falling short of us, in respect of Parts and Learning. When we compare ourselves with superior Intelligences, we find no Temptation for Pride, but much to prompt Humility: But when we view our selves with other Men, whom we think inferior to us in these respects, we are apt to swell with the Thought of our Preeminence above them, and to look down upon them with Contempt and Scorn, as if they were a whole Species below us. But, alas! what mighty

Advantage

Advantage is this that we ſo much value our-ſelves for enjoying, and deſpiſe others for wanting? How little is the Difference between the wiſeſt Philoſopher, and the moſt ignorant Peaſant? The pooreſt Flower in the Field, the ſmalleſt Blade of Graſs will baffle the Underſtanding of the one, as well as of the other. Perhaps he that thou deſpiſeſt for his Ignorance, was born with as good Natural Parts and Faculties as thy ſelf; and all the Difference between you, which to thee appears ſo great, may ariſe merely from the want of the ſame Education, the ſame favourable Circumſtances of Life as thou enjoyeſt. The Difference at moſt is but accidental. If the Cauſe of it does not lie in the outward Circumſtances of Life, it lies at fartheſt no deeper than the Body. His Soul is in it ſelf of the ſame ſpecific Nature as thine, and naturally capable of as high a Degree of intellectual Light and Perfection, tho' it has the Misfortune at preſent to be conſorted with a Body, whoſe Organs are not ſo well adapted to perform its Operations. Perhaps the Structure of his Brain, that nice and wonderful Inſtrument of the Mind, is not ſo happy and delicate as thine. Thou might'ſt as well argue that a Muſician wanted Skill, becauſe he cou'd not play finely upon an Inſtrument out of tune, as that his Soul is defective in its natural Faculties, becauſe it cannot exert them in an ill-diſpoſed Body. Many Accidents may bring thee to a Level with him, or even turn the Scales and ſink thee below him. Thy Mind, whilſt thou liv'ſt in this World, depends upon thy Body in its Operations, as well as his; and *that* is liable to be diſorder'd and put out of tune by a thouſand Accidents, which thou can'ſt neither foreſee nor prevent. At leaſt Death will certainly put an End to

thy

thy ſhort Pre-eminence: *That* brings all to an equality, as to the Endowments of the Mind, as well as in all other Reſpects. In the Grave there is no more Diſtinction between the Wiſe and Fooliſh, the Learned and Ignorant; than between the Rich and Poor, the Noble and Ignoble. And if Separate Souls enjoy different Degrees of Light and Knowledge, there is Reaſon to believe that they are not diſtributed in the ſame Proportion as in this Life, but by quite different Laws and Meaſures.

*I am, SIR,*

*Your faithful humble Servant,*

H. NEEDLER.

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# To Mr. *D.*

Portſmouth, *July* 15, 1711.

*SIR,*

WHEN in my laſt I aſſerted, that the Knowledge of hiſtorical Facts cou'd give no real Perfection to the rational Faculties, I did not intend to except even thoſe Miracles and Tranſactions, on which Chriſtianity is founded. Nor do I yet conceive that it is either falſe or impious to affirm, that the Knowledge of any Miracle or other Matter of Fact contain'd in the Goſpel-hiſtory, adds no real Perfection to the rational Faculties of him that knows it; if by *rational Faculties* be underſtood, what I there intended by them, the ſame

as

as *Underſtanding*. But if that Phraſe be taken to denote the whole reaſonable Soul, as endued with the Faculties of *Underſtanding* and *Will*, or as *a moral Agent*, (in which Senſe you ſeem to underſtand it) I am far from denying, that the Knowledge of the Goſpel-hiſtory has a direct Tendency to perfect the *rational Faculties*. The Caſe is really this. Man may be conſider'd in a twofold Capacity; either as an *Intelligent Being*, or as a *Free Agent*; and accordingly he is capable of a double Perfection, *Intellectual* and *Moral*; his *Intellectual* Perfection conſiſts in Science or the clear Knowledge of Truth; his *Moral* in Virtue, or the conſtant Choice of Good. Now the Knowledge of the Goſpel-hiſtory does not perfect the Soul in the firſt Senſe, any more than the Knowledge of any other Matters of Fact; and for the ſame Reaſons; nor indeed was Revelation intended to give Man that Kind of Perfection: But however, it directly tends to perfect the Soul in the ſecond Senſe, that is, *Morally*; for the very Aim and Deſign of the Goſpel is to regulate Mens Wills and Affections. And in that Senſe, the Text you mention is to be underſtood: For, we are not enjoin'd therein to acquire *intellectual*, but *moral Perfection*.

Having by this time, I hope, reconcil'd you to what I ſaid concerning Hiſtory, I intend to employ the remaining Part of this Letter, in attempting to bring you over to another Opinion, which, I remember, you diſagreed to, when I formerly propos'd it. The Opinion I mean is this; *That a Creature cannot poſſibly continue to exiſt of itſelf, but will neceſſarily drop into nothing, if not ſupported by the Divine Power, preſerving it in Being.* I know you have great Authorities on your ſide; for the Schoolman *Durandus*, and the Biſhop of

*Salisbury*

*Salisbury* have expreſly embraced the ſame Opinion; but if there were occaſion, I could cite as *great* in favour of *mine*; particularly almoſt all the School-men have been on this ſide of the Queſtion. But ſince Truth is not to be judg'd of by Votes, I ſhall wave them, and proceed to the Reaſons, which (as I think) demonſtrate, That no Creature can continue to exiſt one Moment longer than the Divine Power ſuſtains it in Being.

*Firſt*, The Cauſe that gave Exiſtence to Creatures was the Divine Will that they ſhould exiſt. Creatures then are the Effects of the Divine Will. Conſequently a Creature, having by the Divine Will been put into Being, muſt neceſſarily fall back into Nothing, if that Will ceaſes; for, the only Cauſe why it came into Being, being the Divine Will, if that be removed, it cannot poſſibly remain in Being; according to the common logical Maxim, *Sublatâ Causâ, tollitur Effectus*; ſo that Creatures owe to the Efficacy of the Divine Will the Continuance, as well as the firſt Commencement of their Exiſtence. Or thus; You grant that Creatures are brought into Being by, and ſo owe the firſt Moment of their Exiſtence to, the Divine Will. We may then conſider a Creature, at leaſt in the firſt Moment of its Exiſtence, as an Effect depending upon the Divine Will, or (leſt you ſhould except againſt that Expreſſion,) upon the creating Act of God (whatever it be) as its Cauſe. Let us ſuppoſe then, that God ceaſes to Will its Exiſtence, or to put forth that Act which gives it Being. Is it not manifeſt, that it muſt neceſſarily fall back into its original Nothing? For ſince it is to the ſole Efficacy of the Creative Act of God that it owes its Being, (as in this Caſe you muſt needs allow,) certainly it cannot

ſubſiſt

ſubſiſt after that Action is remov'd; any more than a Stone or other heavy Body, having been lifted up into the Air, can hang there of itſelf without Support, after the Hand, which raiſed it, is remov'd. Beſides, if a Creature can exiſt, *after* that Action of God, whereby it was produced, is *removed*, why might it not as well have exiſted, *before* it was *put*; ſince, it ſeems, it can ſubſiſt without it, and does not depend upon it for its Exiſtence?

*Secondly*, If Creatures do not depend upon the Divine Will for the Continuance of their Being, God cannot poſſibly Annihilate them. For, To be *Annihilated*, is to ceaſe to Be; and to *Annihilate*, is to Cauſe to ceaſe to Be. But God could not Cauſe Creatures to ceaſe to Be, if he did not Cauſe them to Be; for Nothing can be *Annihilated*, but by the Removal, or Sublation of the *Cauſe* whereon it depends. Wherefore, if Creatures do not depend upon any Action of God, it is not in his Power to Annihilate them. The main Hinge upon which this Argument turns, is this Propoſition, That Nothing can be annihilated but by the Removal of its Cauſe; which, however, I think is very clear; for, ſince a Cauſe is *id cujus vi aliquid eſt, That, by the Virtue or Efficacy of which any thing exiſts; or, That, whereon any thing depends for its Exiſtence*, it would be a Contradiction to ſuppoſe any thing annihilated, but by the Sublation of its Cauſe. And yet, if this Propoſition be granted, (*viz. that Creatures exiſt of themſelves, and ſo depend on no Cauſe which may be remov'd,*) will it not demonſtratively follow, that they cannot ceaſe to Be?

It may be objected to this, that 'tis to retrench and diminiſh the Divine Power, to affirm, that it cannot produce a Creature ſo perfect, as to be able to

to exiſt of itſelf, after it has been once put into Being. I anſwer; That ſince it appears that continual Dependence is the neceſſary Condition of a Creature, to deny that God can make an Independent Creature, or a Creature that ſhall not need the continual Support of his Power to uphold it in Being, is no more a Limitation of it, than to deny that he can make an Omniſcient, Omnipotent, or Eternal Creature, or ſuch a one as ſhall be indowed with any of his Incommunicable Attributes; of which, *Abſolute Independence or Self-exiſtence is the chief.* On the contrary; This Notion ſeems to Me ſo far from diſhonouring or abaſing the Deity, that it gives us the moſt Auguſt and Tremendous Idea of his Divine Power and Majeſty, that can be imagin'd, whilſt it repreſents Him as the *true Atlas*, who continually ſuſtains the Univerſe, which otherwiſe would inſtantly drop into Nothing; and all this Multiform Scene of Beings, as depending conſtantly and intirely upon his Will for their Exiſtence, and ſubſiſting merely by his *good Pleaſure.* He need not *Do* any thing to *Annihilate* the World; 'tis ſufficient, to *ceaſe to uphold it.* Should He, but for One Moment, withdraw his All-ſupporting Arm, Univerſal Nature would ſink into Nothing!

O God, how Glorious and Excellent a Being thou art! Thou ſitteſt inthron'd in Eternity, array'd with Majeſty and Power; whilſt Millions of Worlds depend upon thy Nod; and thy very *Will itſelf* neceſſarily produces whatſoever thou *Willeſt*; ſo that 'tis impoſſible thou ſhouldſt deſire any thing *in vain*, or find any Difficulty in effecting what thou deſireſt. Thou ſpok'ſt the Word; and the World was made. Thou only ſaidſt, *Let it Be*; and it *Was.* Thy Will alone was able to execute

execute itself. Thou hadst no Occasion to use any *Means* or *Instruments* to perform it. But that Almighty *Fiat*, by the Mysterious Energy whereof the World was created, was no *perishing transitory Word*; but a Voice which is still utter'd, and must be utter'd as long as the World remains!

I cannot forbear mentioning on this Occasion the Image, (which, I remember, Mr. *D.* told us, he saw in a Church at *Brussels*,) of an old Man of a large Size and sinewy Strength, holding a Ball in his right Hand with an out-stretch'd Arm. This was indeed a piece of Superstition: However, it aptly represents the Dependence of the World upon God, who truly sustains it by his Almighty Arm.

But, if this Doctrine be true, how vain and self-inconsistent will the Notions of those Men be found, who, though they acknowledge a God and that he created the World, yet fancy that he left it to shift for it self, without taking any farther Care about it; since it appears hereby, that the Providence of God is absolutely necessary to preserve, not only the *Order* and *Well-being*, but the *very Being* of Things.

I think your Animadversions on our Modern Comedies very just. I always was of Opinion, that they tend to debauch Mens Manners; and we find by Experience, that they who are most conversant in them, are seldom Persons of Exemplary Virtue.

We have been this last Week so full of Business, that I cou'd not conveniently write sooner; and therefore hope you'll excuse my Delay, and not punish it by taking Pattern from it your self. I am,

*SIR*,

*Your most obliged humble Servant*,

H. NEEDLER.

To

# To Mr. *D.*

Portſmouth *July* 27, 1711.

*Dear Sir,*

I Cannot but acknowledge my-ſelf extremely obliged to you for your kind and entertaining Letters; and look upon it as none of the leaſt of thoſe many Favours you have been pleaſed to confer upon me, that you take ſo much Pains to alleviate the Uncomfortableneſs of my preſent Circumſtances.

I am glad I have ſo well ſatisfied you, in relation to the Objection you made to what I had ſaid concerning Hiſtory.

As for the Biſhop of *Sarum*'s Objections againſt the Notion I maintained in my laſt; I think (with all due Deference to ſo great an Authority,) that when thoroughly cleared from all Ambiguity of Expreſſion, they will be found to have no great Weight in them. To make this appear, I will conſider the Paſſage quoted in your Letter. * *There is a common Notion in the World*, ſays his Lordſhip; *That things would fall back into Nothing of themſelves, if they were not preſerved by the ſame infinite Power that made them: But without queſtion it is an Act of the ſame infinite Power to reduce a Being to Nothing, that it is to bring a Being out of Nothing.* Now this Aſſertion, which his Lordſhip lays down as the Foundation of his Reaſoning,

* *See the late Biſhop of* Sarum's *Expoſition of the Thirty nine Articles*, p 30. *of the third Edition.*

ſoning, is ſo far from being *without queſtion*, that it is plainly *falſe*, unleſs he begs the Queſtion. For, upon Suppoſition that things do continually depend upon an Act of the infinite Power of God for their Exiſtence, ſo that if that Act were remov'd, they would immediately fall back into Nothing, what can be more Evident than that, in order to annihilate any Being, 'tis ſufficient for God to ceaſe to put forth that Act of his infinite Power by which it ſubſiſts? So that, ſuppoſing this ſide of the Queſtion, a Creature may be annihilated without any Action at all, either on the Part of God or any other Being, purely by the removal of that Action of God by which it ſubſiſts. —

But if we ſuppoſe the other ſide of the Queſtion, (which is the thing in Diſpute;) *viz.* That a Creature having been once put into Being, can continue to exiſt of itſelf, without any *new Cauſality or Influence*, (as his Lordſhip expreſſes it;) ſtill it will not be true, that it is an Act of the ſame infinite Power to reduce a Being to Nothing, as to bring a Being out of Nothing; for upon that Suppoſition, Annihilation will be abſolutely impoſſible; and God, tho' he has created things and is endued with infinite Power, yet cannot poſſibly annihilate them: From the Abſurdity of which neceſſary Conſequence I argu'd in my laſt, for the Falſhood of the Suppoſition.

So that if we ſuppoſe one ſide of the Queſtion; to reduce a Being to Nothing will be no Act at all of *infinite* or any other *Power*, but the bare *Abſence* or *Removal* of that Act, by which it ſubſiſts. If we ſuppoſe the other; Annihilation will be impoſſible to infinite Power itſelf, becauſe it will imply a flat Contradiction; as I have ſhewn at large in my laſt Letter.

The

The Propoſition being thus refuted, the Conſequence which the Biſhop draws from it, in Oppoſition to the continual Dependence of things upon God, *viz. That whatever has once a Being, muſt of its Nature continue ſtill to Be, without any new Cauſality or Influence*, falls of Courſe. However I cannot but obſerve that his Lordſhip, by affirming that whatever has once a Being will continue to exiſt *of its Nature*, ſeems to attribute ſuch a Self-exiſtence to Creatures, as I always thought to be the incommunicable Prerogative of the Eternal Deity; and, at the ſame time, makes Annihilation Impoſſible. For, I defy any one to ſhew, how any thing can be more Self-exiſtent, or more Unannihilable, than by exiſting of itſelf and *of its Nature*. And if it be Natural to a Being, *as a Being*, to continue in Exiſtence, we may as well ſuppoſe God making a Square Circle, or doing any other Contradiction, as annihilating any thing.

As for the Conſequence, which his Lordſhip draws from the Suppoſition of Creatures ſubſiſting by Virtue of an Act of the Divine Power upholding them in Being, *viz. That then it muſt be acknowledged, that a Tendency to Annihilation is the Conſequent of a created Being*; I muſt confeſs, I do not very well know, what is meant by a *Tendency to Annihilation*. If it means an *Inability* to ſubſiſt of themſelves, I readily grant, nay contend that there is in all created Beings ſuch an Inability. But what Abſurdity can be drawn from that Conceſſion, I do not ſee. For, there is no *Endeavour* in the Nature of things to Not-being, to make it a *Violence* done to their Natures, to cauſe them to exiſt. They do not at all reſiſt the Action of God, which gives them Being. They are purely indifferent to Being or Not-being; and all their Tendency to Not-

Not-being, consists in a mere Impotence or Inability to Be of themselves.

This whole Matter may be illustrated by comparing Being to Motion, and Not-being to Rest, and a Creature in general to Matter, which is the Subject of them. For as Rest is a mere Privation of Motion; so is Not-being of Being. As Matter is of it-self indifferent to Motion or Rest, and naturally capable of either; so a Creature is likewise in it-self indifferent to Being or Not-being, and essentially capable of either. As Matter would have of it-self remained at rest to all Eternity, if it had not been extrinsically moved; so Creatures would of themselves never have existed, if they had not been brought into Being by the Divine Power. As Matter, being put into Motion, continues no longer to move, than the external Force impells it, but, as soon as that is taken off, returns again to Rest; so a Creature, having once been put into Being, continues no longer therein, than the creating Power (if I may so call it) of God retains it; but, when that is removed, returns to its original Non-existence. As it is sufficient, in order to stop a piece of Matter in Motion and reduce it to Rest, to cease to impell it, or withdraw the moving Force; so to annihilate any Creature or put an End to its Existence, nothing more is requisite, than to with-hold that Creative Act which gives it Being. As the *Vis Inertiæ*, or Rest of Matter, is no *positive Power*, *Tendency* or *Endeavour* to Rest, which *resists* the moving Force; but a mere *Inability* to move of it-self without being impressed by an Extrinsic Force; so the Inability of Creatures to subsist of themselves, is a mere *Vis Inertiæ*, or Negative Power; implying Nothing of a positive Tendency to Annihilation.

For a Creature upheld in Being by the Divine Power, is not like a piece of Matter which is moved towards the Right Hand, though at the ſame time it endeavours to move by a Counter-force towards the left; but like a piece of Matter, which being at reſt in a vacuous Space, is mov'd a certain way, without having any Preſſure to a contrary Motion.

This wonderful Analogy of Motion and Reſt in Matter, with the Exiſtence and Non-exiſtence of Creatures, is, in my Mind, very worthy to be obſerv'd: And therefore, in order to make it ſtill more clear and evident; let us ſuppoſe (*A*), a Globe of Matter hanging at perfect reſt in a vacuous Space.

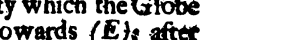



To this Globe let a moving Force (*M*) be apply'd, impelling it towards (*E*) in the infinite Line (*AE*). Then the Globe may repreſent a Creature; the Motion of it, its Exiſtence; the moving Force, the Creative Power of God giving it Exiſtence; the infinite Line wherein it moves, Eternity or infinite Duration. Now it is evident that as, if the moving Force (*M*) had not impell'd the Globe (*A*), it wou'd not have begun to move; ſo ſince even now it is in Motion, it does not move of it ſelf, but only by Virtue of the continual Impulſe of (*M*), that if That Moving Power were taken away, it wou'd immediately ſtop. Juſt ſo a Creature, being in a State of Non-exiſtence, not only cannot begin to Be of it ſelf, without the Action of the Divine Omnipotence; but even, while it is in Being, ſubſiſts purely by Virtue of the ſame Action continuing to give it Exiſtence; and wou'd immediately ſtop, or ceaſe to go forward in Exiſtence, if that ſhou'd be taken away from it. But as the Globe (*A*) does not at all re-

ſiſt

*firſt* the moving Force (*M*), but moves with a Celerity exactly proportion'd to the Quantity of it; ſo neither has a Creature any manner of *Renitency* or *Counter-preſſure* to the Action of God, which gives it Being: It has only a pure *Inability* to Be of itſelf, corresponding to the Inability which the Globe (*A*) has, to continue to move towards (*E*), after the moving Force (*M*) ceaſes to impell it.

But if we ſuppoſe (*C*) to be a moving Power, as well as (*M*), protruding the Globe a contrary way towards (*B*), but with a leſs Force; then the Globe will ſtill move towards (*E*), though not ſo faſt as before, but with an ineffectual Tendency towards (*B*), inſomuch that if the greater Force (*M*) were taken away, it would immediately move towards (*B*).




Now ſuch a kind of *Poſitive Tendency* or *Endeavour* to Not-being as might anſwer to this, is what the Biſhop ſeems to mean, when he ſays, *But as this wou'd make the Preſervation of the World to be a continued* Violence *to a Natural Tendency that is in all things; ſo there is no more reaſon to imagine that Beings have a* Tendency *to Annihilation, than that Nothing had a Tendency to Creation. It is abſurd to think that any thing can have a Tendency to that which is eſſentially oppoſite to it-ſelf, and is deſtructive of it.* Now let ſuch a Poſitive Tendency in Creatures to Not-being, be never ſo abſurd, I am not at all concern'd in it; for, *ſuch* I do not hold, nor does it follow from any thing I maintain; and conſequently the Objection does not reach me, who only aſſert an *Inability* in all Created Beings to ſubſiſt of themſelves.

Having by this time, I hope, given a ſufficient Anſwer to the Biſhop of *Sarum*'s Objections, I will conclude this Point with a Paſſage out of Mr. *Cowley*'s *Davideis*, which contains a handſom Repreſentation of the Notion I have been defending. It is in his Deſcription of Heaven, where I remember he has theſe Lines;

*There thou thy ſelf doſt in full Preſence ſhow,*
*Not abſent from theſe meaner Worlds below;*
*No, if thou wert, the Elements League wou'd ceaſe,*
*And all thy Creatures break thy Nature's Peace.*
*The Sun would ſtop his Courſe, or gallop back,*
*The Stars drop out, the Poles themſelves wou'd crack:*
*Earth's ſtrong Foundations wou'd be torn in twain,*
*And this vaſt Work all ravel out again*
*To its firſt Nothing; for his Spirit contains*
*The well-knit Maſs; from him each Creature gains*
*Being and Motion, which he ſtill beſtows;*
*From him th' Effect of our weak Action flows.*

Tho' your elegant Account of the beautiful Pictures you ſaw at *T.* has rais'd in me a high Idea of the maſterly Hands that drew thoſe breathing Shadows; yet I fancy you have yourſelf drawn as fine a one as any of them, in your lively Deſcription of the charming Scene by the River-ſide. Without Flattery, I am extremely pleas'd with it, and have lodg'd it in my Memory among thoſe favourite Paſſages which I frequently entertain my Imagination with reviewing. I am,

*Dear SIR,*

*Your ſincere humble Servant,*

H. NEEDLER.

# To Mr. *D.*

Portſmouth, *Auguſt* 6, 1711.

*Dear SIR,*

HAving in my former Letters eſtabliſh'd the Doctrine of the continual Dependence of all things upon God, I intend now to proceed, in order to give a compleat Idea of Divine Providence ſo far as it relates to the Government of the Natural Wold, to prove likewiſe that 'tis God only, who is the True Author of all the Changes that happen in Nature; or that all thoſe regular Effects, which we obſerve to be produced therein, ought to be immediately attributed to him, as the true *Anima Mundi* or *Active Principle* of Nature; which Propoſition I will not pretend to prove *abſolutely*, or deduce regularly from firſt and ſelf-evident Principles, (for that wou'd exceed the Bounds of a ſhort Epiſtle), but from ſuch Premiſes as are in themſelves reaſonable, and have been well prov'd by others, and which I am ſatisfy'd you will readily allow.

*Firſt* then I ſuppoſe, That God is an All-perfect Being, or a Being of ſuch ſuperlative Excellency and Perfection, that 'tis impoſſible to conceive any thing more perfect; from hence I deduce this Conſequence, that the Power of God is nothing really different from the Efficacy of his Will; for I think it cannot reaſonably be deny'd, that a Being who by the bare Efficacy of his Will produces whatſoever he wills, ſo that he needs uſe no Means to accompliſh his Deſires, is more perfect than one who is forced to execute his Will by an Act di-

ſtinct from that Will; and which therefore he uſes as a Means to accompliſh it. Can there be any Doubt, which is the moſt Excellent Being, he whoſe Will is neceſſarily ſelf-efficacious and ſufficient to create whatever he wills, or he who after he has will'd a thing, muſt put forth another Act to produce it? To this I may add, that *Moſes* in his Hiſtory of the Creation repreſents God as giving Being to things by the pure Force and Efficacy of his Almighty *Fiat* or Will. *And God ſaid, Let there be Light; and there was Light.* Which Words ſeem fairly to intimate, that Light not only immediately *follow'd*, but was likewiſe *produced* by the Divine Will as its proper Cauſe. But if God's Power be Nothing really diſtinct from his Will, 'tis evident that he cannot communicate any Portion of it to any other Being otherwiſe than by willing, that what ſuch an intelligent Creature ſhall will, ſhall come to paſs. But then in ſuch a Caſe it is plain, that 'tis the Divine Will, and not the Will of That intelligent Being, which is the true Phyſical Cauſe of the enſuing Effect. If this Reaſoning be good, it follows by a neceſſary Conſequence, that God is the true Author of all that is done in Nature; and that Creatures neither Do, nor can Do any thing.

*Secondly*, Let us conſider what it is that is done in the Natural World, and try if we can diſcover from the Nature of the Actions, who is the true Agent. All the Actions that we obſerve in the World are of two Kinds; they are either thoſe whereby Bodies are mov'd, or thoſe by which Spirits are affected with various Senſations. Now I will endeavour to prove, that Matter has not the Power of Motion, nor of producing Senſations in Spirits; and that no Being but God is ſufficiently qualified

qualified to do those things, in such a manner as they are actually perform'd in the World.

In order to prove the first, I shall only suppose, that Matter cannot move of itself, or without the Action of some external Force giving it Motion. This is what is in some sort confirm'd by Experience, for it wou'd certainly be thought a Prodigy, to see a Body move of itself, without any known Cause Visible or Invisible. And it is upon this Principle, this *Vis Inertiæ* of Matter, that all the Demonstrations in Mechanics are founded. Now from hence it clearly follows, that a Body, as (A), cannot begin of itself to move towards (B), without the Impulse of some moving Power, as (M); and likewise that when by the action of (M) upon it, it has began to move towards (B), it can continue that Motion no longer than (M) continues to impell it. For if we suppose (A) to be moved to (C) by the Force of (M); and that when it arrives at (C), the moving Power ceases to act upon it; and yet that *afterwards* it moves as far as (T); 'tis plain that the Body (A) moves from (C) to (T) *of itself*, without being impell'd by any *external Force*. This Argument is so clear and cogent, that I can scarce forbear setting the Mathematical Mark upon it, and stamping it with a Q. E. D. Yet this is a Truth, which Philosophers are generally so little aware of, that tho' they cannot but acknowledge the Necessity of a first Mover unmov'd, to cause Matter to *begin* to move; of some Immaterial Being to give the *first Turn* (as it were) to Nature's Wheel; yet they fancy that when 'tis once set a going, it can *continue* to move well enough *of itself*, by Bodies communicating

*Scheme* I.

T C A
B———⊖———M

their Motion ſucceſſively to one another as they meet. So that they fall into the ſame Error in relation to the Motion of Matter, as they do in regard to the Exiſtence of Creatures; falſely imagining, that tho' the one cannot begin to move, nor the others to exiſt of themſelves, yet that, when they have been once put into Motion and Exiſtence, they can continue therein without any external Aid.

Perhaps it may be ſaid, that tho' it muſt be granted that Bodies cannot move of themſelves, yet nothing hinders but that they may move one another, ſo that a Body, as (A) (ſee the ſecond Scheme), being moved by ſome Immaterial Agent towards (B), and meeting another, as (C) in its way, may carry that along with it. I anſwer, That tho' we ſhou'd allow in this Caſe that (A) does really move (C,) yet it will be able to move it no longer than while it actually touches it; and ſo thruſts it forward; and even *that* no longer than while itſelf is mov'd by the Immaterial Force. But after all, (A) is not the real Power which moves (C). 'Tis true indeed, that if the Immaterial Mover will have (A) proceed in a Right Line towards (B) after it is arriv'd at (C), he muſt move (C) with it; becauſe (C) is impenetrable, and is now join'd to (A), and become, as it were, one Body with it. So that the moving Body (A), meeting with (C), is the *Occaſion* indeed of its Motion, but nevertheleſs 'tis the Immaterial Force that *truly moves* both theſe Bodies now join'd together.

*Scheme* II.

C A
B—⊙—⊙

But if Bodies cannot move themſelves, nor one another, much leſs can they raiſe Senſations in Spirits. Our Senſations are excited by Bodies ſtriking upon

upon the Organs of our Senſes, and moving them. Experience teaches us this. Now tho' we ſhou'd allow, that the Soul was ſomething ſolid, and ſo capable of being impell'd by Bodies; and that Bodies have power to move it; yet Mr. *Hobbs's* Maxim, I think, cannot be denied; *Motus nihil generat præter motum*; And ſo they wou'd not be able, (even upon theſe extravagant Suppoſitions), to raiſe one Senſation in the Soul. Much leſs will they be able to do it, if we conſider the Soul as a Being which has no Solidity; and Matter as a Being, which has no Action nor power of moving any thing.

Thus Matter being ſhewn to be utterly unqualified to be the Author of what paſſes in Nature, there remain only created Intelligent Beings to be conſider'd: Unleſs it ſhou'd be imagin'd, that ſome Immaterial and Active, tho' *Unintelligent* Being, may Actuate Nature. But an Unintelligent Being, however Active and Immaterial, (ſuppoſing ſuch a *Chimæra* poſſible,) cou'd never be qualified to govern Nature, becauſe, being *Unintelligent*, it wou'd not be capable of receiving any Laws, nor of regulating it ſelf by them, any more than Matter it ſelf: From ſuch a blind Power as this, the World might more reaſonably expect Ruin and Confuſion, than a wiſe and regular Government. If it ſhou'd be ſuppoſed, that ſome finite Intelligence preſides over the Motions of Nature, and the Senſations of inferior Spirits; the Abſurdity of ſuch Suppoſition will appear by conſidering how many Millions of Bodies are mov'd, and Spirits touch'd with various Senſations, at the ſame Inſtant; and all according to certain fixt and ſtated Laws, which are conſtantly obſerv'd with an invariable Exactneſs. Now who but God himſelf can attend to ſuch a

Multitude of things at the same time, without Distraction and Confusion? But if it shou'd be thought, that the Government of Nature may be divided between a great Number of Intelligences, each of which has his distinct Province assign'd him; the Task indeed will be so much the easier to every Individual; but still, methinks, a poor Spirit will have a hard time of it, to be made an Eternal Drudge, to wheel round an Orb, or constantly attend a Man, in order to affect him with proper Sensations, according as his Body shall be acted upon by those about him. If I believ'd that created Spirits were the Authors of Natural Effects, I shou'd certainly fancy they were *Evil Spirits*, and doom'd to this Eternal Slavery, as a Punishment for their Sins. For I suppose Good Spirits to be employ'd in the Contemplation and Fruition of the Sovereign Being. But why shou'd we imagine, after all, any created Spirits, whether Good or Bad, to govern Nature; since God is capable of doing it himself without their Assistance; and that without any Fatigue and Distraction, or the least Diminution of his Ease and Happiness? Or how can we think that God, who is too wise to do any thing in vain, has appointed so many subordinate Agents and Instruments to do That, which his own *Will* was of *it-self* sufficient to have effected? In my Mind, this one Consideration is enough to refute the Notion of second Causes, that they are *needless*; and that whatever is ascrib'd to them, might as well have been done, without them, by the bare Efficacy of the Divine Will; for why shou'd we suppose God to make use of such Means and Instruments to compass his End, as he has no *Occasion* for? The Truth is, the Notions of subordinate Agents and second

cond Causes have taken their Rise, from Mens secretly ascribing to God the Imperfections of created Beings; and so fancying either that it was beneath his Grandeur and Majesty, to do every thing in Nature himself, or else that he cou'd not, without *Care and Trouble*, attend to such an infinite Variety of Things. Upon which grounds they have represented God like some Luxurious Monarch, who commits the Government of his Kingdom to the Care of his Ministers, whilst he indulges himself in his Ease and Pleasures. 'Tis very true, the Government of the Natural World is a Work so vast and various, that it must needs distract and confound any Capacity less than Infinite. But what Trouble, what Distraction, can the Government of ten thousand Worlds give him, who has always before him, in One Eternal View, all things Past, Present and Future; and, in order to have any thing done, needs only Will that it shall be done?

As for the other Objection, that it better befits the Grandeur and Majesty of the Deity to govern Nature by subordinate Ministers and Instruments, than to do it immediately himself; You know what Answer Mr. *Le Clerc* has given to it in his * *Bibliotheque Choisie*; which therefore I will not here repeat.

Now

* 'The Fear we may possibly entertain, lest Providence should be too much incumber'd, if we shou'd suppose it to intervene immediately in every thing, will vanish, when we consider, That God is an Infinite Being, who can do every thing with Ease, and takes no more Pains in performing an Infinity of Actions at once, than in remaining altogether Unactive. We are not to measure Him

Now ſince, excepting theſe two Objections, (which are plainly grounded upon our own falſe Ideas

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Him by our Weakneſs; for we are Finite; and therefore frighten'd at the Proſpect of a great Number of Employments at the ſame Time. Nor are we to conſider Him as a King, who ſeems to be honour'd by a Multitude of Servants, but, in Reality, only employs them, becauſe he cannot be every where in Perſon, and attend at once to great and leſſer Matters: So that what ſeems, in One Light, to give a high Idea of his Power, is indeed, in Another, no more than a lively Proof of his Weakneſs. Nay, who can doubt, but that a King wou'd be more reſpected, and even honour'd by his Subjects as a kind of Deity, if he had no Occaſion for any Miniſters or Servants, and could do every thing himſelf, without Perplexity and Trouble? Nor ought we to think, it is more worthy of God, to form the Body of an Elephant, than that of a Fly or Hand-worm. The Bulk of the Body contributes Nothing to the Excellence of the Work; and there appears no leſs Wiſdom and Power in the Formation of a ſmall, than of a large Creature.

*Cicero*, indeed, has ridicul'd this laſt Thought, in the 6th Book of his *Academical Enquiries*, Chap. 38; where he thus addreſſes himſelf to the *Stoicks*: "You maintain, "that theſe Creatures (*Serpents*) cou'd not have been made "with ſo much Beauty and Elegance, without the Skill "of a Divine Artificer; whoſe Majeſty you degrade even "to the Forming of Bees and Ants: So that there ſeems "to have been a *Myrmecides* even among the Gods, *the "Maker of things in Epitome. Negatis hac tam politè, "támque ſubtiliter effici potuiſſe, ſine divina aliqua ſolertia; "cujus quidem vos majeſtatem deducitis uſque ad apium, "formicarúmque perfectionem; ut etiam inter Deos Myr-*

"*mecides*,

Ideas of God,) I know nothing, that can with any colour of Reaſon be objected againſt the Notion I have been maintaining; and ſo many good and ſolid Reaſons may be urg'd for it, (as appears by the little Specimen I have given,) I think there remains no Room to doubt, which ſide of the Queſtion ought to be embraced.

I thank you for your judicious Reflections on *Engliſh* Comedies; and am ſorry to ſee the Charge againſt them, ſo well prov'd in every Article. The Poiſon of ſuch Writings is the more dangerous, becauſe it is varniſh'd with Wit and Eloquence, which makes it the more eaſily ſwallow'd by unwary Readers. But I ſuppoſe Care will be taken, in the *Bill for regulating the Preſs*, to reform theſe Abuſes; for *Lewdneſs* and *Blaſphemy* will not ſurely be allow'd better Quarter, than *Hereſy* and *Heterodoxy*. I am,

*Dear SIR,*

*Yours Sincerely,*

H. NEEDLER.

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"*. . . mecides aliquis minutorum fabricator fuiſſe videatur.*"
'But this is mere Declamation. The Orators and Philoſophers are full of ſuch like Reaſonings, where a ſlight Probability ſupplies the Place of Evidence.'

*Le Clerc's Bibliotheque Choiſie, Tome 2d. p. 87, &c.*

To

# To Mr. *D.*

Portſmouth, *Auguſt* 16, 1718.

*Dear S I R,*

IT is a common Obſervation, that Perſons of a melancholy Diſpoſition love Solitude. Of the Truth of this, I think, I myſelf am an Inſtance; for as I am of a melancholy Complexion, ſo I have a great Affection for Self-Society; and tho' I muſt acknowledge, that a Mixture of Solitude and Converſation is moſt agreeable, and that there are ſome Few in the World, of whoſe Company I cou'd never be tir'd, yet if I were under ſo unhappy a *Dilemma*, as to be obliged either to live in perpetual Solitude, or in the conſtant Society of ſome ſort of Perſons, I ſhou'd chuſe the former as the leſs Evil of the Two. For as there is ſcarce any Pleaſure preferable to that of agreeable Converſation, ſo there is hardly any thing more irkſom, than to be always tied to the Company of ſuch, as are of a Diſpoſition unſuitable to ones own.

In compliance with this Humour and my Love of the Country, I frequently walk out by my ſelf into the Fields adjoining to this Town, 'till I loſe myſelf in ſome unfrequented Retirement, where a thouſand entertaining Ideas are revived in my Mind, which before lay buried under a heap of Buſineſs and Impertinences. Every Herb, every Flower, or little * Inſect that I meet with, affords me matter

* I cannot here forbear taking notice of that Contempt, with which Men commonly regard *Inſects* and other little Animals,

ter of delightful Speculation and Amuſement, whilſt I admire the Beauty and Gaiety of their Colours, or the almoſt infinite Variety of their Forms. At ſuch a time, my Thoughts naturally take a Solemn and Religious Turn. I conſider the whole Scene of Nature as the Work of a Supreme Being; Every Part of which abounds with manifeſt Proofs and Inſtances of the Wiſdom, Power and Goodneſs of its Maker.

'Twas in ſuch Circumſtances and ſuch a Diſpoſition of Mind as this, that I wrote the following Copy of Verſes, as I ſat under a Tree in a Meadow; on which I leave you to beſtow what Title you ſhall think fit.

*What Man, who ſees this glorious Azure Sky,*
*(The boundleſs Extent of whoſe ample Cope*
*Seems*

---

Animals, that ariſe from a *Matter* which they call *corrupted*. It is an unjuſt Contempt, which has no other Foundation than the Ignorance of the thing contemn'd, and Prejudice. There is nothing really contemptible in Nature, and all the Works of God are worthy to be reſpected, becauſe God himſelf finds no Fault in them. The ſmalleſt Flyes are as perfect as the moſt enormous Animals. The Proportions of their Members are as exact as thoſe of others; and it even ſeems as if God had adorn'd them more lavishly, in order to make amends for the Smallneſs of their Bodies. They have Crowns and Plumes, and other Embelliſhments on their Heads, which far ſurpaſs all that the Art or Luxury of Man can invent; and I may boldly ſay, that all who have never made uſe of Glaſſes, have never beheld any thing ſo juſt, ſo beautiful, nor even ſo magnificent in the Palaces of the greateſt Princes, as what may be ſeen by a Microſcope upon the Head of a ſimple Fly.

Malebranch's *Search after Truth*. B. 1. Chap. 16.

*Seems to graſp all things in its wide Embrace;)*
*This radiant Sun, who from his Station high*
*Sheds Vital Heat and Vigour thro' the World,*
*And gilds each Object with his lucid Beams;*
*Then downward turns his Eye, and views around*
*This lovely Landskip, theſe enamell'd Meads,*
*That with a thouſand various Beauties ſmile;*
*Theſe neighb'ring Fields with Golden Harveſt crown'd,*
*Whoſe copious Store rewards the Tiller's Care*
*Laborious, with a hundred-fold Increaſe;*
*And hears theſe Birds their ſoft enchanting Notes*
*Melodious ſing, and fill with Harmony*
*This ſhady Solitude, can yet demand,*
*What Cauſe produce'd this Univerſal Frame?*
*For what but an Eternal Mind, endu'd*
*With utmoſt Reach of Wiſdom exquiſite,*
*" In Goodneſs and in Power præeminent,*
*Cou'd raiſe this ſtately Pile; and, all its Parts,*
*So viſibly, in Order due, diſpoſe;*
*Cou'd ſpread this ſpacious Canopy, adorn'd*
*With thouſand glowing Stars, that ſeem to ſhine*
*With emulating Luſtre, and diſplay*
*Their bright Nocturnal Scene; cou'd clothe this Earth*
*With Graſs; with Foreſt crown the Mountain-tops;*
*With Rivers grand, and murm'ring Rivulets,*
*Refreſh the thirſty Fields; that ſo the Whole*
*To Man a Habitation might afford*
*Commodious and Delightful? How Ingrate,*
*And blind the Atheiſt! who denies the Pow'r*
*Indulgent, that has made him, and beſtow'd*
*So many Bleſſings on him undeſerv'd!*
*'Tis Prejudice, (he crys,) that makes you think*
*The Notion of a Deity Supreme,*

*So*

*So plain and obvious; which to thoſe, who dare*
*Their Reaſon freely uſe, obſcure appears.*
** Suppoſe we then a perfect Man, mature*
*In all his Faculties, with Judgment ſtrong,*
*To ſtart forth into Being, and ſurvey*
*This ample Scene of Nature's various Works,*
*The Sky and Earth with all their Furniture,*
*And fair Inhabitants: And who can doubt*
*That He, by Native Force of Reaſon taught,*
*Wou'd ſoon confeſs ſome mighty Power Divine,*
*Munificent*

---

* Let us ſuppoſe Men who had always dwelt under Ground in magnificent Houſes, adorn'd with Statues and Pictures, and copiouſly furniſhed with every thing, with which they abound who are commonly thought happy: Let us farther ſuppoſe, that, without having ever iſſued from thence, they had, however, heard Diſcourſes concerning the Gods; and that, in proceſs of time, the Earth being all of a ſudden open'd, they ſhou'd quit their dark Abode, and ſtart at once into this upper World. What Thoughts wou'd they entertain, when they beheld the Earth, the Seas and the Heaven? When they conſider'd the Extent of the Clouds, and the Force of the Winds? When they caſt their Eyes upon the Sun, and obſerv'd his Beauty, his Magnitude, and the Diffuſiveneſs of his Light, which is ſpread over all the Heavens, and forms the Day? And when the Shades of Night had cover'd the Earth, what wou'd they think when they ſhou'd ſee all the Sky checquer'd and embelliſh'd with Stars, the various Appearances of the Moon, its Increaſe and Decreaſe, and, laſtly, the Riſing and Setting of all theſe heavenly Bodies, and the inviolable Regularity of their Motions? When they beheld and conſider'd all theſe things, they wou'd certainly conclude, both that there are Gods, and that theſe are their Works. *Ariſtotle.*

*Munificent and Wise, had fram'd the Whole;*
*Who then, by Education's Bias's false*
*And Prejudice, cou'd never be mis-led.*
*How can the Atheist, whilst Himself he views,*
*Perusing Limb by Limb, persist to ask*
*Convincing Evidence to prove a God?*
*Who form'd his Body? By what artful Hand*
*Was the nice Fabrick made? Who place'd the Bones*
*In such a well-knit Frame, and with such Skill*
*And Symmetry contriv'd? Who bade the Blood*
*Forth-issue from the Fountain of the Heart,*
*And thence thro' all th' Arterial Roads diffuse*
*Its purple Current; then return its Streams,*
*And to its Source with winding Tide convey?*
*Who spun the fibrous Threads that form the Nerves,*
*And taught 'em, from their Brainy Origin,*
*Thro' ev'ry Limb t' extend their Branches long?*
** Who form'd the curious Organ of the Eye,*

---

* What Artificer but Nature, than which Nothing can be more circumspect, cou'd have formed the Organs of Sense with so much Skill and Address? *First*, She has cover'd the Eyes with very thin Tunicles, which are made transparent that they may be seen thro', and firm that the Eyes may be kept in their due place: But She has made the Eyes slippery and flexible, that they may avoid what wou'd hurt them, and that we may easily turn our Sight whither we please. The *Pupil* of the Eye, with which we see, is so small, that it can without Difficulty shun those Things which might be noxious to it. The Lids, which are the Coverings of the Eyes, are smooth and soft, that they may not hurt them: Whether we want to shut or open our Eyes, the Lids obey in an Instant. They are likewise fenced, as it were, with a Pallisade of Hairs, which serves to ward off what might fall into the Eyes when they are open,

*And cloath'd it with its various Tunicles,*
*Of Texture exquisite; with Chrystal Juice*
*Supply'd it, to transmit the Rays of Light,*
*Then place'd it in its Station Eminent,*
*Well-fence'd and guarded, as a Centinel*
*To watch abroad, and advertise the Soul*
*Of things without, and needful Caution give?*
*Whence came the Active and Sagacious Mind,*
*Self-conscious, and with Faculties endu'd*
*Of Understanding, Will and Memory,*
*And Reason to distinguish True from False?*
*Who join'd it to the Body, and of Both*
*Made up one perfect Being, gave it Pow'r*
*To move the Limbs, and bade the brawny Arm*
*Obey its Will? What but an Infinite,*
*Almighty God, supremely Wise and Good,*
*Could all these great and beauteous Works produce?*

Your Reflections on the Lottery are no less rational than pious. It is certainly a great Instance of Folly

---

open, and to keep them more secure when they are wrapp'd up in Sleep. Moreover, they lie conveniently withdrawn, and are guarded by Eminences: For, above, the Height of the Brows arrests the Sweat falling from the Head; and, below, the gentle Rise of the Cheeks defends them. Lastly, The Nose is placed, like a Wall, between them: *Cicero.*

Mr. *Derham* further observes, that the Hairs of the Eyelids grow but to a certain commodious Length, and need no Cutting; and likewise that their Points stand out of the way, and in the upper-lid bend upwards, as they do downwards in the lower-lid; whereby they are well adapted to their use. From hence, says he, we may learn how critical and nice the great Author of Nature hath been even in the least and most trivial Conveniences belonging to Animal Bodies. Derham's *Sermons at* Boyle's *Lecture.*

Folly as well as Impiety, to think we know better than God what is for our Good, and what Circumſtances of Life will make us moſt happy; which yet they ſeem to me to do in effect, who are reſtleſs and unſatisfied in their preſent Condition, and impatiently deſirous of a Change. A wiſe Man, when he thinks ſuch a thing wou'd be for his Advantage, *deſires* it indeed, but with no great *Earneſtneſs*, becauſe he is not certain it wou'd prove ſo in the Event; and if he does not obtain it, he reſts contented with this Thought, that ſince God did not think fit to allow it, it wou'd not have been really for his Benefit to have had it. How Miſerable ſhou'd we often be, if God ſhou'd grant our Wiſhes, and hearken to our fooliſh Prayers? If the young Spendthrift were Maſter of that Eſtate, which he ſo ardently deſires, how ſoon wou'd he deſtroy himſelf by his Debaucheries and Intemperance? Doubtleſs, God often puniſhes us for our Murmurings and Diſcontents, as he did the *Iſraelites* in the Wilderneſs, by gratifying our importunate Deſires, in giving us thoſe things, which if we had walk'd humbly before him, with a patient Reſignation to his good Providence, he wou'd out of mere Mercy and Compaſſion have with-held from us. In ſhort it is certain, that we are both too dim-ſighted and ignorant to chuſe aright, and too weak and impotent to obtain our Choice. It behoves us therefore to ſecure *his* Favour and Friendſhip, by an humble Obſervation of his Laws and Reliance on his Providence, who both *knows* how to make us happy, and *is able* effectually to perform it. I am,

*Dear SIR,*

*Your moſt affectionate*
*humble Servant,*

H. NEEDLER.

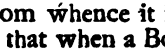
# To Mr. *D.*

Portſmouth, *September* 2, 1711.

*Dear S I R,*

I Have conſider'd Mr. *H---s*'s Objections, againſt what I have advanc'd concerning Motion.

As to the firſt, it contains more than is warranted by *Experience*, from whence it is drawn; for *that* only teaches us, that when a Body at reſt is ſtruck by one in Motion, the ſtricken Body, immediately after the Blow, begins to fly from the Striker. But it does not teach us, that the ſtriking Body is the *true Cauſe* of that Motion, which the Body ſtruck receives upon Occaſion of its Impulſe. Now *Reaſon* teaches us, that it cannot poſſibly be the Cauſe of it. For, ſuppoſe that (C) having been ſtruck by (A), is now moving towards (B), with the Interval (CA) between it and (A); 'tis certain that (C) moves by Virtue of a moving Force, which, at this very *Inſtant* of its preſent Motion, is *actually* apply'd to it; and not by Virtue of any former Impulſe which it receiv'd from (A). For (I think) I have demonſtrated (upon Suppoſition of Matter's being inactive, and uncapable of moving it ſelf,) that no Body, having been put into Motion, will continue to move one Moment longer, than the Action of the moving Power is *actually* apply'd to it. But (A) cannot at preſent exert any Force or Action upon (C) to move it, becauſe of its Diſtance from it. It follows therefore, that the Motion of (C) is only *occaſion'd* by its having been ſtruck by (A); and that (A) is



(A) is not the *True Cauſe* of its Motion: Which was to be prov'd. Thus when a Bowl ſtrikes the Jack, the Blow only *occaſions* the Jack to be mov'd, by Virtue of the *general Laws of Motion*, eſtabliſh'd by God in the World; but does not *truly move* it.

As to the other Argument which Mr. *H*-------*s* objects to; I muſt own, I laid too much Streſs upon it, in ſaying, that it was ſufficient of itſelf to decide the Controverſy; for tho' it be certainly true, that God can do Nothing in vain; yet, upon ſecond Thoughts, I believe it wou'd favour of too much Preſumption peremptorily to affirm, that ſecond Cauſes wou'd be in vain, becauſe we do not comprehend what Uſe they may be of; ſince God might ordain them for ſecret Purpoſes unknown to us. But however, tho' this Argument ſhou'd be allow'd to be of little Weight, the Concluſion does not ſo much reſt upon it, as to fall, if it be taken away. Thoſe which remain, I doubt not, will be ſufficient to ſupport its Weight.

What you offer, I think, is ſufficiently confuted in my Anſwer to Mr. *H*-----*s*'s firſt Objection; for there I have ſhewn, that ſuch a ſucceſſive Communication of Motion, without the continual Concurrence of any Immaterial Power, is impoſſible. Beſides, your Hypotheſis, tho' granted to be poſſible, cou'd not account for the conſtant Motion of thoſe Bodies, which are not impell'd by any others; ſuch are all the Planets, which Sir *Iſaac Newton* has ſhewn to perform their Revolutions in an almoſt perfect *Vacuum*; and conſequently they do not owe their Motions to the Impulſe of External Bodies. The prevailing Opinion concerning theſe is, that God, in the Beginning, impreſs'd upon them ſuch a Quantity of Projectile Motion, as was ſufficient, without his further

ther Concurrence, to carry them round in their Orbs for ever; according to that of Sir *Richard Blackmore*,

*He weigh'd, and put them off with ſuch a Force,*
*As might maintain an Everlaſting Courſe.*

But that this is falſe, appears plainly from the Propoſition prov'd in my Letter of *Auguſt* the 6th, *viz.* That no Body, having been once put into Motion, can continue therein any longer, than the moving Power continues to act upon it. For from hence it follows, that all the Planets owe their Motions to the Conſtant and Never-ceaſing Action of God, or at leaſt of ſome Immaterial Being; which being remov'd but for one Moment, they wou'd immediately ſtop their Courſes. So literally true are the Words in which the *Platonic* Poet *Boethius* addreſſes himſelf to God;

*Great Ruler of the glorious Worlds above,*
*Who ſeated high on thy Eternal Throne,*
*Doſt Heav'n around in rapid Courſes move,*
*And mak'ſt the Stars thy vaſt Dominion own!* &c.

If the firſt Part of your Objection be anſwer'd, the ſecond falls of Courſe. For if it was impoſſible ſo to conſtitute Nature, as you imagine, the not doing it cannot argue any Defect of Wiſdom or of any other Perfection in God. However, I cannot let paſs this Part of your Objection, without obſerving one Paſſage in it. "So, (ſay "you,) it ſhou'd ſeem to imply more Wiſdom "in the adorable Creator of the World, to go-"vern it by *fixt* and *ſtated Laws*; or by the Mi-"niſtration of ſome ſubordinate Agents; than to

"be

" be obliged immediately to intervene Himſelf, in " every trifling Occurrence and inconſiderable E- " vent. " Now here you unwarily make a Suppoſition, that is perfectly coincident with my Hypotheſis, which nevertheleſs you oppoſe thereto. For what I contend for, is, That God does govern the World by *fixt* and *ſtated Laws*; nor do I ſuppoſe him to *intervene* in every *trifling Occurrence* and *inconſiderable Event*; but to act, *like himſelf*, in a *uniform* and *conſtant* Manner, and to do all *Particular things*, only in *Conſequence* of thoſe *General Laws*, which his Wiſdom has eſtabliſh'd. Thus when he moves any Piece of Matter, upon its being ſtruck by another in Motion, or when he affects a Man with the Senſation of Pain, upon his Body's being prick'd with a Needle; He does not do theſe things by a *particular Will*, having reſpect alone to that *ſingle Action*; but only in *Conſequence* of thoſe *General Laws*, or *Decrees*, which he has eſtabliſh'd, concerning the Communication of Motion, and the Union of the Soul and Body.

As to my manner of Living here, (which you deſire an Account of) you may gueſs it is not very pleaſant, both becauſe I am ſo much taken up with Buſineſs, that I have little Time to follow my Studies; and becauſe I have none but Strangers to converſe with. Perhaps you will anſwer, that they ought not to be Strangers to me now; but I muſt own, that I am of ſo reſerv'd a Temper, that I cannot be preſently acquainted with any body. Beſides, I put a great deal of Difference between an Acquaintance and a Friend. However I am pretty intimate with Mr. *C*, who has lent me two Books, *viz.* Seigneur *Montaigne*'s *Eſſays*, and Mr. *Hobbs*'s *Tripos*. I fancy, you will ſay,

ſay, he has made an excellent Choice. But I aſſure you, 'twas pure chance; for he knows no more what is contain'd in them, than he does what is contain'd in the Books of Deſtiny.

As for Seigneur *Montaigne*; I find by what I have read in him, that the chief Deſign of his *Eſſays* is to depreciate the Dignity of human Nature, and to render Man as vile and contemptible a Being as poſſible. For which end he very ſtrenuouſly maintains the Cauſe of *Scepticiſm*, heaping up all the Arguments and Authorities that can be thought of, to perſuade us we know Nothing, and that all things are altogether uncertain. He is extremely diſguſted at *Cicero*, for a Paſſage in his ſecond Book *De Naturâ Deorum*, C. LIII. *Quorum igitur causâ quis dixerit effectum eſſe Mundum? Eorum ſcilicet animantium, quæ ratione utuntur: hi ſunt Dii, & homines: quibus profectò nihil eſt melius. We can never ſufficiently decry* (ſays he) *the Impudence of this Conjunction. But, wretched Creature! what has he in himſelf worthy of ſuch an Advantage?* Here I muſt needs take *Cicero*'s part; for I cannot ſee any thing in this Quotation either Falſe or Arrogant. He does not affirm that the Univerſe was made *entirely* for the ſake of Man; but only, (what is plainly true,) that the World was made for him and the Gods, that is, ſuperior Intelligences. The Earth was certainly deſign'd, in a particular manner, for the Service of Man. And tho' it be very probable, that the fix'd Stars and Planets were intended principally for the Uſe and Habitation of other intelligent Beings, yet even Theſe contribute ſomething to the Service and Delight of Man, and may truly be ſaid to have been made *partly*, tho' not *ſolely* for his Uſe. The Moon, 'tis likely, may afford

a Habitation to ſome unknown Race of Animals. But that is not her *only* Uſe; ſhe ſerves likewiſe to enlighten the Earth with her reflected Splendour. The Earth, in like manner, gratefully returns her Courteſy, ſerving not only for an Abode to Man, but as a Moon to the *Lunar* World. How do thoſe glorious Spangles of the Sky, the fix'd Stars, delight our Eyes with their radiant Luſtre! How do they declare to us the Glory of God! How elevate our Thoughts to the Contemplation of their adorable Creator! Theſe certainly are Services, and very great ones too. So that, (whatever Seigneur *Montaigne* may think of it,) *Cicero* has not in this Paſſage arrogated to Man any vain and imaginary Prerogatives, but only recogniz'd the Bounty and Goodneſs of his Maker to him. He gives this Character of your admired *Cicero*: *As to* Cicero, *I am of the common Opinion, that, Learning excepted, he had no great Parts. He was a good Citizen, of an affable Nature, (as all fat heavy Men, ſuch as he was, uſually are,) but given to Eaſe, and had a mighty Share of Vanity and Ambition.* To conclude; If you wou'd ſee a juſt Character of this Author, I refer you to his Countrymen, * Monſieur *Malebranche*; who, in his *Search after Truth*, has made ſome very judicious Reflections upon him. I am,

*Dear SIR,*

*Your affectionate*

*humble Servant,*

H. NEEDLER.

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* *It has been thought proper to add to* this Edition *that part of the Chapter in Monſieur* Malebranche *here refer'd to, which is as follows:*

The

# The Judgment of Monſieur *Malebranche* concerning Monſieur *Montaigne*'s Eſſays.

## *Tranſlated from the ſecond Book of his* Search after Truth. *Chap.* V.

'THE Eſſays of Monſieur *Montaigne* afford a convincing Proof of the Force which Mens *Imaginations* have upon one another: For this Author has a certain free Air, and gives ſo natural and lively a Turn to his Thoughts, that it is difficult to read him without being prejudiced in his Favour. The Negligence which he affects, ſits very well upon him, and renders him amiable to moſt Readers, without raiſing their Contempt; and his Pride is the Pride of an honeſt Man, if I may ſo ſpeak, which makes him reſpected without being hated. His Knowledge of the World, and Gentleman-like Air, ſupported by ſome Learning, produce ſo ſtrong an Effect on the Mind, that we often admire him, and ſubmit almoſt always to what he dictates, without daring to examine it, and ſometimes even without underſtanding it. We are no ways convinced of the Truth of what he aſſerts, by his Reaſons; he ſcarce ever offers any for what he advances, or, at leaſt, ſcarce any which have any Strength in them. He has, indeed, no Principles on which he builds his Reaſonings; and he has no Method to make Deductions from his Principles. A

'Scrap of Hiſtory is no Proof; a ſhort Story is no 'Demonſtration; two Lines of *Horace*, or a Sen- 'tence of *Cleomenes* or of *Cæſar* cannot convince 'reaſonable Men. And yet his *Eſſays* are nothing 'but a Web of hiſtorical Narratives, ſhort Stories, 'pretty Sayings, Diſticks and Sentences.

'It is true, that we ought not to conſider *Mon- 'taigne* in his *Eſſays*, as a Man who reaſons, but 'as a Man who diverts himſelf, who endeavours 'to pleaſe us, and has no Thoughts of inſtructing 'us: And if thoſe who read him, only diverted 'themſelves with him, it muſt be allow'd that '*Montaigne* wou'd not be ſo bad a Book with re- 'ſpect to them. But it is ſcarce poſſible not to 'love that which pleaſes us, and not to feed upon 'that which ſooths our Palate. The Mind can- 'not delight itſelf in reading an Author, without 'imbibing ſome of his Sentiments, or, at leaſt, 'without receiving ſome Tincture from them, 'which mingling itſelf with the Ideas renders 'them confuſed and obſcure. But it is not only 'dangerous to read *Montaigne* to divert ourſelves, 'becauſe the Pleaſure we take in him engages us 'inſenſibly in his Sentiments; but likewiſe becauſe 'this Pleaſure is more culpable than we apprehend: 'For it is certain that it ariſes chiefly from corrupt 'Self-love, and ſerves only to cheriſh and ſtrengthen 'the Paſſions. Indeed this Author's manner of 'writing pleaſes us merely as it affects us, and 'awakens the Paſſions after an inſenſible Man- 'ner---------- But let us ſhew that we 'juſtly make uſe of *Montaigne*'s *Eſſays* to prove 'the Force which the *Imaginations* of Men have 'upon one another.

'I think, the greateſt Admirers of *Montaigne* 'commend him as a judicious Author, and re-

mote

'more from Pedantry, and that they are likewiſe 'perſuaded that he well underſtood the Nature 'and Weakneſſes of the Mind of Man. If then 'I can prove that *Montaigne*, as Genteel as he ap-'pears to be, was notwithſtanding an errant Pe-'dant, and that he had but a ſuperficial Knowledge 'of the Mind, I ſhall have ſhewn that thoſe who 'admire him moſt, were not convinced by evident 'Reaſons, but only won by the Strength of this 'Author's Imagination.

'The Word *Pedant* is very equivocal; but I 'think both *Cuſtom* and *Reaſon* require that they 'ſhou'd be call'd *Pedants*, who to make a Shew 'of their falſe Learning quote, right or wrong, all 'ſorts of Authors; who ſpeak for ſpeaking's ſake, 'and to be admired by Fools; who heap up, without 'Judgment and Diſtinction, Sentences and Paſſa-'ges from Hiſtory to prove, or to make a Shew 'of proving, things which cannot be proved but by 'Reaſons.

'Pedantick is oppoſed to Reaſonable; and that 'which makes Pedants odious to Men of Senſe is, 'that Pedants are not reaſonable: For Men of Senſe 'loving naturally to reaſon, they cannot bear the 'Converſation of thoſe who are not able to rea-'ſon. Pedants cannot reaſon, becauſe they have 'a little Mind, or a Mind fill'd with falſe Learn-'ing; and they will not reaſon, becauſe they per-'ceive ſome Men reſpect and admire them more, 'when they quote ſome unknown Author and 'ſome Sentence from an ancient Writer, than 'when they attempt to reaſon: And thus their 'Vanity being ſatisfied with the Reſpect which is 'ſhew'd them, engages them in the Study of all 'Extraordinary Things, that is to ſay, of all thoſe

'things which the Bulk of Mankind moſt willingly liſten to.

'Pedants are then vain and proud, of a large Memory and little Judgment, happy and ſtrong in Quotations, unhappy and weak in Argument, of a * lively and ſpacious Imagination, but fickle, irregular, and uncapable of any Exactneſs.

'It will not now be difficult to prove, that *Montaigne* was as much a Pedant as ſeveral others, according to this Notion of the word Pedant, which ſeems the moſt agreeable to Reaſon and Cuſtom. - - - - - - - - - He took Pains indeed to aſſume a Gentleman-like Air, but he did not take Pains to form an exact Judgment, or, at leaſt, he has not ſucceeded in it: And thus he has rather made himſelf a Pedant in the Habit of a Gentleman, and of a peculiar Species, than a reaſonable, judicious and good Man.

'*Montaigne*'s *Eſſays* contain ſuch evident Proofs of the Vanity and Pride of their Author, that it may ſeem needleſs to point out the Particulars: For a Man muſt be very full of himſelf to imagine, like him, that the Publick will read a large Book to have ſome Knowledge of his Humours. He muſt neceſſarily ſtand aloof from the Vulgar, and look upon himſelf as a very conſiderable Man.

'All Creatures are eſſentially obliged to turn the Minds of thoſe who wou'd adore them, towards him who alone deſerves to be adored; and Religion teaches us that we ought never to ſuffer 'that

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* Monſieur *Malebranche* ſeems to depart here from the receiv'd Notion of a *Pedant*, on purpoſe to accommodate his Definition to the Character of *Montaigne*.

that the Mind and Heart of Man, which is made for God alone, shou'd dwell upon, and rest in, the Admiration and Love of us. When *St. John* fell at the Feet of an Angel of the Lord to worship him, the Angel said unto him,

*See thou do it not: I am thy Fellow Servant, and of thy Brethren: Worship God.* Rev. xix. 10.

There are none but Demons, and such as share in the Pride of Demons, who take a Pleasure in being worship'd: And to desire that other Men shou'd dwell upon the Admiration of us, is to desire, not merely an exterior Homage, but a more true Worship: It is desiring to be worship'd, as God requires to be worship'd, that is to say, *in Spirit and in Truth.*

'*Montaigne* writ his Book merely to paint himself, and to describe his Temper and Inclinations. He confesses it himself in the Advertisement to the Reader inserted in all the Editions: *It is myself whom I paint,* says he; *I am myself the Subject of my Book.* And this appears sufficiently in reading him, for there are very few Chapters in which he does not make some Digression to speak of himself, and there are even whole Chapters in which he speaks of nothing else. But if he compos'd his Book to paint himself, he caused it to be printed that it might be read. He did then desire that Men shou'd consider and dwell upon him, altho' he says, *it is not reasonable they shou'd employ their Leisure on so vain and frivolous a Subject.* These Words serve only to condemn him. For if he had believ'd it was unreasonable they should employ their time in reading his Book, he had acted contrary to common Sense in causing it to be printed. Thus we are oblig'd to believe, either that he has not said what he

'thought, or that he has done what he ought not 'to have done.

'It is a pleaſant excuſe of his Vanity, to ſay he 'writ his Book only for his *Friends and Relations*. 'If this had been true, why ſhou'd he have cauſed 'three Impreſſions to be made of it? Wou'd not 'one have been enough for his *Friends and Rela-* 'tions? Whence comes it alſo that he enlarged it 'in the laſt Editions, and that he never left out any 'thing after it was once publiſh'd, but from hence, 'that Fortune favour'd his Inten-

Chap. ix. Book iii. 'tions. *I add*, ſays he, *but I cor-* 'rect nothing, *becauſe, I think, that* 'he who has mortgag'd his Work to the Publick, has 'no longer any Right in it. Let him write better, 'if he can, elſewhere; but let him not corrupt the 'Work which he has ſold. The Writings of ſuch 'Authors ought not to be bought 'till after their 'Death: Let them think well of it before they 'publiſh: Who hurries them? My Book is always 'the ſame, &c. He was then willing to publiſh 'and *mortgage* his Work to the Publick, as well 'as to his Friends and Relations. But however 'his Vanity wou'd have been ſufficiently blameable, 'if he had only turn'd the Minds and Affections of 'his Friends and Relations towards his Picture, 'as long a time as it requires to read his Book.

'If it be a Fault to *ſpeak* often of oneſelf, it is 'Impudence, or rather a kind of Madneſs, to '*praiſe* oneſelf every moment, as *Montaigne* does: 'For it is not only an Offence againſt Chriſtian 'Humility; but is even ſhocking to Reaſon. Men 'are made to live together, and to form Bodies 'and Civil Societies. But it muſt be obſerv'd, 'that all the Particulars which compoſe theſe So-'cieties, are unwilling to be thought the meaneſt

'Members

'Members of the Body to which they belong. 'And therefore they who are the Heralds of their 'own Praiſe, ſetting themſelves thereby above o-'thers, whom they degrade as the loweſt Mem-'bers of the Society, and conſidering themſelves 'as the Chief and moſt Honourable, neceſſarily 'make themſelves hateful to all Mankind, inſtead 'of cauſing themſelves to be belov'd and eſteem'd.

'It is then Vanity, and an imprudent and ridicu-'lous Vanity, in *Montaigne*, to ſpeak favourably 'of himſelf every moment. But it is ſtill a more 'extravagant Vanity in this Author to deſcribe his 'Faults: For, if we obſerve it, we ſhall perceive 'that he ſcarce diſcovers any but ſuch as Men 'are apt to glory of in the World, becauſe of the 'Corruption of the Age; that he freely attributes 'to himſelf what may make him paſs for a great 'Wit, and give him the Air of a well-bred Man; 'and that his Drift is, by this pretended frank Con-'feſſion of his Diſorders, to be believed more rea-'dily in thoſe things which he ſays to his own Ad-'vantage. He has reaſon to ſay,

'*That to value and to contemn oneſelf,* Book iii. *Ch.* xiii. '*often ſprings from the ſame Pride*

'*of Heart.* It is always a certain Proof that a 'Man is full of himſelf; and *Montaigne* ſeems to 'me even more proud and more vain when he 'blames, than when he commends himſelf, be-'cauſe it is an intolerable Pride to be vain of 'Faults, inſtead of being humbled for them. I 'prefer a Man who modeſtly conceals his Crimes, 'to one who impudently divulges them; and I 'think that the daring and unchriſtian Manner in 'which *Montaigne* diſplays his Vices, has ſome-'thing ſhocking in it. But let us examine the o-'ther Qualities of his Mind.

'If we take *Montaigne*'s Word for it, we must 'believe that he was a Man of
Book ii. Chap. x. 'no Retention; that every thing
Book i. Chap. xxiv. 'slip'd from him; that his Memo-
Book ii. Chap. xvii. 'ry fail'd him upon all Occasions;
'But that he was not deficient in 'Sense and Judgment. Nevertheless if we consider the Picture itself, which he has made of his Mind, I mean his own Book, we shall not 'be altogether of his Opinion.
Book ii. Chap. xvii. 'I cannot remember a Message, 'says he, *without noting it in my 'Pocket-Book; and when I have a Tale to tell, if it 'be of any length, I am reduced to the miserable ne-'cessity of getting it word for word by heart, other-'wise I should neither have proper Phrase nor Assu-'rance, being in perpetual fear left my Memory 'should play some scurvy Trick with me.* Does a Man, who is obliged to get a long Discourse by heart to be Master of proper Phrase and Assurance, want Memory more than Judgment? And does *Montaigne* deserve to be believed, when he says of himself: *I am oblig'd to distinguish my Servants 'by the Name of their Employments or Country, 'for I find it very difficult to remember Names; and 'if I should happen to be long-liv'd, I verily believe 'I should forget my own Name?* Has a common Gentleman, who can remember by heart and word for word long Discourses with Assurance, so many Officers that he cannot remember their 'Names? A Man, *who is born and*
Book xii. Chap. xvii. 'bred up in the Fields, and among 'Husbandry, who has Business and 'a Farm in his Hands*, and who says, *that to be in-'different about what lies at our Feet, what we have 'in our Hands, and what nearly concerns the Hap-'pines*

'*pinoſs of Life, it is a thing far remote from his Opi-*
'*nion:* Can ſuch a Man, I ſay, forget the *French*
'Names of his Domeſticks? *Can he be ignorant,*
'as he ſays, *of the greateſt Part of our Coins, of*
'*the difference between one Grain and another, both*
'*on the Ground and in the Barn, unleſs it be very*
'*evident, of the firſt Principles of Husbandry, which*
'*even Children know, of what uſe Teſt is in the ma-*
'*king of Bread, and what is meant by the working*
'*of Wine?* And yet have his Mind full of ſo many
'other Names of ancient Philoſophers, and of their
'Principles, *of the Ideas of* PLATO, *of the Atoms of* EPICURUS, *Book* ii. *Chap.* xii.
'*of the Plenitude and of the Va-*
'*cuum of* LEUCIPPUS *and of* DEMOCRITUS,
'*of the Water of* THALES, *of the Infinity of Na-*
'*ture of* ANAXIMANDER, *of the Air of* DIO-
'GENES, *of the Numbers and Symetry of* PY-
'THAGORAS, *of the Infinity of* PARMENIDES,
'*of the Unity of* MUSÆUS, *of the Water and*
'*Fire of* APOLLODORUS, *of the Similar Parts*
'*of* ANAXAGORAS, *of the Diſcord and Friend-*
'*ſhip of* EMPEDOCLES, *of the Fire of* HERA-
'CLITUS, &c. A Man, who in three or four
'Pages of his Book reports more than fifty Names
'of different Authors with their Opinions, whoſe
'Book is fill'd with Paſſages from Hiſtory, and
'Sentences heap'd up without
'Order, who ſays, that *Hiſtory* *Book* i. *Chap.* xxv.
'*and Poetry are but his Sport in*
'*Books,* who contradicts himſelf every Moment
'and in the ſame Chapter, even when he ſpeaks
'of things which he pretends to know beſt, I mean
'when he ſpeaks of the Qualites of his own Mind;
'ought ſuch a Man, I ſay, to value himſelf upon
'having more Wit and Judgment than Memory?

'Let

'Let us confeſs then, that *Montaigne* was *excellent in Forgetfulneſs*, ſince he himſelf aſſures us of it, ſince he wiſhes we ſhould entertain this Opinion of him, and, *laſtly*, ſince it is not altogether contrary to Truth. But let us not believe upon his Word, I mean upon the Praiſes which he gives himſelf, that he was a Man of great Senſe, and of an extraordinary Penetration of Mind. This might lead us into Error, and give too much Credit to the falſe and dangerous Opinions, which he broaches with a ſuperior Pride and Boldneſs, that ſerves only to ſtun and dazle weak Minds.

'Another Commendation which is given to *Montaigne* is, that he had a perfect Knowledge of the Mind of Man, that he penetrated its inward Receſſes, its Nature and Properties, that he knew the Strength and Weakneſſes of it, and in one word, every thing which can be known about it. Let us ſee if he deſerves theſe Praiſes, and whence it ariſes that Men are inclinable to beſtow them ſo liberally upon him.

'All who have read *Montaigne* well know, that he affected to paſs for a Sceptick, and that he gloried in doubting of every thing. *The Perſuaſion of Certainty*, ſays he, *is a certain Teſtimony of Folly and great Uncertainty, and there are no greater Fools, nor leſs Philoſophers than the Dogmatiſts of* PLATO. On the contrary he gives ſo many Praiſes to the *Pyrrhonians*, in the ſame Chapter, that it cannot be doubted he was of that Sect. It was neceſſary, at that time, in order to paſs for an able and gallant Man, to doubt of all Things; and the Character of *a Wit*, to which he aſpir'd, confirm'd him in thoſe Opinions.

Book i. Chap. xii.

'Thus,

'Thus, allowing him to be an *Academick*, he may 'be eaſily proved at once to be the moſt Ignorant 'of all Men, not only in what regards the Nature 'of the Mind, but likewiſe in every thing elſe. 'For ſince there is an eſſential Difference between 'Knowing and Doubting, if the *Academicks* ſay 'what they think, when they pretend to know 'nothing, they may be proved to be the moſt Ig'norant of all Men.

'But they are not only the moſt ignorant of all 'Men, but the Advocates alſo of the moſt unrea'ſonable Opinions. For they not only reject 'things the moſt certain and the moſt generally re'ceiv'd, in order to obtain the Character of *Wits*; 'but, by the ſame turn of *Imagination*, they delight 'to ſpeak in a deciſive manner of things the moſt 'uncertain and the leaſt probable. *Montaigne* was 'evidently ſeized with this Diſtemper of Mind, and 'we muſt unavoidably ſay, that he was not only 'ignorant of the Nature of the Mind of Man, but 'likewiſe entertain'd very groſs Errors on this Sub'ject, if he has told us his real Sentiments about 'it, as he ought to have done.

'Can it be pretended that a Man who confounds 'the Mind with Matter, who reports the moſt ex'travagant Opinions of Philoſophers concerning 'the Nature of the Soul without contemning them, 'and with an Air which ſufficiently ſhews that he 'moſt approves the moſt oppoſite to Reaſon; who 'ſees not the neceſſity of the Immortality of our 'Souls; who thinks that human Reaſon cannot 'diſcover it; and who looks upon the Proofs 'which are given of it as Dreams which our im'potent Deſires excite in us; *Somnia non docentis, ſed optantis*; *Book* ii. *Chap.* xii. 'who finds Fault that Men *ſhould*

'*ſeparate*

'*parate themselves from the Crowd of other Creatures and distinguish themselves from Beasts*; whom he calls *our Brethren and our Companions*, whom he believes to speak, to understand one another, and to ridicule us, in the same manner as we speak, as we understand one another, and as we ridicule them; who thinks that one Man differs more from another, than a Man does from a Beast; who gives even to Spiders, *Deliberation*, *Thought* and *Deduction*; and who, after having maintain'd that even the Disposition of the Body of Man has no Advantage above that of Beasts, at last gladly embraces this Sentiment, *That it is not by Reason, by Discourse, and by the Soul that we excel the Beasts, but by our Beauty, our fine Complexion, and the admirable Disposition of our Members, in comparison of which we must give up our Understanding, our Prudence, and every thing else*, &c. Can it be pretended, I say, that a Man who makes use of the most extravagant Opinions to conclude, *that it is not by evident Reason, but merely thro' Pride and Obstinacy, that we prefer ourselves to other Animals*, had an exact Knowledge of the human Mind; and does any one hope to impose this upon us?

'But we must do Justice to all Mankind, and fairly acknowledge the true Qualities of *Montaigne*'s Mind. He had, indeed, little Memory, and still less Judgment: But both these Qualities do not compose what the World commonly calls *Brilliancy of Wit*. It is the Beauty, the Vivacity, and the Extent of Imagination, which give the Character of a *fine Wit*. The Bulk of Mankind esteem what sparkles, and not what is solid, because they are struck more by that which affects the Senses, than by what informs the Judgment.

Thus

'Thus taking *Beauty of Imagination* for *Beauty of Mind*, it may be ſaid that *Montaigne* had a beautiful and very extraordinary Mind. His Ideas are falſe, yet ſparkling: His Expreſſions are bold or irregular, but agreeable: His Diſcourſes are ill-ſupported, but well imagin'd. The Character of an Original, which infinitely delights us, ſhines throughout his Book. As much a Copier as he really is, he does not ſeem ſo; and his ſtrong and bold Imagination always gives the turn of an Original to the things which he copies. To conclude, he has all the Qualifications neceſſary to pleaſe and to impoſe on his Readers: And, I think, I have ſufficiently ſhewn, that it is not by convincing their Underſtandings that he has obtain'd ſo many Admirers, but by engaging their Hearts by the ever-victorious Vivacity of his triumphant Imagination.

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# To Mr. *H.*

Portſmouth, *October* 1, 1711.

I Believe, you begin to think, that I mean to expreſs my Reſentment of your long Silence by my own; or that I obſerve Punctilios, like the Ladies. But I aſſure you, Experience has ſo well convinced me of the Difficulty of getting Time, in the midſt of Buſineſs, to write a Letter worth Reading, that I can eaſily excuſe your Delay, on this moſt equitable Condition, that you will admit of the ſame Excuſe for mine. Buſineſs confines the Soul (as it were,) in a Magick Circle; it makes it move round

round in a Ring, ſtill beating the ſame dull Path; without ſuffering it to entertain itſelf with the Contemplation of any thing New or Improving. 'Tis, in ſhort, the Fetters and Shackles of the Mind; it deprives even Thought of its Native Freedom; and ought ſo much rather to be ſhun'd than Bodily Confinement, as the Liberty of the Soul is preferable to that of the Body. It may indeed well be ſaid to impriſon the Mind; for as Corporal Impriſonment confines the Body to move in One Determinate Place, ſo Buſineſs confines the Soul to think of One Particular Subject.

I am not at all ambitious of a great and ſplendid Fortune; but, I muſt own, I very much deſire ſuch a Portion of Wealth, as may be ſufficient to make me Maſter of my own Time and Thoughts.

*For the few Hours of Life allotted me,*
*Grant me, Great God, but Bread and Liberty;*
*I'll aſk no more. If more thou'rt pleas'd to give,*
*I'll thankfully that Overplus receive.*
*If beyond this, no more be freely ſent;*
*I'll thank for this, and go away content.*

Cowley.

* Let me but enjoy my Friend and my Books, and the free Uſe of my own Thoughts, in ſome ſweet obſcure Receſs, ſome Rural Retirement; And the Ambitious

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* While others fondly feed Ambition's Fire,
And to the Top of human State aſpire;
That from their Airy Eminence they may
With Pride and Scorn th' inferior World ſurvey,
Thus we ſhou'd dwell Obſcure, yet Happier far than they.

*Mr.* Hughes. *M.S.*

Ambitious may, by Me unenvied, aſcend the higheſt Pinnacles of Honour and Preferment; the Miſer may fill his Coffers brimfull with Gold; and the Voluptuary wallow in ſenſual Delights. For my Part, I have no Ambition but to be Maſter of my-ſelf; nor am I ſo deſirous to fill my Bags with Gold, as to enrich my Mind with Knowledge and Virtue; nor do I think any Pleaſures ſo valuable, as thoſe of Innocence and Tranquillity.

Antiquity has tranſmitted to us the Lives of a great many Eminent Men; among all which, I think none more to be envied than *Epicurus* and *Metrodorus*. Theſe were two Friends, that lived obſcurely and unknown at *Athens*, paſſing away their Time in a delicious Garden, in the Study of Philoſophy and Contemplation of Nature. I am perſuaded that the Lives of theſe Philoſophers were far more happy, than thoſe of *Alexander* the Great or *Julius Cæſar*. *They* lived at Eaſe and Secure; delighting their Minds with the Search and Contemplation of Truth: Whilſt *Theſe* underwent perpetual Fatigues and Toils of Body, reſtleſs Cares and Anxieties of Mind; and all to purchaſe a wretched Prize of * Imaginary Glory. They made indeed a brave Figure, a ſplendid Appearance in the World; and, it is likely, were thought happy Men by the Crowd. But I very much queſtion, whether they were thought ſo by themſelves.

For

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* Fame? What is that, if courted for herſelf?
Leſs than a Viſion; a meer Sound, an Echo,
That calls with mimick Voice thro' Woods and Labyrinths
Her cheated Lovers; loſt and heard by Fits;
But never fix'd; a ſeeming Nymph, yet Nothing.
*Siege of* Damaſcus.

For my Part, I own, I am of such an indolent unaspiring Temper, that I shou'd think Fame and Renown dearly purchased at the Price of my Ease and Safety. I mortally hate all Bustle and Noise. I am for a calm and quiet Life; a Life that shou'd consist rather in Contemplation than Motion, in Speculation than Action. I wou'd have it glide along with a smooth and even Pace, like a gentle Current; not rowl with impetuous Force, like a rapid Torrent.

*In some low Vale, where limpid Rivers stray,*
*And spiritful Streams with prattling Pebbles play;*
*Where lofty Trees a* Sylvan *Prospect raise,*
*Inglorious let me pass my peaceful Days.*

If I were to chuse what manner of Life I wou'd lead, I shou'd divide my Time between my Study and the Field; between the Employments and Diversions of the Country, and the Pursuit of Learning and Philosophy. Perhaps I might sometimes join them both together. And, in the Summer, you wou'd probably find me sitting under a Tree with a Book in my Hand, or walking thoughtfully by myself in some pleasant Solitude. But since even Paradise cou'd not make Man completely happy without Society, I would not seclude myself, like a Hermit, from all Conversation. The Company of a Friend, (I mean such a Friend, as a certain Harmony and Suitableness of Temper and Disposition has indear'd to one,) is too valuable a Blessing to be despised. I wou'd have you, if possible, or at least one of your Genius and Disposition, to live with me, or very near me, and to be the Companion of my Retirement and Rural Pleasures. I wou'd not, however, absolutely renounce *London*.

The

Tho' I shou'd not, indeed, chuse to live there; yet I might perhaps visit it for a Month or two in the Winter. I shou'd return with fresh Appetite to the Delights of Retirement and the Country, after I had exchang'd them a while for the Entertainments of the Town. Besides, I love Variety in every Thing; and believe that a too constant and uninterrupted Enjoyment of any Pleasure, wou'd make it grow flat and insipid. May Heaven prove so propitious to us, as to grant that we may, at length, live thus happily together! This is the sincere Wish and Desire of

*Your affectionate Friend*

*and Servant,*

H. NEEDLER.

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## REMARKS on the Argument contain'd in Mr. *Needler*'s Letter dated *July* 15, 1711.

*THE Assertion is; That if God shou'd cease to will a Creature to exist, it wou'd immediately fall back into Nothing.*

*The Argument is; That the Will of God having given it Being, the withdrawing of that Will necessarily makes the Being to cease; according to this Axiom,* sublatâ Causâ, tollitur Effectus.

*To me the Question seems not to be stated distinctly enough, but rather to be apt to betray one into a Mistake by being capable of a double Sense, viz. Negatively or Positively. And the Argument is consequently*

*quently but imperfectly understood, 'till we precisely fix the Meaning of the Position, which is true in one Sense, but not in the other.*

First, *If it means Positively, That, if God should cease to allow or be willing that the Creature shou'd exist, it wou'd presently resolve into Nothing; here indeed it is true; for this is all one as formally to Will or Resolve it shall not Be; which must as certainly cause it not to Be, as his Willing or Resolving that it should Be, caused it to exist.*

Secondly, *If it means Negatively, That, tho' God shou'd not expressly resolve the Creature shall not Be, but only simply forbear to exert this formal Resolution, or Act of his Mind,* I will this to exist, *and shou'd not at the same time put forth any Positive Force or Power to reduce it to Nought, but merely give it up to shift for itself as it is able, and stand absolutely Neuter; it wou'd immediately hereupon cease to exist: In this Sense it seems to me not true.*

*There are but two Ways, that I know of, for a Creature to be annihilated, viz. By the Power of another Being put forth upon it, or by some Inbred Principle of Self Dissolution. The First is the Peculiar of God alone, and can have no Place here, according to this State of the Question. The Second do's no way appear; nor am I aware of any Qualities in Body or Spirit, which can furnish a Proof of it. We observe indeed a great Mutability in them; or an Inclination to change from one Condition to another, but this do's not imply any Propensity in them to fall out of Being. In Bodies without Sense, as in Plants, we see an Inclination to decay, to wither and rot; but when they are decay'd, wither'd and rotted, the same Matter continues to exist under a different Modification. And in Animals, the Proof is yet stronger against the Assertion, for the*

*Principle*

*Principle of Self-Preſervation reclaims againſt it. This is inſerted ſo deeply, that it ſtrenuouſly oppoſes even a Mutation, when it is for the worſe; ſo far is it from inclining to Not-being. And, beſides this Principle of Mutability and Decay, I do not know any elſe that we can obſerve in Things, which bears any Reſemblance to Annihilation. But He can be no Philoſopher, who ſhall argue from One to the Other. And, ſince ſuch a Principle of Self-Diſſolution never puts forth it-ſelf, I do not underſtand how we can arrive at the Knowledge of it. And it ſeems abſurd that there ſhou'd be ſuch a one, for then there wou'd be implanted in Nature, at one and the ſame Time, two Principles directly contrary to, and ruinous of each other, and which can never be reconciled.*

*There is alſo a Diſtinction to be made between the Will and the Power of God. And this will farther ſhew the Argument to be Inaccurately worded. For the Will and Power of God are two different Attributes, and we have a plain Idea of each ſeparate from the other. I do not mean here that we have a clear Notion of the Will and Power of God, ſtrictly ſpeaking; but only that we find the Idea which we are able to form of his Will, and of his Power, to bear a Diverſity, and not to be the ſame: And this Diſtinction has always been allow'd by thoſe who have written on the Divine Attributes; Indeed to expreſs the prompt and infallible Execution of his Deſigns, we ſay, God needs only Will a Thing to Be, in order to make it Be. And this is a Conciſe and Majeſtic Way of Speaking, and gives us a venerable and high Notion of the perfect Will of God: But, in ſtrict Propriety, his Will is not the Efficient Cauſe, but his Power, which is exerted according to his Will, and directed by it.*

*Thus*

*Thus if God Wills or Resolves, that a Creature, as yet Inexisting, shall be; Equally with this Act of his Will, his Power puts forth it self, and the Creature accordingly comes into Being. But this is not performed by the Will simply, and divided from the Attribute of Power, but in Conjunction with it. Thus his Will may be said to set his Power on acting, and in this Sense and thus far is the Cause of things. In our-selves we find Volition is different from Power; for we will many things, which we are not able to accomplish. But this being an Imperfection, is removed from God; yet it may serve to help us to conceive a Difference between Volition and Power. Thus then it appears, that there is not a simple Volition only, but a positive Power also exerted to produce a Creature, so that Creation is a Complex Act, and proceeds from the Will and Power of God, (not to mention here his Wisdom and Goodness.) Now the Argument implys, that this same Complex Act is necessary to be always continued, in order to preserve the Creature from relapsing into Nothing; for it asserts, without any Distinction, that the very same Cause which gave it Being, must never be withdrawn,* i. e. *must perpetually exert it-self without Intermission. This is also unwarily expres'd, and is capable of a double Sense.* 1. *That the very Act of Creation must be incessantly exerted: which is so far from being true, that it is not Sense. For then Creation would always be an Imperfect Act, advancing indeed towards Completion, but never arriving at it. For since to create, is to bring a Being out of Nothing; when the Being is once brought out of Nothing, Creation is finish'd; and, whatever Act is necessary to preserve it, 'tis certain it cannot be the same; Because then, to bring into Being a Creature which is not; and to preserve a Creature*

*brought*

*brought into Being, would be the same; which is false: And it would be, To bring out of Nothing into Being, that which, at the same Time, is already brought out of Nothing into Being; which is impossible, and not Sense.*

*It remains therefore, that we consider the Argument in another Meaning,* viz. *That Not the Same, but some Other Act of Omnipotence is necessary to preserve a Creature; because a Creature being the Effect of Omnipotence, the Cause must continue in order to continue the Effect. This is built upon the Maxim,* sublatâ Causâ, tollitur Effectus.

*But if we examine into this Axiom, we shall find it to be of no Service in the present Question; for it is not Universally true. Some Effects are fix'd and durable, even after the Cause is perish'd; Thus a Clock or a House continue after the Workman is dead, and after all the Instruments employ'd in making them, are destroy'd. There are other Effects which depend upon the Presence and uninterrmitted Operation of the Cause; the shining of the Sun, upon the Sun, which continues while the Sun is present, and no longer. Therefore before this Axiom can be brought as a Proof in this Question, it must be shewn, that the Creature is of the last sort of Effects. And if it is of this second sort, and cannot subsist without a continual positive Act of Omnipotence, it must be either, 1st, Because God could not; or 2dly, Because He would not make it otherwise.*

*It cannot be the first; and there is no Way, that I can think of, for us to know it to be the second, but by Observation of the Properties of a created Being, or by Revelation, or by seeing that it manifestly contradicts some Attribute of God to have it otherwise. For the first, I refer to what is said above The second I believe is not pretended. And as to the third,*

*That*

*That a Creature ſhould exiſt, unleſs a poſitive Act of Omnipotence is put forth to deſtroy it, does in no manner diminiſh either the Power, Wiſdom, Freedom or Majeſty of God; becauſe it is ſtill abſolutely at His Diſpoſal, as much as if the Aſſertion was true. Therefore the ſecond Argument in Mr.* Needler's *Letter has no Force. Becauſe God having given to Creatures all the Qualities they have, can alſo reſume and change them at Pleaſure; And they entirely depend upon His Permiſſion for their Being, and upon His Good Providence for their Well-being. In a Word, I can ſee no manner of Reaſon to aſſert; That a continual poſitive Act of Omnipotence is neceſſary to ſecure a Creature from reſolving into Nought; for then Exiſtence is one continued Violence offer'd to the Creature; and, as the B. of* Sarum *ſays, it has a Tendency to its own Deſtruction; which is abſurd: For Being and Not-being are perfectly oppoſite, and can have no Propenſity to meet; and it requires as great a Power to reconcile That to This, as This to That. And it is plain that his Lordſhip's Aſſertion is true, Becauſe, according to this Affirmation, merely upon the ceaſing of this Omnipotent Act, it falls into Nothing, without any poſitive Act exerted upon it,* i. e. *Leave it but to it ſelf, and it will ſink out of Being.*

*Briefly to recapitulate the Whole. The Aſſertion is capable of a double Senſe, a Poſitive and a Negative. In the 1ſt, it is true; In the 2d, not. The*

Firſt is, *That if God ſhould ceaſe to allow of the Exiſtence of a Creature, it could not exiſt.* Conceed:

Second, *That if God ſhould merely give it up to ſhift for it ſelf, and ceaſe to exert this formal Reſolution,* I will this to exiſt, *it would not exiſt.* Neg:

*If*

*If a Creature is annihilated, it muſt be either by the Power of another Being put forth upon it, or by a Propenſity inſerted in its Nature. The firſt belongs to God alone, and has no Place in the Queſtion thus ſtated. The ſecond does not appear by any Properties or Operations of Creatures. They have a Propenſity to Mutation, but That does not infer a Propenſity to Not-being. For it can never be prov'd, that Exiſtence, ſimply as ſuch, muſt neceſſarily ceaſe, unleſs Omnipotence perpetually exerts itſelf poſitively, to preſerve it.*

*A Diſtinction is to be made between the Will and the Power of God, which are two different Attributes. A Poſitive Infinite Power is neceſſary to produce a Creature; and the ſame Poſitive Infinite Power ſeems, as far as we can judge, neceſſary to uncreate.*

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# To Mr. *D.*

Portſmouth, *October* 5, 1711.

*Dear SIR,*

YOU will eaſily believe that I am but ill qualified, in the midſt of Noiſe and Buſineſs, to perform the Task you have ſet me; namely, To give a full and particular Anſwer to Mr *H*----*s*'s Objections. But however, ſince I cannot be convinced that any of his Exceptions are well grounded, much leſs that the main Propoſition which I undertook to prove in my Letter is falſe, I think my ſelf obliged to make ſome Reply, and to endeavour to ſhew the Inconcluſiveneſs of his Arguments.

Firſt then I find it affirm'd, *That the Propoſition itſelf is not laid down with ſufficient Clearneſs and Diſtinction, but is capable of a double Meaning.* Not having time to take Copies of my Letters, I cannot produce the very Words of the Propoſition as expreſs'd in the Letter, but ſuppoſing they are preciſely the ſame with thoſe in the Remarks, *viz. That if God ſhou'd ceaſe to will a Creature to exiſt, it wou'd immediately fall back into Nothing*, I cannot ſee but they expreſs my true Meaning with ſufficient Clearneſs and Certainty. For, according to common Uſe and Cuſtom, he is not ſaid to will a thing, who only does not will the contrary; but he who poſitively wills that thing ſhou'd Be. Thus if any one ſhou'd ſay, God wills that a human Soul ſhall exiſt, I think he wou'd not be underſtood to mean only, Negatively; That God did not will that a human Soul ſhou'd not exiſt; but that he will'd poſitively, that a human Soul ſhou'd exiſt. But if to will a thing to Be ſignifies, according to common Acceptation, the ſame as to have a Poſitive Volition that it ſhou'd Be; then certainly to ceaſe to will a thing to Be, can ſignifie nothing properly, but to ceaſe to put forth any Poſitive Act of Volition, that it ſhou'd Be. Beſides, it is not to be ſuppos'd, that he who deſign'd to expreſs this Propoſition, *If God ſhou'd poſitively will that a Creature ſhall not Be, it wou'd immediately ceaſe to exiſt*; wou'd chuſe ſuch a Form of Words, as are evidently more proper to be underſtood in a different Senſe. This I ſay, to ſhew that the Propoſition, taken by itſelf, is ſufficiently clear. But, after all, if it had been doubtful in itſelf, there are ſo many Paſſages in the Letter, which determine it to a Poſitive Senſe, that no one, after he had read that, cou'd have made

made any Queſtion what was the true Senſe of it; much leſs the Perſon to whom it was addreſs'd, who was previouſly acquainted with my Notions upon that Subject. So that I cannot think myſelf guilty of a Tranſgreſſion of that fundamental Rule of *Logick*, which requires, *That the Propoſition to be proved, be (above all others) expreſs'd ſo diſtinctly and determinately, as entirely to exclude all Ambiguity of Meaning.*

Another Paſſage, which I find charg'd with doubtfulneſs of Senſe, is this; *In order to preſerve a Creature in Being, the ſame Cauſe, which gave it Being, muſt never be withdrawn from it.* This Propoſition is affirm'd to be capable of a double Senſe, namely; Either that the very Act of Creation muſt be inceſſantly exerted; or that not the ſame, but ſome other Act of Omnipotence than that whereby it was created, is neceſſary to preſerve a Creature. And yet it is aſſerted, that the firſt of theſe Senſes is Nonſenſe. But I muſt confeſs, I do not underſtand, how a Propoſition can be capable of ſuch a Senſe, as is no Senſe at all; and I ſhou'd think I had ſufficiently ſecur'd a Propoſition from Ambiguity of Meaning, if I had ſo expreſs'd it, as that it cou'd be took but one way without making Nonſenſe of it. But to let that paſs; I think it is plain, that he who affirms, That an Act of God is the Cauſe of the Exiſtence of Creatures, and that in order to continue their Exiſtence, that Cauſe muſt likewiſe be continued; does not mean that, in order to continue the Exiſtence of Creatures, it is neceſſary God ſhou'd preſerve them by an Act diſtinct from that whereby he at firſt caus'd them to exiſt, but by the Continuance of the very ſame numerical Act. And this is neither Nonſenſe nor Abſurdity. For 'tis one thing to

ſay, That in order to continue the Exiſtence of Creatures, 'tis neceſſary the ſame Divine Act, whereby they exiſted at their firſt Creation, ſhou'd likewiſe be continued; (which, by the way, ſeems to me a Propoſition ſufficiently plain in itſelf, as to the Truth as well as Meaning of it, to any one that will conſider it with Attention and Indifference;) and another thing to ſay, That the very Act of Creation muſt be inceſſantly exerted. For the one implies, that the ſame numerical Act, conſider'd as exiſting in the ſame Moment of Time, muſt be continued; which indeed is Nonſenſe. The other, that the ſame numerical Act muſt be continued thro' the ſeveral ſucceſſive Moments of Duration, wherein the Creature exiſts, but not conſider'd as exiſting all the while in the ſame firſt Mom nt.

So that, according to my Notions, Preſervation may in a Senſe be called a continual Creation, foraſmuch as a Creature is preſerv'd in Being by the Continuance of the ſame numerical Act, whereby it was created or caus'd at firſt to Be, coexiſting along with it thro' all the ſucceſſive Moments of its Duration. So that the Act whereby a Creature, which has continued to exiſt, ſuppoſe, a Twelvemonth, is at this Inſtant preſerv'd in Being, differs no otherwiſe from That whereby it was a Twelvemonth ago firſt caus'd to Be, than the Creature itſelf differs now from what it was a Twelvemonth ago, that is, only in reſpect of Duration of Exiſtence; and in this is imply'd no Contradiction. All the Contradiction lies, in ſuppoſing this Divine Act (inſtead of continuing to cauſe a Creature to exiſt, which it had before caus'd to begin to Be,) *perpetually* to cauſe a Creature to exiſt in the *firſt* Moment of its Exiſtence.

In

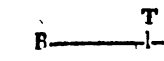
In ſhort, Creation is an Ambiguous Term, and may either ſignifie ſimply, the cauſing a thing to Be for any certain Part of Duration, without determining whether that thing had exiſted before or not; or the cauſing a thing to begin to Be, or giving the firſt Moment of Exiſtence to a thing which before was not. Now if Creation be taken in the firſt Senſe, To preſerve a Being is the ſame as inceſſantly to create it. But if in the ſecond, it is not.

Thus having endeavour'd to ſettle and determine the true and preciſe Meaning of thoſe Terms uſed in the Controverſy, that were thought uncertain, (which was neceſſary to be done in the firſt Place,) I proceed now to anſwer the Objections againſt the Propoſition, and the Arguments I urg'd to ſupport it, as thus explain'd.

Firſt then it is aſſerted, *That this Argument*, ſublatâ Causâ tollitur Effectus, *is not Univerſally true*; *foraſmuch as there are ſome Effects which continue, even after their Cauſes are deſtroy'd; as a Clock or Houſe, which remain, when the Workman, who made them, is dead.* To this I anſwer, That it appears by the whole Tenour of the Argument, againſt which this Objection is brought, that a Creature is of that laſt ſort of Effects, which, 'tis granted, depend upon the Preſence and unintermitted Operation of the Cauſe. The Argument runs thus; 'Tis allow'd, that a Creature, in the firſt Moment of its Exiſtence, depends entirely upon an Act of the Divine Omnipotence, ſo that if that Act were not, neither wou'd the Creature Be; for thus much is imply'd in the very Notion of Creation. Let us then ſuppoſe this Act of the Divine Omnipotence withdrawn from a Creature thus depending on it; and is it not plain, that the Creature will

fall back into Nothing? 'Tis wholly ſuſtain'd by this Act, and therefore, if it be withdrawn, it muſt needs ſink. Now by this Repreſentation of the Argument, it appears, that Creatures are of that ſecond ſort of Effects which Mr. *H*------*s* mentions; And conſequently that the *Axiom* may be rightly applied to them. But if it cou'd not, that wou'd make nothing againſt the Validity of my Argument, which does not at all depend upon it, and is complete without it. I only refer'd to it as to a known Maxim, which ſeem'd well to agree with the Concluſion I had drawn, but did not uſe it as part of the Argument.

But, farther to illuſtrate this Argument; Let us ſuppoſe a Body, as (A), by it-ſelf in a void Space; and let it be requir'd to prove, that upon Suppoſition that (A) cannot begin to move of itſelf towards (B), without the Action of God upon it, that then, even after God has put it in Motion, it can move no longer, than his Power continues to impell it. Let then ſome ſmall Part of the Line (AB) be mark'd off, thro' which let it be ſuppos'd that God having caus'd (A) to move, ceaſes to put forth the impulſive Act. Now ſince the only Cauſe of A's moving thro' the indefinitely ſmall Space (AT), was the Action of God upon it; and ſince that Action is now withdrawn, and has left it to itſelf; it neceſſarily follows, that (A) can move no longer; the Cauſe upon which its Motion depended being taken away. Now if for a Body, be put a Creature; for Motion, Exiſtence; for beginning to Move, beginning to Be; for an indefinitely ſmall Part of Space, a Moment or indefinitely ſmall Part of Duration; &c. This Argument will be juſt the ſame as that

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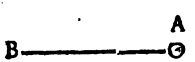
used before; and therefore, if duly compar'd with it, may serve to give it some Light.

Mr. *H------s* affirms, *That, if a Creature cannot exist without a continual positive Act of Omnipotence, it must be either because God cou'd not; or because he wou'd not make it otherwise. But (says he) it cannot be the first.* I admit the Enumeration; but I deny the second Proposition; *viz.* that which implies, That God can, if he pleases, produce Creatures, which shall continue to exist, tho' he shou'd not sustain them by a *positive Act* of his Omnipotence. For I think I have shewn; That to suppose God to make such a Creature, implies a Contradiction: And therefore I hope no Philosopher will accuse me of Irreverence, if I presume to affirm, That he cannot do it; Since Omnipotence itself cannot effect that which is in its own Nature Impossible.

A little farther I find these Words; *That a Creature shou'd exist, unless a positive Act of Omnipotence is put forth to destroy it, does in no manner diminish either the Power, Wisdom, Freedom, or Majesty of God; because it is still absolutely at his Disposal, as much as if the Assertion was true.* I allow, if a Creature were indeed as absolutely at God's Disposal upon this Hypothesis as mine, I cou'd not justly argue against it from the Power and other Attributes of God. But *that* I deny; and think I have prov'd, in the Letter which occasion'd this Controversy, that if a Creature does not depend upon a *positive Act* of the Divine Omnipotence for its Existence, it cannot be annihilated: which to affirm, is certainly to diminish the Divine Power.

Mr. *H------s* proceeds thus: *If a continual positive Act of Omnipotence is necessary to secure a Crea-*

*ture from resolving into Nought, then Existence is one continued Violence offer'd to the Creature; and, as the Bishop of* Sarum *says, it has a Tendency to its own Destruction; which is absurd: For Being and Not-being are perfectly opposite, and can have no Propensity to meet; and it requires as great a Power to reconcile That to This, as This to That. And it is plain that his Lordship's Assertion is true; because, according to this Affirmation, merely upon the ceasing of this Omnipotent Act, it falls into Nothing, without any positive Act exerted upon it*; i. e. *Leave it but to it-self, and it will sink out of Being.* The Sense of this Objection seems doubtful; forasmuch as the Tendency to Annihilation, which it affirms to follow upon my Hypothesis, may be taken either Negatively or Positively; that is, Creatures may be said to have a Tendency to Annihilation, either, Negatively, upon Account of their wanting any positive Ability to Be: or else, Positively, as having some Degree of a real Propension to Not-being. To illustrate this Distinction by an Example: A Piece of well-temper'd Steel (suppose the Spring of a Watch) being forcibly bent out of its natural Posture, may be said to have a positive Endeavour to return to its Original State; since even while it is retain'd by a Superior Power, it nevertheless exerts some Degree of Resistance, and will certainly fly back, as soon as that outward Force, which restrains it, is remov'd. And the forcible Retention of a thing in such a State as this, to which it has a positive Opposition, is properly said to be Violent, or a Violence offer'd to it. But now, to give an Instance of the other Part of the Distinction; If

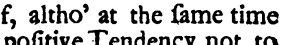



we suppose the Body (A), to be mov'd along the Line (A B) by an External Force; the Tendency

dency which (A) has to ceaſe to move, when that Force is taken away, is merely Negative, implying nothing of any real Endeavour exerted by (A) to be at reſt; but conſiſting in a mere Negation of any poſitive Power, to move of it-ſelf.

Now if the Objection be taken according to the firſt Part of the Diſtinction, I deny the Conſequence, which it charges upon my Principles, to be genuine: If it be taken according to the ſecond Part, I own the Conſequence, but deny the Abſurdity of it.

*Firſt* I ſay, that it does not at all follow from this Principle; *If a Creature was left to it-ſelf, it wou'd ceaſe to Be*; that there is in Creatures any poſitive Tendency to Not-being. This appears clearly from hence, That if we ſuppoſe 'em to have only a Negative Propenſion to Not-being, ſo that they cannot ſubſiſt without an External Support, it muſt needs follow, that if they have no ſuch Support, but are left entirely to themſelves, they muſt ceaſe to Be. For, if a Creature has no poſitive Power to Be, 'tis evident that it muſt ceaſe to exiſt, if it be left to it-ſelf, altho' at the ſame time it be ſuppos'd to have no poſitive Tendency not to Be. Thus if we ſuppoſe the Body (A) to be mov'd along the Line (AB), and that it has no Power to move of it-ſelf, or without the Action of ſome External Force upon it; 'tis plain, that if it be left to it-ſelf, it will preſently ceaſe to move, thro' the mere Want of a ſelf-active Principle; altho' it be allow'd to have no manner of poſitive Tendency to Reſt.




That which is apt to make People believe, that Creatures, upon this *Hypotheſis*, muſt have ſomewhat of a poſitive Tendency to Not being, is; That they conſider a Creature as exiſting, after it

is deſerted by the Divine Omnipotence, and then of its own accord making its Exit. If this indeed were the Caſe, it muſt have a poſitive Propenſity to Not-being. But this Conception of the Matter is entirely falſe; for what I aſſert is; That in the very ſame individual Inſtant of Time, in which God ſhou'd ceaſe to put forth a formal poſitive Act of his Omnipotence to ſuſtain the Creature, it wou'd ceaſe to Be: And not that it wou'd remain in Being any Time after the Ceſſation of that Act, and then drop into Nothing, without any External Cauſe, Poſitive or Negative. For, according to what I maintain; The Exiſtence and Non-exiſtence of Creatures are inſeparably connected with the Exiſtence and Non-exiſtence of this poſitive Act; ſo that in the very Inſtant that the one ariſes into Being, the other likewiſe ariſes: And in the very Inſtant that the one ceaſes, the other alſo ceaſes. There is indeed a Priority, in order of Nature or Conception, of the Act of the Divine Omnipotence, to the Exiſtence of the Creature which it cauſes to Be; and of the Ceſſation of the Act, to the Ceſſation of the Creature; becauſe the one is pre-ſuppos'd to the other, as the Cauſe to the Effect. But in reſpect of Time, the one has no manner of Priority to the other. For as the Image in the Glaſs attends, and depends upon the Preſence of the Perſon whoſe Image it is, ſo that he no ſooner preſents himſelf, but the Image appears, and no ſooner removes, but it vaniſhes: Even ſo Creatures (which are but Images and Shadows of the Divine Ideas,) depend upon God's Omnipotent Act; which no ſooner commences, but they alſo begin to exiſt; and no ſooner ceaſes, but they drop into Nothing.

Thus

Thus it appears, that if the Objection be underſtood according to the firſt Part of the Diſtinction, it is no true Conſequence of the Principle I maintain. But if it be taken according to the ſecond Part, it muſt be acknowledg'd that the Conſequence is genuine; For if a Creature, when left to itſelf, will immediately ceaſe to exiſt, it unavoidably follows, that it has a Negative Propenſion to Not-being; *i. e. that it is in it-ſelf void of any real Power to Be.*

It remains] therefore for me to ſhew, that there is no Abſurdity in this Conſequence. The Argument which is brought to prove, that it is abſurd to imagine, that Creatures have any Tendency to Not-being, is this: *Being and Not-being are perfectly oppoſite, and can have no Propenſity to meet; and it requires as great a Power to reconcile that to this, as this to that.* But if this Argument prov'd any thing, it wou'd prove a great deal too much. For ſince it is true, that Being and Not-being are perfectly oppoſite; If to create or annihilate, were to reconcile them together and make 'em meet, it wou'd follow, that it was abſolutely impoſſible that any thing ſhou'd be created or annihilated even by the Power of God himſelf; which, as infinite as it is, does not extend to the reconciling Contradictions, or to the conjoining ſuch things, whoſe Ideas have not antecedently a conceivable Union in their own Natures. But the Truth of it is, this Argument proceeds upon a mere Equivocation; and there needs only a little Diſtinction to ſhew the Invalidity of it. It is affirmed, that Being and Not-being are perfectly oppoſite. I grant it; if by Being be meant the ſame as Exiſtence. For it is certain, that Exiſtence and Non-exiſtence are perfectly oppoſite, and can never be reconcil'd or made

made to meet. But if by Being be meant any thing which has Being, or exists; I deny that whatever has Existence is opposite to Not-being; Because every thing which exists, is not Being itself. GOD indeed is *Being itself*. His very Essence is *Existence*; (which is the highest and most exalted Idea we can possibly frame of that Incomprehensible Excellence;) and therefore *He* must needs be absolutely Incapable of Not-being. But as for other Substances, they are only *things that exist*; but they are not *Existence itself*; and so have no Contrariety in their Natures to Not-being. From the Opposition of Being to Not-being, to infer that Creatures wou'd not cease to Be, tho' left entirely to themselves, is, as if one shou'd reason thus:

A (A) is a Body in Motion towards
B———Θ (B); But Motion is perfectly opposite to Rest; Therefore (A), tho' left entirely to itself, wou'd not cease to move. Here it would be obvious to reply, that tho' it be very true, that Motion cannot be Rest; yet that since (A) is not Motion itself, but only something which has Motion, this Argument concludes nothing against the Cessation of the Motion of (A), upon its being left to itself. For Motion does not belong to it as an Essential Property, but only as an Accident. Just so, tho' it be very true, that Being is perfectly contrary to Not-being, yet since Creatures are not *Being itself*, but only things which have Being, it cannot be infer'd from thence, that they cannot cease to Be, tho' left entirely to themselves. Besides, (as I observ'd before,) if this Argument were just, it wou'd prove in general, that nothing which is, can cease to Be by any means at all, and not particularly by being left to itself.

In ſhort, this Argument ought to have prov'd, that a *Creature* has no Negative Tendency to Not-being; or, which is all one, that it can ſubſiſt of itſelf, or without any External Support: Inſtead of which, it proves only, that *Being* or *Exiſtence* itſelf muſt neceſſarily Be: Or, if it did prove any thing more, it wou'd not be, that a Creature cou'd ſubſiſt, and wou'd not ceaſe to Be, tho' it ſhou'd be left entirely to it ſelf; But that there was a Neceſſity of its Exiſtence, and that it cou'd not ceaſe to Be at all. This laſt Objection being borrow'd from the Biſhop of *Sarum*, I might have refer'd to what I had already ſaid in Anſwer thereto; But I thought the Method here uſed, more proper to lay open the Fallacy of it in all its parts.

In Mr. *H*------*s*'s Recapitulation, I find this farther Objection hinted: *It can never be prov'd that Exiſtence, ſimply as ſuch, muſt neceſſarily ceaſe, unleſs Omnipotence perpetually exerts itſelf poſitively, to preſerve it.*

I agree that it cannot be prov'd, (becauſe it is not true) that Exiſtence, ſimply as ſuch, muſt neceſſarily ceaſe, unleſs Omnipotence perpetually exerts itſelf poſitively, to preſerve it. For then Omnipotence itſelf wou'd need another Omnipotence to ſupport it in Being. But the Queſtion is not, whether it can be prov'd, that *Exiſtence in general and as Exiſtence* wou'd ceaſe, if not preſerv'd by a poſitive Act of Omnipotence; but whether *created Exiſtence* wou'd not. And to argue that it wou'd not, becauſe it is not true that *Exiſtence in general* wou'd, is, as if in Geometry one ſhou'd reaſon thus: A Rectilineal Figure in general, and ſo far forth as a Rectilineal Figure, has not all its Angles equal to two Right ones; Therefore neither has a Triangle (which is a particular Species of Rectilineal Figures,)

Figures,) all its Angles equal to two Right ones. Or thus; A Triangle, conſider'd only ſo far forth as a Rectilineal Figure, has not all its Angles equal to two Right ones; Therefore neither has a Triangle, conſider'd as a Triangle, all its Angles equal to two Right ones.

Having given a particular (and, as I hope, ſatisfactory) Anſwer to all Mr. *H*-----*s*'s Objections againſt the Propoſition maintain'd in my Letter, and the Validity of thoſe Reaſons I there uſed to ſupport it, I will proceed now to add ſome new Arguments to prove the ſame Principle.

*Firſt* therefore; Let it be conſider'd, that ſince Being and Not-being are two oppoſite Effects, they ought to have two contrary Cauſes; ſince therefore it is granted, that God creates, or cauſes Creatures to Be, by a poſitive Act of his Omnipotence, He muſt produce the contrary Effect, that is, cauſe them not to Be, by a privative or negative Act; that is, by the Abſence or Removal of a poſitive Act. Not-being is the Negation of Being; and therefore the Cauſe of Not-being, muſt be the Negation of the Cauſe of Being. Where the Effect is merely Negative, certainly the Cauſe cannot be Poſitive. To this I may add, That every Poſitive Act produces ſomething; for where Nothing is produced, there is no Action. But to annihilate a Creature, is to produce Nothing; Therefore Annihilation cannot be perform'd by a Poſitive Act.

*Secondly*, Every thing that now exiſts, has either ſome Principle of Exiſtence in itſelf; or elſe exiſts by Virtue of ſome External Cauſe. Or, in other Words, Every thing exiſts, either becauſe it is *of its Nature or Eſſence to Be*; or becauſe it is made to Be, by Virtue of ſomething External to itſelf.

This

This must needs be true; for if a thing exists, and yet does not derive its Existence from any External Cause, it must have Existence *of itself*; that is, it must belong to the Nature and formal Reason of that thing to Be. But Creatures exist; If therefore they do not at this present Time owe their Existence to some External Cause, (which it is affirm'd, they do not,) they must have Existence included in themselves, that is, in their own proper Nature and Essence. But (besides that 'tis the sole Prerogative of the Great Fountain of Being, to be thus Self-existent, and to have his Existence involv'd in his very Nature and Essence,) it must needs be a Contradiction to suppose a thing not to Be, *of whose Nature and Essence it is to Be*; as much as it wou'd be a Contradiction to affirm, That to have all its Diameters Equal, was a Natural or Essential Property of a Circle; and yet nevertheless, That a Circle might not have all its Diameters Equal. Therefore it is impossible, that Creatures shou'd not Be; And they must have existed from all Eternity, as well as continue to exist to all Eternity. Which is a flat Contradiction to the formal Notion of a Creature.

*Thirdly*, Since, by Concession, Creatures may by annihilated, it follows; That they are not absolutely Independent as to their Existence; for it is Evident, that their Existence depends upon the Absence of that Change in things, (whatever it be,) which wou'd cause their Annihilation. But a Creature can depend upon Nothing, but what coexists along with it; for it is a flat Contradiction to suppose a Creature depending for its Existence upon that which is not, *i. e.* upon Nothing. Consequently, the Creatures, which now are, depend for their Existence upon the Being of something, which

which likewiſe now is. But I ſuppoſe it will eaſily be granted, that they do not depend upon one another for their Exiſtence; It remains therefore, that they depend upon an Act of the Divine Omnipotence. Or thus;

Either a Creature has ſome Cauſe of its preſent Exiſtence, or it has not. If it has, it muſt be either the Exiſtence or the Non-exiſtence of Something. But it cannot be the Non-exiſtence of ſomething; for the Non-exiſtence of a thing, *i. e.* Nothing, can never be the Cauſe of any thing: Nor can a thing, which is, have any Dependence, as to its Exiſtence, upon that which is not, or Nothing; (as before.) Wherefore if a Creature has a Cauſe whereon its Exiſtence depends, it muſt be the Exiſtence of ſomething. But ſince Creatures cannot reaſonably be ſuppos'd, nor are aſſerted to have any Dependence upon any thing but God, it remains, That if they have any Cauſe at all whereon they depend for their Exiſtence it muſt be the Exiſtence of an Act of God.

But it is plain, That Creatures have ſome Cauſe, on the Exiſtence of which they depend, becauſe they may be Annihilated or ceaſe to Be. For if a thing exiſts independent of any Cauſe, there is no annihilating it; for it would be a Contradiction, to ſuppoſe any thing done in External Nature, in the leaſt to affect a Being exiſting independently of All about it.

Farther, If the Not-being of Creatures is caus'd by a poſitive Act of the Divine Omnipotence, it follows, That they depend for their Exiſtence upon the Abſence of that Act; *i. e.* upon Nothing. Which is a Contradiction. For affirm that a thing is, by Virtue of the Abſence of a poſitive Act; and that it is not, by Virtue of the Preſence of it; is perfectly to invert the true Order of things, by

by making Being the Cauſe of Not-being, and Not-being the Cauſe of Being.

*Fourthly*, Since it is granted, that every poſitive Act of the Divine Power preſuppoſes an Act of the Divine Will correſpondent thereto, if it can be prov'd that God cannot poſitively will that a Creature ſhall not Be, it will follow, That he cannot by a Poſitive Act cauſe it to ceaſe to Be. But that God cannot poſitively will, that a Creature ſhall not Be, may be thus prov'd. Every Volition or Act of the Divine Will muſt have ſome Object; For, To will Nothing, is not to will at all. But to will that a thing ſhall not exiſt, is to will the Non-exiſtence of it; Therefore if God ſhou'd poſitively will, that a Creature ſhou'd not exiſt, the Object of his Will wou'd be Non-exiſtence, *i. e.* Nothing; which is Impoſſible.

*Fifthly*, A Creature, before it exiſts in Nature, is only an Idea in the Divine Mind of ſomething, to which God may, if he pleaſes, by an Act of his Omnipotence give Exiſtence. A Creature therefore is a Being, according to its Eſſence, which has only a bare Capacity or Poſſibility to Be by Virtue of an Act of the Divine Omnipotence, but no actual Power to Be *of it-ſelf*. Now ſince, even after it has begun to Be, it ſtill retains the Nature of a Creature, and anſwers that Original Idea, whereby it was made, it follows, That even then it has, in reſpect of the Future, only a Capacity of exiſting by Virtue of the Divine Omnipotence; and ſo, by reaſon of its natural Impotence and Imperfection, continually ſtands in need of the Divine Power to uphold it in Being.

To ſuppoſe a Creature ſubſiſting by itſelf, ſeems to Me to imply a Contradiction to the very Definition of it, which is; *Something that has only a Capacity*

*Capacity or Poſſibility of Exiſting by an Act of the Divine Omnipotence.*

To conclude, I hope what has been ſaid will be ſufficient to convince Mr. *H------s* of the Truth of the Propoſition mention'd in my Letter, and to ſatisfie him of the Invalidity of his Objections. What ſtill remains, is to anſwer his Arguments to prove a real Diſtinction between the Will and Power of God, which I have regarded in my Letter as one and the ſame. But becauſe the Diſcuſſion of that nice Point wou'd protract this Letter to too great a Length; and becauſe it is all one, in reſpect of the Truth of the Principle I have now been defending, which ſide of that Queſtion is true; or whether the Divine Act, whereby Creatures are caus'd to Be, be ſimple or complex; I purpoſely defer it to a following Letter; and ſhall only obſerve at preſent, that Mr. *H------s* has not yet anſwer'd thoſe Arguments I have already uſed, to prove that the Power of God is nothing really diſtinct from his Will, in my Letter concerning *the true Cauſe of Natural Effects*, which you inform'd me you had ſhewn him.

*I am, Dear SIR,*

*Your ſincere Friend,*

*and very humble Servant,*

H. NEEDLER.

## An Argument to prove, that a Creature will continue to exiſt, 'till God ſhall exert a poſitive Act of Power to deſtroy it.

*AND in Favour of this,* (viz. *the foregoing Propoſition,*) *I ſhall offer this Argument,* viz. *If an Almighty Power be required to bring Something out of Nothing, or (as it is phras'd) to reconcile thoſe infinitely-diſtant Terms, Nothing and Something; Then the ſame Almighty Power is required to bring Something into Nothing again, and ſo to reconcile the ſame infinitely-diſtant Terms, Something and Nothing; for I conceive the one as difficult as the other; As the ſame Time and Labour is required to go from* Oxford *to* London, *as from* London *to* Oxford. *Now then if an Almighty Power be neceſſary to make Something, Nothing; then as long as this Power is not exerted, this Something will remain Something, in ſpight of any thing inferior to that Power. Now from this the Inference is, That in order to Annihilation, there is more required than a bare withdrawing the Divine Influx, namely, an exerting of an Almighty Power; and conſequently when God has once brought a thing into Being, tho' he turn it looſe to itſelf and take no more Care about it, (that is, exert no poſitive Influence in its Conſervation,) it will ſtill continue in Exiſtence.*

*Mr.*

## *Mr.* NEEDLER's *Reply.*

IF a positive Act of an Almighty Power cou'd be prov'd to be necessary to make Something, Nothing, (as is here asserted,) I own it wou'd plainly follow, that when God had once brought a thing into Being, tho' he turn'd it loose and took no more Care about it, or exerted no positive Influence in its Conservation, it wou'd still continue in Existence. But the Argument here brought to prove this, is far from being Conclusive.

The Substance of the Argument is; *Something is as distant from or opposite to Nothing, as Nothing to Something; therefore to make that, which is Something, Nothing, must needs be as difficult, as to make that which is Nothing, Something; But to make that which is Nothing, Something, requires an Act of infinite Power. Therefore to make that which is Something, Nothing, must likewise require an Act of Infinite Power.*

The first Proposition, *viz.* That Something is as distant from or opposite to Nothing, as Nothing to Something, or that a State of Existence is as opposite to a State of Non-existence, as a State of Non-existence to that of Existence, is unquestionable. But from hence it by no means follows, that it is as difficult, or requires as great a degree of positive Power, to make a thing, which now exists, cease to exist; as to make a thing, which now is not, begin to Be. For here lies the Difference; Existence is Something Real and Positive, and consequently cannot be produced but by a positive Power; But Non-existence, on the contrary, is Nothing Real or Positive, but a mere Negation of Existence. For which Reason it is plain, that unless

leſs it be ſuppoſed, That to annihilate is ſomewhat more than to ceaſe to ſupport, (which to ſuppoſe, wou'd be to ſuppoſe the very thing in Queſtion,) it will be ſufficient, in order to annihilate, to withdraw that Act of poſitive Power, whereby the Creature ſubſiſts; and therefore, that (notwithſtanding the reciprocal Oppoſition between Exiſtence and Non-exiſtence,) it is ſo far from being true, that as great and poſitive a Power is required to Annihilate, as to Create, that indeed no poſitive Power at all is requir'd for that Purpoſe. This is as if I ſhou'd ſay, Silence is as oppoſite to Sound, as Sound to Silence; Therefore it muſt require as much poſitive Power, after Sound has exiſted, to reſtore Silence, as to give Birth to Sound. It wou'd be thought a ſufficient Anſwer to this Sophiſm, to reply; That tho' Sound, which is ſomewhat Poſitive, requires a poſitive Act of Power to produce it; yet to cauſe Silence, (which is only the Negation or Abſence of Sound,) it is ſufficient to forbear to produce Sound. And, for my Part, I cannot ſee, why the like Anſwer ſhou'd not be ſatisfactory in the other Caſe.

In ſhort; This Argument ſuppoſes Annihilation to be an Act of poſitive Power; and thence concludes, that becauſe the Change from Being to Not-being, is as great as from Not-being to Being, therefore the Power muſt be as great in the one Caſe as the other. Very true, if both were effected by a poſitive Power. But how if it ſhould be denied, that Annihilation is the Effect or Object of any poſitive Power at all? Will this Argument prove that it is? Nothing leſs. For what Conſequence is this;

Exiſtence is as oppoſite to Non-exiſtence, as Non-exiſtence to Exiſtence;

*Ergo,*

*Ergo*, To annihilate is the Effect of a Positive Power.

So that in this Argument there is a *secret Begging*, or rather *Stealing of the Question*. For here it is tacitly suppos'd, That to annihilate is the Effect or Object of a positive Power; and thence it is infer'd, that this Power must needs be as infinite, as that which creates.

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Portsmouth, *October* 19, 1711.

*Dear S I R*,

I Shou'd be glad to see the Design you mention, happily executed. The Advantages which may be expected from a judicious Collection of well-attested Narratives relating to Apparitions, will amply reward the Pains bestow'd about it: For from thence we may not only draw a convincing Proof of the Immortality of the Soul, and the Certainty of a Future State; but be inabled, in some measure, to judge of the Nature and Condition of a separate Spirit. Of the first of these; *viz.* the Immortality of the Soul, our own Reason perhaps may give us a pretty good Assurance. But (besides that an Article of so great Importance, can never be too fully and clearly made out,) tho' we may learn from it, that there is a future State, yet as to the *Nature* and *Quality* of it, it leaves us almost entirely in the Dark. Nor can we expect to obtain any certain Knowledge of the Laws and Customs of those Regions, where departed Souls reside, by the bare Speculation of our own Minds; any more than a Man might hope to sit at home in his Study, and by pure dint of Contemplation discover

diſcover the Laws, Religions and Opinions of the *Perſians* and *Indians*. Since therefore we cannot, by the mere Uſe of our Natural Faculties, be acquainted with the Condition of departed Souls, there remains no other way to learn it in this Life, than from the Diſcoveries that they make of themſelves to us. We cannot, as the Poets feign of their Heroes, deſcend to the Manſions of the Dead; and, after having inform'd our ſelves of the Nature and Laws of a ſeparate State, return to Life again. So that the Knowledge with which theſe Narratives wou'd furniſh us, wou'd not only be very curious and uſeful, but ſuch as it is impoſſible for us by any other Means to obtain. For theſe Reaſons, I ſhou'd be very glad to ſee a well-atteſted Collection of 'em, and wou'd willingly contribute what Aſſiſtance I was capable of towards it. But not being able at preſent to recollect any unexceptionable Relations of this Kind, I muſt wave that part of the Work; reſolving for the future to have a more careful Regard to what Accounts I may happen to meet with concerning theſe Matters. Nevertheleſs I do really believe, that ſuch Apparitions have actually been ſeen: For that ſo many Perſons, of all Sorts and Conditions, in all Places and Ages of the World, as have atteſted the Truth of them, ſhou'd either have conſpir'd to deceive, or be deceiv'd in a Matter of Senſe and Experience, ſeems to me more Strange and Unaccountable, than any thing contain'd in the Suppoſal of them.

Therefore that which I deſign to perform at preſent, is to prepare the Way for ſuch a Collection, by anſwering thoſe Objections againſt Apparitions, which tend to ſhew, that they are impoſſible in themſelves, and conſequently incapable of being prov'd by any Teſtimony. For it may be obſerv'd, that

that many will argue against them, not from Suſpiciouſneſs and Inſufficiency of the Teſtimony but from the ſuppos'd Impoſſibility of the thing itſelf. Now in order to convince theſe Men, it would be neceſſary to ſhew in the firſt place, that the Objections they bring againſt Apparitions in *general*, are not valid; for, 'till that be done, we ſhall in vain attempt to perſuade them of the Truth of any *particular* Narrative. I am not ſo uncharitable, as to believe that all are Atheiſts, who deny Apparitions; which to affirm, wou'd be as falſe as it wou'd be Mean-ſpirited and Vulgar. But that this Propoſition be not true; *All that deny the Reality of Apparitions, are Atheiſts:* Yet I think the Converſe of it is undoubtedly ſo; *viz. That all Atheiſts; or, in general, All that deny the Being of a God, the Immortality of the Soul and a future State, likewiſe deny Apparitions.* So that I believe it may be juſtly ſaid, That many deny the Truth of 'em purely upon Account of their manifeſt Inconſiſtency with thoſe Libertine and *Epicurean* Schemes of Philoſophy, which they have raſhly embraced. Having once eſtabliſh'd theſe in their Minds, as certain and undeniable Truths; whatever Opinions they perceive to diſagree with them, they immediately reject, without farther Examination, (one Error naturally begetting another,) as abſurd and impoſſible. I will not now diſpute with theſe; ſince in order to convince them, it wou'd be neceſſary to prove the firſt Principles of Religion, which I deſign at preſent to ſuppoſe.

But there are others, who allowing the common Principles of Religion, as the Exiſtence of Spirits, the Immortality of the Soul, *&c.* yet deny the Reality of Apparitions. And theſe fetch their Objections either from the Providence of God,

or

or the Nature and Condition of a ſeparate Spirit.

*Firſt*, They argue from the Providence of God; That 'tis not at all agreeable to the Wiſdom and Order wherewith he muſt be ſuppos'd to govern the World, to imagine that he ſhou'd ſuffer ſeparate Spirits to deſert their proper Habitations, and rove about the Univerſe at Pleaſure, to terrify and diſturb Mankind. I anſwer; That 'tis uncertain whether that *Limbo* of ſeparate Spirits, which this Objection ſuppoſes, be not a mere *Utopia*; ſince, for what we know, they may not be confin'd to any fixt Abode; but are allow'd to range about the Univerſe. Perhaps it may be the Privilege of their Natures, to reſide where, and convey themſelves whither they pleaſe. And tho' it ſhou'd be imagin'd, that Evil Spirits are chain'd up and confin'd; yet it wou'd not from thence follow, that the Benevolent and Gentle ſuffer the ſame Reſtraint. And as for the Frights and Diſturbances which Apparitions may occaſion, (beſides that they are not very frequent,) I do not ſee, why God ſhou'd be ſuppos'd to be any more obliged to prevent them, than any other Evils, that happen in the World; eſpecially when 'tis conſider'd, that his Providence may by their means bring about ſome conſiderable Good to the Perſon to whom they appear, or to others; and that, according to the Generality of Relations, their Buſineſs here is to cauſe Juſtice to be done to thoſe they left behind them.

Another Objection is: It is acknowledg'd by all, that a Spirit is Inviſible; Therefore there can be no ſuch thing as an *Apparition* of a Spirit. 'Tis very true, That a naked Spirit is Inviſible; or that a ſpiritual Subſtance is not the Object of Sight. But it does not follow from thence, that a Spirit can-

not clothe itſelf with ſuch a Body, as ſhall be Viſible; any more than it follows from the Soul of a living Man's being Inviſible, that the Body, to which it is united, is ſo too.

A Third, and indeed the moſt plauſible Objection of all, is this: How can it be ſuppos'd that a Spirit, if he was furniſh'd with proper Materials, cou'd have Art and Power ſufficient to form ſuch an Image, as ſhou'd not only exactly reſemble a Man in general, but even a particular Perſon? How ſhou'd he be able to move it, as we move our Bodies; and, without the Aſſiſtance of the Organs of Speech, ſo vibrate the Air, as that it ſhall ſtrike the Ear in ſuch a manner, as if articulate Sounds were utter'd by a human Voice? I ſay it may be objected, That if we ſhould ſuppoſe a Spirit to have never ſo good Tools and Materials, yet it wou'd be difficult to apprehend, how he ſhou'd have Skill and Power enough to perform all this: But that it is ſtill much more inconceivable, how, out of the fluid and tranſparent Air which ſurrounds him, he ſhou'd be able immediately to form a Body, of a particular Figure and Colour, and of ſuch a Degree of Denſity as to be clearly Viſible, and delude the Eye with the exact Appearance of a living Man.

To this I anſwer; That the Knowledge, Art and Power of Spirits being unknown to us, we cannot determine, with any Certainty, how far they may extend; and therefore ought not to pronounce any thing beyond the Reach of their Faculties, merely becauſe we are not able to comprehend how they can perform it. Otherwiſe we may, perhaps, imitate thoſe, who, being ignorant of the Mathematicks, will no more be perſuaded that Aſtronomers can tell the Diſtance of the Moon from

the

the Earth, than that they can take a flight thither. What wonder if Spirits, who are probably so far exalted above us in Knowledge and Power, can do many things, which we cannot conceive possible to be done; when even some of us can do such things, as utterly surpass the Comprehension of Others? If a Watch-maker shou'd tell a wild *Indian*, he cou'd make an Instrument, that wou'd regularly shew the Time of the Day to a Minute; I question, whether he wou'd not think it as impossible, as any one can suppose the Apparition of Spirits. But, after all, if we shou'd allow it impossible for Spirits to render themselves visible by assuming corporeal Vehicles, there wou'd still remain another way, whereby they might be conceiv'd to discover themselves to us.

'Tis prov'd in the *Cartesian* Philosophy, that the Ideas of visible Objects are annex'd, by our All-wise Creator, to certain Motions excited in the Brain by the Animal Spirits. By which means, we often seem to view Objects plainly before our Eyes, (as in Dreams or in a Fever,) which exist only in our own Imaginations.

In short; *Imagination is only a faint and languid Sensation, and differs from it but in Degree.* And therefore, whenever the Brain is mov'd as violently, and in the same manner by some other Cause, as it wou'd have been by the Presence of an Object acting upon it by the Senses, we seem as evidently to see that Object, as if it were really present before us; which is the Case of Visionaries and Madmen. Now from these Principles, it will be easie to account for the Apparition of Spirits, without supposing them to assume real visible Bodies; for perhaps we may see them only by Imagination, since 'tis possible they may be so well

acquainted with the Laws of Union between the Soul and Body, as to know preciſely what Motions muſt be excited in the Brain, to produce particular Ideas in the Mind; and may likewiſe be endued with ſufficient Power to raiſe ſuch Motions as they find neceſſary. And ſince the Idea of Sound, as well as Viſion, ariſes in the Mind upon occaſion of certain Motions excited in the Auditory Nerves and in the Brain, it will be no difficult matter to conceive, that a Spirit, by raiſing ſuch Motions in the Organ of Hearing, as the Air, if agitated by a human Voice, wou'd excite, may produce in us ſuch Ideas of Sounds, and in ſuch Order as he pleaſes; and ſo not only appear, but ſpeak to us. And from hence likewiſe it will be eaſie to give a Reaſon of that which is aſſerted to have happen'd, in ſome Accounts of Apparitions; *viz.* That a Man has beheld a Spirit, when, at the ſame time, one that was in Company with him cou'd not ſee it, tho' he turn'd his Eye towards the Place, where it ſeem'd to the other to ſtand. For he that cou'd not ſee it, not having the ſame Motions excited in his Brain as the other, had not by Conſequence the ſame Ideas preſented to his Mind.

What has hitherto been ſaid, was deſign'd to anſwer only ſuch Objections as tend to prove, That Spirits want the *Power* of diſcloſing themſelves to us. But perhaps it may be farther Objected; That, ſuppoſing they have the *Power*, it wou'd be abſurd to imagine, they ſhou'd have the *Will* to maintain any Correſpondence with us. And to this Purpoſe it may be argued, That ſince a Spirit, when diſlodg'd from the Body, enters into a new State, and a new Scene of things, it is reaſonable to think, that he ſhou'd likewiſe put on new Thoughts and Affections, and either entirely forget,

forget, or despise the Affairs and Concernments of this lower World. I answer; That 'tis impossible for us to know with any Certainty, but that Spirits (some of them at least) may retain many of those Affections and Inclinations after Death, which they had whilst Living. Who can presume to say that a Man, who heartily lov'd his Friends and Relations, will not carry the same Affection with him to the other World? Or pretend to be certain, that neither this, nor any other Passion will engage him to intermeddle with the Affairs of Men? Besides, their concerning themselves with us may proceed from Desires very just and reasonable, and such as 'tis not absurd to suppose in the most refin'd and perfect Spirits; as, for Instance, that of seeing their Wills duly executed, and their Friends possess'd of those Goods which they bequeath'd them.

Thus having remov'd the Objections that are made against the *Possibility* of Apparitions, there remains nothing more to be done, in order to prove their *Reality*, than to produce some good and unexceptionable Testimonies. But that Part I refer to you, and remain,

*Dear SIR,*

*Your most Obliged*

*Humble Servant,*

H. NEEDLER.

# To Mr. *D.*

Portſmouth, *November* 4, 1711.

*SIR,*

I No ſooner perceiv'd, by your laſt Letter, that a Poem to the Memory of your worthy Mother wou'd be acceptable to you, but I immediately ſet my ſelf to compoſe one. And having now finiſh'd it, ſuch as it is I preſent it to you; comforting myſelf chiefly with the Thought, that tho' the Performance ſhou'd in itſelf prove never ſo mean, the Subject on which it is writ cannot fail to recommend it to ſome Degree of your Eſteem; As Reliques are highly valu'd, not from any intrinſick Excellency they are ſuppos'd to have in themſelves, but merely from the Relation they bear to the belov'd Object.

## *To the Memory of* FAVONIA.

### In Blank Verſe.

——Illic poſtquam ſe Lumine vero
Implevit, ſtellaſque vagas miratur, & aſtra
Fixa polis, videt quantâ ſub Nocte jaceret
Noſtra Dies—— —— *Lucan.*

*COU'D Piety and Virtue ought avail*
*To turn aſide the never-erring Dart*
*Of Unrelenting Death,* Favonia *ſtill*
*Had bleſs'd her Family, Secure of Life.*

*Pure*

*Pure was her Soul as Native Light, unſoil'd*
*With Vapours foul; Mild as balmy* Zephyrs,
*Which fan with fragrant Breath the* Vernal *Flow'rs;*
*Benevolent as thoſe bright Minds above,*
*To whoſe triumphant Choir She now is fled.*
*As ſome fair Star adorns the lucid Sky,*
*And for a while diffuſes all around*
*Its Influence benign; then diſappears,*
*Extinguiſh'd to the Sight; but when the Heav'ns*
*Have roul'd their deſtin'd Courſe, renews its Lamp,*
*And with its ſparkling Splendor chears the Night:*
*Thus ſhall* Favonia *with freſh Luſtre riſe,*
*At the laſt Trumpet's far-reſounding Voice,*
*And eminently ſhine among the Bleſt.*
*Then blame not thou, with over-fond Complaints,*
*Th' Awards of Providence, from Error free.*
Favonia's *Virtues and Indulgent Love*
*May juſtly claim ſome Tears: Yet learn to check*
*Th' Exceſs of Grief; nor vainly give a Looſe*
*To Paſſion wild: But chear thy drooping Mind,*
*With the bright Thoughts of that tranſporting Bliſs*
*Celeſtial, which o'erflows her raviſh'd Soul!*
*No lingring Fever now, no ſecret Flame*
*By ſlow Degrees conſumes her Vital Store.*
*No pale Diſeaſe can reach that Sacred Place*
*Where She is now arriv'd. There chearful Health,*
*And ever-blooming Youth, Immortal ſmile!*
*Think with what Joy, what Rapture exquiſite,*
*'Midſt thouſand proſtrate Seraphs She adores*
*The Sovereign-Majeſty of Heav'n and Earth;*
*And humbly in his glorious Eſſence views*
*Th' Eternal Forms of All; the Model fair*
*Of Nature's lovely Frame; the deep-laid Plan,*
*By which th' Almighty rais'd this beauteous World.*
*Think with what Tranſports of refin'd Delight,*

*At this pure Source of Everlasting Truth,*
*She'll quench her eager Intellectual Thirst,*
*With Copious Draughts of Science infinite.*
*Those Mysteries profound, which Darkness thick*
*Conceals from human View, with piercing Eye,*
*In open Light disclos'd, She clearly sees.*
*But whither do I rove? What Sacred Rage*
*Transports my Earth-born Muse, thus to presume,*
*With Mortal Wing audaciously to climb*
*Etherial Heights, and paint that boundless Bliss,*
*Which none but those who taste it, can conceive?*
*Forbear, vain Muse, forbear. Let Angels sing*
*Immortal Joys, which Angels only know!*
*With this be Thou content*; Favonia's *bless'd,*
*Beyond what Thought can frame, or Tongue describe.*

I am, in the next Place, to answer your Question; *viz. Whether the Souls of deceas'd Friends and Relatives may be suppos'd to have any Acquaintance with one another?* I am of Opinion that they have; which I ground upon the following Reasons.

*First*, It is probable, that Spirits, after their Separation from the Body, retain the Memory of those things which they knew in this Life.

*Secondly*, It is equally reasonable to believe, that they have some Means of communicating their Thoughts to one another.

If we allow any of the Narratives of Apparitions to be true, the first is prov'd in Fact; for the things therein affirm'd to have been done by Spirits, manifestly shew, that they had a Remembrance of what they knew before their Death. This Proposition might likewise be prov'd from that Text,

where

where the * Souls of the Martyrs under the Altar are repreſented as calling upon God to avenge their Blood upon their Perſecutors. Beſides, if Death, like the *Lethean* Draught of the Poets, extinguiſhes the Memory of paſt Tranſactions, neither can the Virtuous be comforted, nor the Wicked tormented with the conſcious Remembrance of their Lives, and the Proſpect of future Rewards and Puniſhments, as our moſt judicious Divines ſuppoſe they are. This Point therefore being ſufficiently prov'd, let us proceed to the next, *viz.* To ſhew;

That 'tis reaſonable to believe, Separate Spirits have ſome Correſpondence or Communication of Sentiments with one another. Here it muſt be confeſs'd, That we are not able to conceive how, without the Aſſiſtance of Bodily Organs, one Spirit ſhou'd impart his Thoughts to another. But, beſides that for aught we know they may be cloth'd with ſome ſort of Bodies, we ought never to pronounce any thing impoſſible, merely becauſe it ſurpaſſes the Reach of our narrow Conceptions to comprehend *how* it can be effected.

Since therefore it does not appear impoſſible for Spirits to converſe together; and ſince it is ſo very reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that the Beneficent Creator has not denied them a Faculty ſo neceſſary to the Perfection and Happineſs of a finite Intelligence, as this ſeems to be; we ought to conclude, That they do actually communicate their Thoughts to one another. But whoever grants theſe two Points, *viz.* That Spirits have a Remembrance of what they formerly knew, and that they converſe toge-



* *Rev.* vi. 9, 10.

ther; cannot in Reaſon deny this Conſequence; That the Souls of departed Friends and Relatives have a Knowledge of one another, as ſuch; or that they know one another to have been ſuch Perſons, as they really were, in this Life. For this is contain'd in the Suppoſition of their communicating to one another ſuch part of their Remembrance of what happen'd to them, as may diſcover who they are.

I return you many Thanks for the Poems you procur'd to entertain me, in your laſt Letter. Mr. *H------s* did very well, after having beſtow'd on my Verſes ſuch undeſerv'd Commendation, to ſend me ſome of his own; that ſo by comparing the Elegance of his poliſh'd Lines, with the Rudeneſs and Imperfection of mine, I might be kept from being too much elated with the Approbation of ſo good a Critick.

*I am, Dear SIR,*

*Your moſt obliged humble Servant,*

H. NEEDLER.

To

# To Mr. *H.*

Portſmouth, *Nov.* 11, 1711.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *
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* * * * * * * You may perceive hereby, that however diſpleas'd I may be with ſuch Authors, as by a *falſe* and *voluntary Humility* degrade human Nature below the Station, which God has graciouſly vouchſafed to give it in the World, yet I am not at all backward to acknowledge thoſe Imperfections, that appear really to belong to it. As it is an Inſtance of ridiculous Pride and Vanity, to aſcribe thoſe Perfections to our Natures, whereof they are not capable; So is it no leſs unreaſonable and abſurd, ſpontaneouſly to renounce and diveſt ourſelves of thoſe Excellencies and Endowments, with which our bountiful Creator has been pleas'd to grace us. And I am of Opinion, that Nothing is more prejudicial to Morality, (not even Pride itſelf,) than ſuch a *falſe Humility*. For what Principles of Morality can that Man embrace, who (with *Seigneur de Montagne,*) entertains too mean an Opinion of human Nature, to believe his Soul to be an Immortal, free Agent, capable of diſtinguiſhing between True and Falſe, Good and Evil?

But to return to the * *Spermatick Worms:* On this Occaſion, I cannot forbear beſtowing ſome Praiſes

* *See the* 11*th Chapter of a Book, Entitled,* De la Generation des Vers dans le Corps de l'Homme. Par Monſieur Andry.

Praiſes on that moſt admirable Invention, the *Microſcope*; by which we firſt learn'd the Exiſtence of 'em. What wonderful Diſcoveries have been made by the Help of this Noble Inſtrument! How many beautiful and ſurprizing Works of the All-wiſe Creator, had for ever lain conceal'd in their own *Minuteneſs, if this had not diſcover'd them to us? By this artificial Eye, we are enabled to look into a thouſand Curioſities, of which our Natural Sight cou'd have given us no Information; to pry into the moſt ſecret Receſſes of Nature, and examine the artful Mechaniſm and Organick Contexture of the ſmalleſt Creatures. This has aſſur'd us, that the Animal World is much larger than is commonly imagin'd; that every Corner of Nature is ſtock'd and crowded with infinite Numbers of little Inhabitants; and that there are more Inſects, imperceptible to the naked Eye, in a Drop of Vinegar, than there are Men upon the Earth. And what Wonder? When this terreſtrial Globe, which we think ſo vaſt, is, in Compariſon of the boundleſs Extenſion of the Univerſe, only a little Atom, ſwimming among Myriads of others in the liquid *Æther*; and we may be conſider'd as the Inſects, who poſſeſs and inhabit it. The Circulation of the Blood is alſo a Diſcovery owing to this Inſtrument.

Nor

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" * Our weak Eyes, help'd by mechanick Art, diſco-
" cover in theſe Works a hidden Scene of Wonders;
" Worlds within Worlds, of infinite Minuteneſs, tho' as
" to Art ſtill equal to the greateſt, and pregnant with more
" Wonders, than the moſt diſcerning Senſe, join'd with
" the greateſt Art or the acuteſt Reaſon, can penetrate or
" unfold. *Earl of* Shaftesbury.

Nor is *Phyſick* the only Art, that is beholden to the Improvement of Glaſſes. *Aſtronomy* has likewiſe receiv'd great Advantage by the *Teleſcope*: This has plainly ſhew'd us, that the Moon is only another Earth; diverſified, like this, with Sea and Land, Mountains and Valleys, *&c.* This has enlarged our View of the Univerſe, and not only ſhew'd us in the Heavens thoſe things *more diſtinctly*, which we ſaw there before, but even *new Stars* and *Planets* inviſible to the naked Eye. Witneſs the *Milky Way*, which the Ancients took for a white Cloud or Vapour; but it is now found to be a large Quantity of *fix'd Stars*, which appear diſtinct through the Teleſcope. Thoſe *ſecondary Planets*, the *Satellites* of *Jupiter*, and ſome *primary Planets* have not only been diſcover'd by it; but the Revolutions and Eclipſes alſo of thoſe Moons, are now as exactly calculated, as thoſe of our own.

It wou'd be endleſs to enumerate all the Diſcoveries, which have been made by means of theſe Inſtruments. I will not therefore attempt it; but, for what remains, refer you to Dr. *Hook*'s *Micrographia*; And ſubſcribe myſelf

*Your faithful Friend*

*and Servant,*

H. NEEDLER.

To

# To Mr. *H.*

Portſmouth, *November*, 1711.

WHEN I intimated to you my Deſign, of ſending you in a Letter thoſe imperfect Reflections and Obſervations I had made, on a curſory Peruſal of Mr. *Norris*'s *Theory of the Ideal World*, you was pleas'd to expreſs your Approbation of it; which makes me willing to lay hold on this Opportunity, to perform my Promiſe. I will refer what I have to offer concerning Mr. *Norris*'s *Theory*, to theſe three Heads, *viz. Firſt*, The Certainty; *Secondly*, The Uſefulneſs and Importance; And, *Thirdly*, The Beauty and Excellency of it: Which are the three Qualifications, that uſually recommend an Author to our Eſteem. And all theſe, in a very eminent Manner, concur in this excellent Work. As, upon a little Conſideration of it, will, I doubt not, clearly appear.

And, *Firſt*; As to the Certainty of this Ideal Theory. There are, I believe, very few Syſtems of ſo Abſtract and Metaphyſical a Nature, that can vie with it, either in reſpect of the Number, or Clearneſs of the Arguments, on which it is built. Mr. *Norris* has uſed no other Arguments than ſuch as are ſtrictly Concluſive, and even Mathematically Demonſtrative. And yet he has proved the Exiſtence of *The Ideal World* by no leſs than ſix diſtinct Methods of Demonſtration. And that Syſtem muſt ſurely be allow'd to have a good and ſolid Foundation, which is ſupported by ſo many invincible Arguments; and not to be ſo mere a Caſtle in the Air, ſo vain and chymerical a Structure, as

as ſome Men imagine. Though (as he juſtly obſerves,) the real Exiſtence of it be far more certain, than even that of the ſenſible World, in which we live. But becauſe this Aſſertion will ſeem very ſtrange, if not incredible, to one who has not been accuſtom'd to theſe Speculations, I will endeavour, before I proceed, briefly to prove the Truth of it. And, for that Purpoſe, I deſire no more than this One Conceſſion, *viz.* *That the Exiſtence of the Ideal World is ſtrictly demonſtrable.* For if I can prove, that the Exiſtence of the Natural and Senſible World is not ſtrictly and properly demonſtrable, it neceſſarily follows, That the Certainty of the Exiſtence of the *Ideal*, exceeds that of the *Natural* World. But that the Exiſtence of the Natural World is not * ſtrictly demonſtrable, will appear from hence, That there is no neceſſary Connexion between thoſe Ideas which we have of External Objects, and the Exiſtence of thoſe Objects; for all Philoſophers allow, that we ſee External Objects by certain Species or Ideas, which repeſent them to us, and not immediately by themſelves; but now our ſeeing theſe Species or Ideas, can only aſſure us of their own Exiſtence, and not of the Exiſtence of thoſe things which they exhibit; there being no Neceſſary

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" * *Thought* we own pre-eminent, and confeſs the realleſt " of Beings; the only Exiſtence of which we are made ſure, " by being conſcious. All elſe may be only Dream and " Shadow. All which even *Senſe* ſuggeſts may be deceit- " ful. The SENSE *itſelf* remains ſtill: REASON ſubſiſts: " and THOUGHT maintains its *Elderſhip* of Being. Thus " are we in a manner conſcious of that *original* and *eter-* " *nally exiſtent* THOUGHT whence we derive *our own.*

*Earl of* Shaftesbury.

ry Connexion (as I obſerv'd before,) between the Exiſtence of an Idea, and the real Exiſtence of the thing it repreſents; any more than there is between the Exiſtence of a Picture, and the Exiſtence of ſome Perſon like it; for if there was, then all things wou'd be neceſſary, becauſe 'tis demonſtrable (which is the very Suppoſition this Argument proceeds upon,) that the Ideas of all things are neceſſary. It appears then, that we cannot ſtrictly demonſtrate the Exiſtence of External Objects, from the Ideas which we have of them; becauſe Nothing can be demonſtrated from another, unleſs it has a Neceſſary Connexion with it, which the Natural Exiſtence of things has not with their Ideal Exiſtence; and conſequently it will follow, (ſince this is the only Argument pretended to be demonſtrative of the Natural Exiſtence of things,) That the Exiſtence of the *Ideal*, is far more Certain and Evident, than that of the *Natural* and *Senſible World*. Having ſufficiently ſhewn the Strength of the Baſis, on which this Ideal Fabrick is founded, I proceed in the next place to prove,

*Secondly*, The Uſefulneſs and Importance of the Ideal Syſtem. And if Truth and Science, if Religion and the eternal Reaſons of Moral Good and Evil are Matters of any Importance, then muſt this Theory, on which they all ultimately reſt, be eſteem'd ſo likewiſe. So that Nothing can be imagin'd more proper for the Support of Religion, than this Ideal Philoſophy. I cannot pretend here to make out and explain all this, but for that muſt refer you to the Book itſelf; as not deſigning to write an Abſtract of it, but only to give you ſome Account of my Thoughts concerning it.

*Thirdly*, As to the Beauty and Excellency of the Subject; I do not believe it poſſible to find any,

in

in the whole Field of Contemplation, more apt to fill a Man's Mind with Great and Sublime Ideas, with Divine and Angelick Speculations. How Noble and Rational a Notion does it give us of the Beatifick Viſion, which it makes to conſiſt in a clear Intellectual View of that Eternal Mind, who comprehends all Truth in his Omniform Eſſence; in whom the uncreated Ideas of all things, eternally ſhine forth with an unclouded Splendor; who in his Infinite Eſſence, as in a bright Intelligible Mirrour, beholds, in One Comprehenſive View, the whole Actuality, and even Poſſibility of Being; who is eternally Happy in the ſole Contemplation of Himſelf; and the Viſion of whom is truly Beatifick to all created Minds; who, as He cannot but be ſufficient for the *Will*, as containing all Good, is likewiſe an Object no leſs ſatisfactory and filling to the *Underſtanding*, as containing all Truth and all that is Intelligible.

How Glorious and Happy, according to theſe Principles, muſt the State of an Angel or ſeparate Spirit be; who is admitted to drink at the Spring-Head of Truth, and to quench his Intellectual Thirſt with the living Streams of Eternal Wiſdom! What fervent Deſires, what ardent Aſpirations, does this faint Glimpſe of the Happineſs of the ſeparate State excite in the Soul, after the full and compleat Poſſeſſion and Enjoyment of it? How does She long to have this groſs *Medium* of her Mortal Body remov'd, that ſo She may without a Veil, with a fixt and attentive Eye, contemplate the naked Beauty of Original Truth and Wiſdom?

O *Wiſdom*! how boundleſs are thy Treaſures? how inexhauſtible thy Stores? who doſt afford ſufficient Matter for the eternal Contemplation of an Infinite Mind; and whoſe pure Fountains perpetually

tually quench the Thirſt of the whole Intelligent Creation, without being in the leaſt diminiſh'd. How ſhou'd we be tranſported with thy Divine Beauties? how raviſh'd with thy Charms, if thoſe thick Films of Mortality, which now, like Clouds, intercept the Rays, and conceal thee from our Sight, were once remov'd; and we admitted to a clear and open Viſion of thee? Thou wou'dſt ſo attract and employ all our Thoughts, that outward Objects wou'd be diſregarded by us. Thus Separate Minds and Unembodied Spirits contemplate and enjoy thee. No ſenſible Impreſſions diſturb their deep attentive Meditations. No heavy Maſs of ill-organiz'd Matter clogs and depreſſes their Minds, and reſtrains the Native Energy of their Thoughts; but free and unconfin'd as Air, active and nimble as Light, they apply their ſagacious Minds to the Contemplation of Truth, without Satiety or Wearineſs. Nor are they, like us, confin'd to a certain Sett of Ideas, a particular Incloſure of Knowledge, ſo much only as is neceſſary for us in our preſent State; but are ſuffer'd to range at large and without Reſtraint in the Intellectual World; to expatiate freely in the infinite Regions of Truth, and to ſelect what Objects they pleaſe for their Contemplation.

Thus you ſee what excellent Matter this Theory affords for the moſt exalted Speculations; which was the third and laſt Particular I propos'd to illuſtrate.

Upon the whole, I think I may juſtly conclude, That Mr. *Norris*'s *Theory of the Ideal World*, (how extravagant and enthuſiaſtick ſoever his Notions may appear to thoſe, who have not been converſant in *Metaphyſical* Enquiries,) is really an admirable Performance; as being in reſpect either of the Certainty, Uſefulneſs, or Dignity of the Subject, ſcarce

ſcarce inferior to any other. His Thoughts are Great and Sublime, yet Eaſy and Perſpicuous; his Fancy is Beautiful and Entertaining; and his Way of Reaſoning, for the moſt part, Juſt and Exact.

I am,

*Your ſincere Friend*

*and Servant,*

H. NEEDLER.

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# To Mr. *D.*

Portſmouth, *November* 20, 1711.

*SIR,*

I Have been of late ſo afflicted with a Pain in my Head, (which ſtill continues, tho' not ſo violent as it was,) that I was utterly uncapable of making my Returns as uſual; which Failure therefore I hope you will excuſe. I have nothing now to preſent you with, but a ſhort Hymn which I writ during my Illneſs.

I.

*Why art thou thus with Grief oppreſt,*
*My deſtitute, afflicted Soul?*
*What anxious Fears diſturb thy Reſt,*
*And all thy brighter Thoughts controul?*

II.

*Let chearful Hope, with dawning Light,*
*Diſpel each black and gloomy Care;*

*And*

*And from thy Breaſt, with ſudden Flight,*
*Drive far the Form of foul Deſpair.*

III.

*Lift up thine Eyes: Above, behold!*
*Eternal Goodneſs ſits inthron'd:*
*Tho' Sorrow for a Night may hold,*
*With ſpringing Joy the Morning's crown'd.*

IV.

*Let not the Weight of preſent Ill*
*To impious Doubts thy Thoughts incline.*
*Truſt in th' Almighty's Favour ſtill;*
*On Him with humble Hope recline.*

V.

*To all thy Pray'rs and ſecret Sighs*
*He will not ever Deaf remain:*
*He will ere-long, with pitying Eyes,*
*Look down, and heal thy piercing Pain.*

VI.

*He, when as yet thou Nothing wert,*
*By his own high Perfections mov'd,*
*To Thee a Being did impart,*
*And with a Father's Kindneſs lov'd.*

VII.

*The Fulneſs of his Joy Supreme*
*Could not by Men receive Increaſe;*
*His gracious End in making them,*
*Was to beſtow diffuſive Bliſs.*

I am, SIR,

*Your ſincere humble Servant,*

H. NEEDLER.

To

# To Mr. *D.*

Portſmouth, *December* 3, 1711.

*Dear SIR,*

I Have always thought the many Inſtances and Tokens of Reaſon and Deſign, which are commonly obſerv'd in the Actions and Behaviour of Brutes, ſufficient to refute the *Carteſian* Opinion of their merely Mechanical Nature. And I have been lately confirm'd in my Oppoſition to that Notion, by the odd Humour of a Horſe, which formerly work'd in this Yard; who wou'd labour very diligently, 'till he heard the twelve-a-clock Bell ring; But after that, nothing cou'd prevail with him to proceed. As if he thought, he had then perform'd his due Task, and was reſolv'd not to be impos'd upon.

For my Part, when I conſider this, and ſuch-like Actions of Brutes, I cannot but attribute to them ſome Degree of Knowledge and Reaſon. My Friend *H*----- is of Opinion, that they are Men in Diſguiſe, like the Companions of *Ulyſſes* enchanted by *Circe*; That their Souls are originally and intrinſically as perfect and excellent as ours; and that all the Difference between us and them, ariſes merely from the diſadvantageous Organization of their Bodies, which are not ſo well diſpos'd to aſſiſt their Souls in their Intellectual Operations, as ours. So that, according to him, if the Soul of *Socrates* had been lodg'd in a Hog, inſtead of a human Body, it wou'd never have arriv'd at any Attainments beyond thoſe of its Fellow-Animals. This was likewiſe the Opinion of the Ancient *Pythagoreans* and

and *Metempſychoſiſts*. But this Notion runs as far into the other Extreme, and exalts the Nature of Brutes as much too high, as the *Carteſian* Hypotheſis ſinks it too low.

I am rather for taking the middle Way, and aſcribing to them a Soul and Faculties naturally inferiour to the human; which ſeems to me moſt agreeable to Reaſon. It muſt however be acknowledg'd, that little can be offer'd in this Matter, but what is diſputable and uncertain. We know not enough of their inward Natures and Eſſences, to determine almoſt any thing with Certainty concerning 'em.

In the mean time we may be admoniſh'd of our own Ignorance, by the Darkneſs we are in with reſpect to this Subject; who are not able to comprehend the Nature of the pooreſt Inſect, nor poſitively to define, from what Source its vital Motions and Actions proceed. All things are full of impenetrable Myſteries! All Nature is but one great Riddle, which it utterly ſurpaſſes the Force of human Intellect to ſolve! The moſt obvious things, when cloſely conſider'd, are found entangled with inſuperable Difficulties. The leaſt of all the Beings that ſurround us, is capable of baffling the utmoſt Force of the moſt enlarg'd Underſtanding.

Nor are we better acquainted with ourſelves, than with foreign Exiſtences. We are no where more ignorant than at home. The Mechaniſm of our Bodies is too intricate a Work, for our narrow Faculties to comprehend it. Perhaps no other Mind, but that Divine Author's who compos'd it, can underſtand i s whole Anatomy and Organick Structure. Phyſicians every Day diſpute about the moſt conſiderable Queſtions, relating to the Oeconomy of the human Body. They are not yet agreed concerning

concerning the manner of Digeſtion, or the Cauſe of the Dilatation and Contraction of the Heart. So imperfect is our Knowledge of this exterior Part of ourſelves!

But let us ſee, whether we are any better acquainted with what is more truly *ourſelf*; *viz.* that Conſcious Being, which we call our Soul. The Body is not really *the Man*; but the Soul is his proper and individual Being. Of this therefore, it may be well expected, we ſhou'd have a more intimate Knowledge. But, alas! there is Nothing, on the contrary, with which we are leſs acquainted. We are indeed conſcious of its Operations. But as to the Nature and Subſtance of that Being from whence they flow, we are almoſt entirely in the Dark. Nor are we leſs ignorant, how theſe Two, ſo different Beings of Soul and Body, are join'd together. Nothing ſeems to us more Myſterious than that wonderful Union. We know by repeated Experience, That when we will that our Arm ſhou'd move, it is accordingly mov'd, in ſuch manner as we deſire. But why that Effect ſhou'd follow the Act of our Will, we are unable to conceive. We know likewiſe, That if any ſound Part of our Body be prick'd with a Pin, we ſhall immediately feel Pain. But what Connection, what Relation there can be between a Prick of a Pin in the Body, and a Senſation of Pain in the Soul; we know not. What wonder then, that ignorant as we are of ourſelves and our own Natures, we cannot diſcover the hidden Conſtitution of other Animals, and things without us. Since we do not know ourſelves, we ought not to think it ſtrange, that we are unacquainted with the Eſſences of External Beings.

God

God has been pleas'd to afford us, in this World, only a ſmall Taſte, as it were, of Knowledge, to excite and quicken our Endeavours after it. In the next, we hope to be fully ſatisfied with the Angelick Food; to know clearly ourſelves and other Beings; but chiefly to be made for ever happy, by the Viſion of that All-glorious and All-beautiful Eſſence, who is all in all; and whom to know, is to know all things, becauſe he contains in Himſelf the Ideas of all; even the Eternal Fountain of Being, the Self-exiſtent Incomprehenſible Creator!

I return you many Thanks for ſending me the fine * *Philoſophical Meditation* of my Lord *Shaftesbury*; for, from the Hints you give me, I ſuppoſe him to be the Author of it. You was not miſtaken in believing I ſhou'd be extremely pleas'd with it. I read it over with abundance of Pleaſure, and (as you expreſs yourſelf,) in a *ſort of Rapture*; ſtruck with Delight and Admiration by the Majeſty and Beauty of the Thoughts, and the flowing Harmonious Eloquence of Expreſſion! I have found by Experience the Truth of what you likewiſe obſerv'd, that *Enthuſiaſm is catching*; for upon peruſing this *Meditation*, with which I was thus deeply affected, I was myſelf ſeiz'd with a Fit of it; which occaſion'd the following Thoughts; wherein I ſuppoſe myſelf, on a Summer's Evening, in ſome retir'd Place in the Country.

*Hail ſacred Solitude and Silence, propitious Powers to Thought and Contemplation! How calm and ſtill is the Night! How clear the Sky! What a numberleſs Multitude of Stars, diſplay their various Splendors;*

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* *See the* Meditation *in the third Part of* The Moraliſts, A Philoſophical Rhapſody. *Printed in* 1709.

*dors; uniting to adorn the Firmament! We may well excuse the Night, for veiling from our View, in dim Confusion, the Beauties of the neighbouring Fields and Woods, while thus it opens to our ravish'd Eyes, so lovely a Spectacle; invisible by Day. O bright and magnificent Scene of Nature! O glorious Work of the Almighty Architect! Fair Copy of the Divine Ideas, and Image of the Deity!*

*Every one of these sparkling Orbs is probably, like our Sun, the Center of a distinct System of Planets, that dance their Airy Rounds incessantly about it. How vast a System then is the Universe! Profuse Beneficence! Luxuriant Bounty!*

*Great and Excellent, and Worthy of their Author, are all thy Works, O thou adorable Creator of all things! Who can define the Bounds of thy Creation; or circumscribe thy Goodness? Innumerable Worlds continually depend upon thy Providence. Thy Arm sustains the Universal Frame of Nature. Shou'dst Thou withdraw thy All-supporting Power, these glittering Stars wou'd be extinguish'd; and* Night *regain the infinite Expanse.*

*From Thee, these glowing Spangles of the Sky derive their Lustre; not half so beautiful as Thou, Great* Archetype *of all things lovely! The Splendor of these material Lights is but a faint Shadow of thy Essential and Immaterial Glory, of the Brightness of thy Infinite Wisdom and All-penetrating Intellect!*

*'Tis Thou, that mad'st, and govern'st all this Multitude of Worlds. Thy Ever wakeful and Ever-active* Providence, *inviolably maintains the constant Course of Nature, and executes her wise and wholsom Laws, thro' all the wide Creation. 'Tis Thy Almighty Arm, that whirls around the Orbs in their*

*Eternal Motions; True Soul of Nature, and Vital Principle of all things! Unmov'd and Unchangeable Thy-self, by a Silent and Secret, but Unresisted Force, Thou produceſt all the Motions and Viciſſitudes of Nature, guided by Rules and Meaſures, that are the Dictates of thy own unerring Wiſdom. This Earth of ours, that now ſo ſwiftly rowls, (ſhou'dſt Thou withdraw thy Hand, to which it owes its Motion,) immediately wou'd ſtop; and leave this Hemiſphere involv'd in Endleſs Night. Without Thee, this Goodly Frame of the Univerſe, were but a Lifeleſs Maſs of Matter, a Body without a Soul. Thou mingleſt thyſelf (as it were) with the Matter of the World; Thy Ever-active and Omnipotent Power inſpires the Whole; infuſing Life and Motion into all its Parts.*

I am, Dear SIR,

*Your moſt affectionate*

*humble Servant,*

H. NEEDLER.

To